

Ratchet pussy cum laude landing me in in the county
Knee deep, ooh that body pumping hottie, yeah you got it
Highly favored my behavior-type erratic panic
We don't seem to notice posers' semi-frozen gap-tooth grin
Hold it open, rivers parted Bowery to Harlem close my eye
Purle, pink, and orange, arch back, harlot talk sore knees
Marble floor Madonna whore, I'm reborn
Fresh to swallow salt and warm the old hair linen
Scent of coco mango Abyssinian
Soft focus off them cop the halo shining brilliant
Neon hue saturated complementary angles
Two-hundred roses on the bureau, tens, fives and singles
Lightly powdered mirrors and coquettish lingo
Social lubricant maneuvering, rings around the pearl leaf
No allusion, punani pugilist, sticky fluids pooling
She finds it humorous, our union intense, cooling off the clock
Nude save for socks, deluding myself, foolish matters of the heart
Bruised, battered, and scarred, in arms reach palms grease
Link with prepaid bond, Indian ink, stick-n-poke psalms
Solomon's song

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Fantasy island, wrapped in plain brown paper
Wildin', but none the wiser be the neighbors
Strobe light, honey, this much flavor
Since teens with two or three magazines, basic cable screens
Scrambled, had to read between the lines like spice channel
Latch-key, jackpot! When we check behind the right panel
White women, white leaches, white sandals, put 'em back in the right order
Oh so carefully handled, imagination alight
VHS tapes smuggled under cover of night
Sound off, room dark, screen bright
Chair under door handle wedged tight
Track and jump, jump, jump, all she had on was a perm and red pumps
Fearful symmetry frame faces, curled lust and pain indistinguishable
The Asian woman said "let me finish him, it's only right
He the lonely type," gave her pipe, eyes squeeze
Endless loop it seems, forty-second street, Field of Dreams
If you build it they will come, she put him on the glass
He fed the bills, forefinger and thumb, hit it like drums
Rabbit holes, slippery slopes, stag party numb
They hid behind jokes, cigar smoke
Tumblers of brown liquor, eight-millimeter
European pictures flicker
Wishing is whispered to private dancers
Lit the private rooms by sullen lantern
Painted faces peeling laughter
He never touches, just watches like the pastor

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