

Devils In the Soup

Esham

Shit, you been talkin' might have once been true
But I don't think this time your mother fucking punk will do
Ladies and gentlemen here he is
The man that can party
And this pussy belongs to me
Let's hear it for Mr....

Now I know it's like that fearin'
But you still wanna hear this unholy spirit
Still gettin' done by none
Pulled up a dress and fucked a nun
The walls sweat blood from thinkin' bout sex
As your clit gets wet
Your hot like fire, you desire
More than pleasure, much more higher
Your nipples on your chest start to bleed
The soup is gettin' hot, time to feed
Your heaven is burnin'
As your masturbatin', but still you're yearnin'
The fire is gettin' very hot
As you stick your finger in the soup inside the pot
You begin to stir it
Lick your finger to taste it, but it's not done yet
I smell white virgin
Operatin' on yourself like a medical surgeon
Something you love to do
Who would thought it was you
The devil's in the soup

The devil's in the soup
Break out the mix and spoon, and stir it up with all you got
The soup is gettin' hotter and hotter, runnin' all down the side of the pot
Juice is on the covers
I think I smell a lil' tumor inside that soup
So what you puttin' in it?
The basic four fingered food groups
All alone, cuz you feed for a minute, and meat and bones
So the devil's in your soup
Your panties all wet from spillin' that soup
Home made, never stored in cans
Always made with hands
I think your startin' to stick to the pot
That means, soup's too hot
It's so hot, it burns
So stick a spoon in it, and give a couple turns
And I thought you was a good girl
Never let nobody inside your world
So the devil's in the soup
How'd you let the devil get inside your soup?
Been thinkin' about sex
Next thing you'll know, you'll be wearin' a cotex
When the walls come down
And the soup's in the cupboard there too be found
You've committed sin
But when the devil's in the soup, it'll happen again

Masturbatin, demonstratin', good love

Knowin' damn well, that ain't what you thinkin' of
You're thinkin' about cumin'
For the first time, your out ya mind
You don't know what you doing
But it feels so good, you think you're screwin'
You feel something tingle
As you giggle, and start to wiggle, but still single
Playin' that Esham tape
So much love, and so much hate
Your emotions run wild
Feelin' more like a woman, and less like a child
Get ready for the fountain
Cuz you'll be cumin around the mountain
Any minute with the soup
Cuz the devil's still tastin', as she's wastin'
Soup in her clothes, but she's the only one that knows
About that dish
Squaggy juice, which smells like fish
And she loves to fix it
Her favorite part is when she mix it
Virgins want to have fun to
But when they do
The devil's in the soup

Oww!

Oww!

Oww!

Oww!

The devil's in the soup!

The devil's in the sooooooup!

The devil's in the soup!