Sly

Jamaaladeen Tacuma

If frizzy hair was a metaphor for festival time,
Then this woman is the goddess of the festival shrine.
Met her,at a jam in that garden of sorts
I must confess, God bless, having impure thoughts.

"Show us the money!" was the call of the night.
But no money could have bought even a piece of the pride.
There might have been a sea of peope I don't know.
All I could see is that this woman she glowed so.

Why, it's a pleasure to meet ya.
You look like one incredible creature.
Wanna treat you fine.
Let's dance and grind.
Get so funk-inflicted it's a crime.
You're divine.
You're sublime.
And well, you blow my mind.
You're so sly.
Why?

She caterpillar so good that all the Greeks go "Killa"
Break and enter, take ya like a glass of milk and "spill ya!"
Saw her coming, what I mean is, she got that sex coffee bean.
But she tastes like vanilla.

Well alright, she ignites when we hit the floor.
Like the vroom on a supercommadore.
Now if it makes a good story, well it's just worthwhile.
With her it's like dealing stories in the sprinkler style.

It's so sly, hi, it's a pleasure to meet ya.
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Wanna treat you fine.
Let's dance and grind.
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Why?

Oh, do the Luis.
Do the chchchchchili.
Do the boom-shak, hit the sack, back seats feelin' alright.
Do the monkey shuffle.
Rock it with a fine strut.
Do the late checkout with the "Do not disturb" sign outside.
And do the sly.

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