## **Good Night**

Ahh... love is love... yeah... Digi, Digi, bong, bong, banging you long Whop, pop, who pop, then bang bang boom Shabobalee, shabizzy..

Good night, here's your kiss Sleep well and make a wish Don't be scared, I won't bite I keep you warm, and hold you tight

Your dynamite antics, drove me to your magic Merrily down the stream, you got me going frantic Enchanted by your kiss, the apple's gigantic In your Atlantic abyss, I'mma sink my Titanic Granted your wish can be captured on candid camera Oh shit, I got to pamper you With this hand-trick gambit, open handed Edible panties, no need for the hamper We can spread out on the floor like Pampers Chanting Karma Sutra, you got me speaking Spanglish Mamacita, f\*\*k semantics God damn it, you understand it? I'm about to blow like somebody pushed the panic You fever the gene that Yacub sub-planted Shape and mold ya body just like ceramics Big valley rodeo style, above to stand with Dream, dream, cream, cream Legs open, I'm in between You quench and scream, I split your gene My chi, my yi, my shit, my jig My lee, my con, crown me Kong King Bottles of Ginseng, Jamaican ting Wood root, it's the ultra sheen Your flower being blossomed, pollinate like Spring

Love, love, love is in the air, fireplaces, winter time Bottles of wine, cuddled up with a friend of mine She a dime, and in her physical prime So every time we grind, she get a chill up her spine Sign is Virgo, she from Chicago She like my slow flow, and like my turbo I'm like yo, we can burn the herbal I got the purple, and you in my circle By them hips I can tell she fertile So I'mma take my time and as slow as a turtle And I like her verbals, that wine she gurgle, got her acting terrible And that ass is durable, had her bent over in the Bentley convertible The girl was beautiful, my flow was surgical, and now I'm preferable

When tonight chime, I taste your kiss I make a wish, for you When tonight chime, I feel your kiss I make your dreams come true

She was gorgeous, wit an ass that make you cum fast like Porsches Face look like a portrait, body like a fortune Mills in small bills, and tar heels, flexing sex appeal Got my mind pondering, wandering how the sex would feel First to kill she'd be an assassin, main part of her attraction Was a chance to fast, stopped her and asked her name Compliment of the elegance, she blushed, respond with intelligence Her scent was heaven sent Offered me a drink, beautiful with dead presidents A few drinks later, we back at her residence Surprised, in 35, I was deep between her thighs When she came, she cried, looked me deep in my eyes and said