

Company Flow, Hands On Experience

(mr. eon)

Girls, girls, girls, girls
My right hand I adore
Spankin on my sheets till I can't cum no more
I'm on a five-a-day plan, then I'm switchin hands
Not really carin where my sticky white lands
I'm half-asleep, you calm me captain kleenex
'cause I be cummin on quilts until my dick wilts
Then I'm in the shower, jergens and vaseline-a
Right named palmer, left hand wristina
Like the artifacts, I come on wit the cum on
Might jerkin work, lookin up too many skirts
I nut on puffs after I huff the dutch
The ten pack pocket tissue comes in the clutch
So put on the kristy-kenya video
That's four nuts a day, and one more to go

(el-p)

Check check check check
Dear sir,
I have been an avid reader of your magazine for many years now
But up until today I haven't had an experience as really worthy of this column
The solo jux avidly have to repeat
I felt weak, felt like we were havin sex for a week
I wanna spark the bottle, wack it but I don't have a sheet
So inevitably I pull out of the pocket
Just for an example that I'm huggin up a plug wit no socket
Now how soundly she slept while I fume
Vexed about the fact I couldn't nut off
Pent up, balls blue, painful
I know that when woke she's disdainful
Time to come up wit plan d for desperation
Pulled out the love monkey and shot off to the titties' location
At least in that direction
Upon further inspection, she awoke splashed in the head section
Shook by the goblety goods

"think-i-think I gotta" (q-tip) *cut and scratched*
"just beat it" "jerkin your jimmy but you still can't come off" (phife)
"i thought I had it in the palm of my hand"
"just give me the pussy and I'll be straight

If you don't, f**k it I'll masturbate" (eazy e)

(mr. eon) *rapping in kiddy voice*

All day I like to stroke it, then I poke it
And be like ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh, are you alive little man
Got hands on experience 'cause I jerk alot
Exotic hand creams that's what I got
And a porno collection about the size of jada sulton
When I purchase movies, it's usually out in fulton
Then I take it home and spank it, and wipe it with a napkin
Yo I love to jerk like ? love to hack
And maybe it's a must like a kitty cat's purr
I've been known to f**k my girl than jerk off next to her
Keep it real, yo yo bob stop stop jerkin and come do your lyrics

(bobbito)

I go solo wit my hand so you can call me han solo
Slap my skins, so they call me bobby bongos
Auto-matic, just for my peepee
Hit a vital nerve, lick her tits, curve
Jergens dry, no lotion for my hand motion

Don't cry, dry your eye
Here's a towel, my hands move like constipated bowels
I shoot extra far if a girl talks foul
Choke my chicken, slap my wanker
A girl lets me watch her with her tits out while I'm spankin
Then I'll thank her, ah check it out
I'm harder than the hardest artist hard can get
Kbl in the place, workin a sweat
Doin beats strokin off until the twinkie gush
Until they amputate my hands I won't sweat the puss
Unless she wants to, then I'll worry about gettin, the monster
So I'd rather avoid the unwanted pregnancy
The headaches of an emotional attachment
I live my own fantasy world where anything goes
Besides the longer I go without sex
The closer bobbin my boloney comes to feelin like the real thing
Think twice about walkin barefoot on my bedroom floor
Yo mi, hit me up wit a magazine
I'm goin to bed man, I'm out