

# 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 swell, 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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Work that muthafucka, outta baller's cash flow  
(4x)