

Black Orchid

Esham

What's up honey? don't mind me askin, but how your ass been?
And fuck that chatty nigga, if he's a has been
I got twenty, 'cause I'm good and plenty
To get the dollars, get the dick, if you gettin any
You gotta work that pussy fast, work that pussy slow
It don't matter 'cause these bitches know I got the phatter dough
Ain't no trick, but I gotta trick dick like hoodini
I want ya fine ass on my dick like the genie
Grant my wishes, blow your hugs and kisses in the wind
G-string up ya ass, all I see is pussy skin
And nigs don't know about my titty bar ho
She be dancin til the break of dawn wit no panties on
Dough, lickin her lips, her pussy smells on my fingertips
She's ill, I think I fucked her wit the dollar bill
For real, her titties, look so ferm, I might burn
If I run up in her raw, wit the super sperm
She got a

Work that pussy fast, work that pussy slow
Work that muthafucka, outta baller's cash flow
(4x)

Something surprise me about your eyes
They make my dick rise, and then your ass got me hypnotized
Watch you put dollars up ya pussy, ho
They make my dick swoll, and you the reason why these niggas roll
Big cash flow, watch your ass ho
Pussy for days, got nigs, runnin thru a maze
Gotta funny way of lookin at me, know I wanna skeez ya
Then I got the other pussy, put it in the freezer
Dollar strapped around you leg, on the rubber band
I know deep down you could never love a move
Only the money, go to get yours, at all cost
Pussy ain't nothin, but a way to take a lost
I gotta let these hoes know, that I ain't no trick
I'm just a nigga wit a dick, and a mind that's sick
So pull your panties to your knees, 'cause I aim to please
I bet that pussy get hot, like a hundred degrees, when you

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(4x)

I see the way every nigga is scopin, hopin
He can get a change at your kinda romance
Every nigga in the house, got one thing on they mind
Seein the back of your head, watchin that ass from behind
Tell me somethin, if you wasn't workin at this club
Would you be lookin at me like you was fuckin me
Or better yet be duckin me
I don't want anything from you, you don't nothing from me
If this was back in the day, you be fuckin for free
I sit and daze and reminisce on how I used to bone her
I told the waitress to rush over another corona
I give the bitch a hundred dollars just to dance on my lap
I tell the dj slow it down, 'cause this bitch is all that
I want the time to go slow, and my dough even slower

I wanna fuck ya pussy, but I don't even know her
I can't go out like the next man
God damn, bitch, do you know who the fuck I am, gotta

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(4x)