

# Kool G Rap & DJ Polo, Fuck U Man

(Chorus from "Talk Like Sex" begins) ("Can ya dig it honey...?")

Since I made the record "Talk Like Sex,"  
bitches are comin' up with their friends for a nigga to hit the skins.  
Hopin' the Kool G Rap was just makin' rhymes,  
but I'm leavin' bitches' vaginas with more stitches than Frankenstein.  
Some even had the nerve to try to give me head,  
and swallow the whole jimmy to make a nigga fed.  
But come on you bitches, don't make me laugh;  
you couldn't deep throat G Rap if you was a motherfuckin' giraffe.  
Dag, some even fled when they saw the head,  
cuz G's dick would make you seasick fuckin' me in a waterbed.  
Don't try to paly me like no sucker,  
cuz these bitches'll be callin' up Dial-a-Mattress like a motherfucker.  
You heard the song before; you don't wanna see me,  
"I'll fuck you on the A-train while I write graffiti."  
I'll even fuck you in a taxi cab,  
and after sex with a nigga you'll be buyin' a box of maxi-pads.  
Soon as you open your legs,  
no need for no birth control, bitch, cuz my dick is touchin' the eggs.  
Kool G Rap, the pussy slammer;  
hell, I'd be talkin' fucked up grammar if you was Bad Mamma Jamma.  
I ain't small, I'll have you cummin' like waterfalls,  
and then turn them sugar walls into Carnegie Hall.  
Leavin' my mark on bitches like Zorro,  
plus fuckin' bitches so def like there won't be no pussy left tomorrow.  
Hittin' hoes like it ain't funny,  
I think about bowls of Cheerios because I want my nuts and honey.  
Talkin' to all the women that look fine,  
pretendin' my prick was Moby Dick and have a whale of a time.  
Now I'm not a deep-sea diver,  
but I love it when my dick's covered and smothered with saliva.  
Shit, might even straighten out your dentures,  
because it's not just a blow job, honey, it's an adventure.  
But 69, and I ain't with that:  
I'll go to a Chinese restaurant, bitch, if I wanna eat cats.  
Because you gotta be brave to eat the tuna, G.  
So when it comes to pussy-lickin', I'm the chicken of the sea.  
I should be on the sex channel;  
not a chump cuz I'm givin' punk-bitches better humps than camels.  
If you're a virgin, I'll make it fit,  
because my dick'll pop the cherry and spit out the fuckin' pit.  
And if you're concerned, my sperm don't burn,  
and if it did, I'd give that nappy-headed ass a fuckin' perm.  
Shucks, I instruct a fuckin' lesson.  
You think it's painless? I hit the anus and fuck up your large intestines.  
Leavin' you bitches stingin' from the bangin';  
my man Jimmy got a hole in his head, but yo, that nigga's still hangin'.  
Bitch, you'd rather hump a fuckin' whole army,  
cuz even the Witness Protection Program couldn't hide this man's salami.  
You fuck around and catch a seizure,  
before I fuck a hoe I gots ta put the hooker under anesthesia.  
Lettin' saliva dribble on your nipple,  
orgasms double and triple sit ripple and turn your ass into a gripple.  
Then I see you searchin' for the swellin',  
cuz I'm-a leave a hole so big your gynecologist might fall the hell in.  
Got damn! I hit the ham right;  
honeybuns, you can ask my Three Sons, I got the Dick right out the Van Dyke.  
I'm fuckin' naked girls with fly rhymes,  
but don't push me, because that pussy will be runnin' for it's nine lives.  
I know you hookers can't refuse this,  
but dont' pick me to give no hickeys cuz I'm givin' bitches bruises.  
Yeah, I'll tear that pussy hole apart,  
for fuckin' with G Rap after dark, you'd rather jog in Central Park.

So if you want kids before I fuck ya,  
look at the size of my dick, and you'll let out the motherfuckers.  
Shit, bitches get open like a can;  
just leave it up to G Rap, cuz I'm the neighborhood Fuck U Man...