

Supdoder (What's the Re?)

Souls of Mischief

How do I know you're any good?
I'll give you a free sample
And if you like it we'll team up
If not, no hard feelings
Fair enough

Indeed her body is bad true
Her hair is with
Mos def, I'm impressed by her style of dress
A retro, strange get up
Lookin' like a Betty Page pinup
Make me wanna release the pimp in me
Who stays pent up
For days like these skirts lit up
Boustiere the type to tease
Rosy lips have me frozen stiff
Watchin' her tongue flick
As she rolled a spliff
I approached amidst the smoky mist
Spoke to the Miss in ways I'm known to
And once transfixed by my gaze
We moved on to
Bigger and better nightcaps
To relax the synapsys syntact
That make her want to contact my mattress
Tumbling gymnastics
Is calculated movements no time for fumbling
She shucked her clothes
Contorted into a pose, I
Couldn't oppose the long stem rose
Protruding for my robe, she strolled to the windows
And made for sho' the shades was closed
And then I "supdoder?"
Then I "what's the re'd?" her
Then I or g'd her

Shit I had to meet her
Freak her like Derek Jeter did Mariah
Orgasm messiah nigga I freed her
Her boyfriend's a crack dealer
Flashin' on her straight wife beater
Drawn down with the nine heater
Tryin' to slap the handcuffs on her when he the criminal
Real women know you can only pimp a ho
Don't try to get physical
Cause she gon' suck another dick
And oh it might be mine
I bust her out she walkin' pigeon-toed
Then I cast with the fishin' pole
Catch her in the indigo see-through
She feel an O
And it's oh Jesus
Cause she's just the type to let me have it all, see
So I had a ball

I hit it, I did it I admit it
And we did it, and we did it, and we did it, and we did it

Say you're g'in (g'in?) g'in
But anyway they beg for more and that's for sure
I hit it, I did it I admit it, I never quit it
Sup doe, sup doe, SUP DOE!
Supdoder then I "what's the re'd?" her
Then I g'd her

Now, the Souls niggas don't say "What up love" or "yo"
We see a pretty thing and be like "Sup doe!"
She prob'ly with' it if you keep your body fitted
If you bumming with no money she bouncin' like somebody shitted
But that's cool though, cause in the rules bro
Win or lose there's always someone else to choose yo
That's the case in this rat race
Whether she skinny and pretty or bangin' with a wack face, I
Met a broad on the street, she said call her Denise
Sportin' a green Nautica fleece
Ha, that's cute prob'ly her man's coat
That'll stop me the day I see somethin' on land float
Put in your hand wrote the phone number down
About a week and two days passed
Plus wanna slumber now
Supdoder, then I "stammine'd" her
Then I g'd her

Yeah it's permanent work on my hip, I'm that swift
Terry Kirby and Terrell Owens had a fifth
You know them two live crew
Dancer short and make you thick
Hawaiian black siren lookin' like Salma Hayek
With inflated pecs she playin' water polo
'Bout to start a riot at the Hyatt by the Colliseum what's the re
I'm like sup doe! I see it's all (fiat?)
She said "what's that in your sweatpants a six foot kayak?
Frightened' like she on a dick diet had me inspired
At times you can say her mouth put up a whole lot of silence
The whip cream shootin' on her ass, tits and thighs
I'm no Cassanova but I pole her while I hold a Motorola
And rollin' dosia if I know she's sober
That I only light in the room at the flash of my busy busy Minolta
She electrify when I'm erect with sexual voltage
Bust out pole position if she fuckin' with the Souls Of Mischief

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So then we did it, and we did it, and we did it, and we did it
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