Esham, Mommy

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Mommy mommy, how ya doin? Mommy mommy, how ya doin? (how ya doin)

Mommy how ya doin? Boo i hope you been fine Been on my mind, been a long time, I'm still on the grind Can't help but think about the way you did your thang when you did it You curled your toes when I hit it I'd be the first to admit it, its oh so good I'm feelin you, uh uh I'm feelin you So let me be your murderer, the only one thats killing you O-L-D school, kicking game since pre-school Down in Miami South Beach by the pool Where the girls girls be driving 'em wild I tell ya one more time ma, i'm feelin your style Girl he can't be your Superman But i can be your kryptonite Cause you looking thick tonight And i'm servin dick tonight I stick it like I kick it like And no I ain't go no look-alikes And when i be chargin hoes I be like i drive a hard bargain I beg your pardon, boo boo Never sweat'er like a fubu It's true true that i'm cookoo for the chocha when I'm with you

Mommy mommy, how ya doin? Mommy mommy, how ya doin? (how ya doin)

Mommy don't mean to press the issue But oh girl I miss you Wanna kiss you, never diss you Because what we got is so official My pockets stay lumpy, cookies stay chunky And I cant mess with honey if she can't pop that monkey Kick me down money, aint shit funny Cause I'm spinning on blades whether rainy or sunny Momma, cookoo for the chocha, you know I never really can say goodbye, mama

Mommy mommy, how ya doin? Mommy mommy, how ya doin? (how ya doin)

I dedicate this erotic poetry to the mommies who knowin me Come blow dro with me, mommy, come flow with me Go with me, roll with me, on extacy Let me be me, you can be you and be free We, meaning us, to just trust that this last Never get back lost moments when time pass Mommy cheers to you when I raise my glass I hope its always like this when we cross paths.

Mommy mommy, how ya doin? Mommy mommy, how ya doin? (how ya doin)

Mommy mommy, how ya doin? Mommy mommy, how ya doin? (how ya doin)