

If frisy hair was a metaphor  
for festival time  
then this woman is a goddess  
of that festival shrine, met her  
- at a jam  
in that garden of sorts  
I must confess god bless  
some impure thoughts  
"show us the money"  
was the call of the night  
but no money could have bought  
even a piece of her pride, there might  
have been a sea of people  
I don't know, because  
all I could see  
was how this woman she glowed so

-Aeh it's a pleasure to meet you  
ya look like one incredible creature  
wanna treat you fine  
lets dance and grind  
get so funk-inflicted it's a crime  
you're divine you're sublime  
and well you blow my mind

She caterpillar so good  
that all the greeks go "killa"  
break and enter take ya like a glass of milk  
then "spill ya"  
saw her coming what a scene  
what I mean is  
she got that sex coffee beam  
but she tastes like vanilla  
well alright she ignite  
when we hit the floor  
like the vroom on a V8 super commodore  
now if it makes a good story  
well it's just worthwhile  
with her's like dealing stories  
in that sprinkla style and so

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