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Suggested A-List Recording and Performing Artist(s):

Any male or female rap artist who has courage

Chorus

One, two, three, four, but whose counting anymore, the boys are knocking on her door, lost her eyeglasses, she's down, laying naked on the floor,
A party of four males, one female invited, hunted and trapped like a doe, meat for their slaughter, a formidable show of male virility, prowess and power.

Bursting in like a nut or two, the God Father and Stencil Face, tattooing all over her too,
She cried and wanted to leave, but the first one said, hurry up, do it again, she likes the needling, hard on boys, so help me, God, it's true.

Orgies fantasized, by boys, for don't know how long, dreaming of dicks being this big, this thick, this long,
Now she's got a bun in the oven, but whose the daddy, no one knows for certain, so Cum on boys and sing along, this is a rhyming, rapper's rant in song.

Pulling back the curtain, get up boys, show time, this girl (or boy) is telling her (or his) story, feeling strong, ready, and fine.

Verse 1

The chief of police will take the heat for these touchdowns, DNA proving who made the score back at the precinct,

A covert set-up scripted looking like an After Five social, an elitist private party, a boy's gay event, a made in France production because you came to town.

The pattern is repeating throughout history, 4 rapists, slip of the tongue, meant to say, rap artists,

coming down on women from Los Angeles to New York to chic, illustrious Paris.

Making movies at 36 Goldsmith Quay, high density, streaming, porno-quality videos, then, oooppssss a Daisy, videos deleted at the end of the soirée,

Brie, not cheese with good French Merlot, the cast on the set, specialising in armed robbery, kidnappings, and you guessed it, rape; this isn't a wine and cheese tasting, your typical end-of-the-work-day social event.

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Verse 2

A brigade of club carrying bar hoppers, a bunch of can-do-no-wrong-ers, the local precinct bangers, they are the blow harder-s,

Tourists entertained by the local authorities, a tour of the quay, with an end of the evening explosion at the Yogurt Factory.

Playing their Hollywood cards, of course, for money, big business, pornography, technology designed for graphic artists, making possible, filming on location, anywhere, anytime, whether you're going or coming (no pun intended folks),

Using amateur talent like on reality TV, rising stars, in the city of love, Oui Paris Cherie, where you and the cops are the next porno big screen movie showing.

Language barrier or police blockades, no translates to yes, the urban dictionary definition she wants you, she wants more, so give her it all, not merely half of your dick,

Oui Richard, I have seen and heard it, at least two maybe three times, the feminine words need conjugating from the masculine form to be grammatically correct, and feeling just fine.

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Verse 3

Feminine words, a lyricist's song, putting Jon's asses and the brotherhood Dick Tracey's back in their pants and their seat with this rap and my rhyme,
No one wants to see that thing you got hanging out there, the message quite clear, not in Los Angeles, New York, Paris or down under here.

Where there's respect and decency, keeping it zipped, discrete, not just locked up in underwear, keep in inside your pants, not hang it out to dry in the fresh country air, Nor force it down the throat of unsuspecting visitors, tourists, you think are star struck, they really just wanted a tour, honestly, not a fuck.

Infamy really, 'cause you wanted to get lucky, get laid, and frankly, make a quick buck, E-transfers, a modern invention, where coppers want in, want a cut, want a piece of the action.

Brigade 1

This is the fourth room that I've toured tonight, an internet security dude been locked up for years in a back office room, got no life,
Without any writing or interpersonal skills, this Tom, Dick or Harry is so hard up, obviously, past due, his wife is, well, gay, so he, too, won't soon get screwed (no pun intended folks).

Follow the money it will lead down a path, across the Oceans to the cake-raping artists, ooopppsss, did I just say that vile word again, see what I mean, the f-ck-ng typos in this software edition, it should read, cake-rapping artists from our kiddie theme parks, a world of the past,
Bribery and payback keep it all under wraps, sweeping it under the top-secret rug, ssshhh, shut your f-ck-ng trap.

Gag-ordered guards, saying, now you go home, till the movie cinemas or drug lords of the business flash it up on the big screen like it's real life, someone's reality, some real world Al Capone.

The news it's constructed like a motion picture cinema, theatrical pieces, directed by, none other, than Hidden Corporate WIFI Productions Inc., and brought to you by Open Source IT Solutions Ltd.

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Brigade 2

Movies! Where an après-ski means much more than a student's innocent favourite pass-time, which is grabbing a bite to eat (no pun intended folks).

Covert adult set-ups galore; anyone interested, now, in registering your kids for an educational field trip at your local alpine ski center, want to learn more?

Hidden business plan built on pornography and sexual exploitation, about which marketing brochures sent to teachers don't even make a single word of mention, Shocked? Don't leave, not just yet, wait there's more!

Cameras are hidden in the patrons guest rooms, inside air vents and wall thermostats, it's true
Did I forget to mention the student edition software and operating systems, bought at local campus bookstores, running off accessible open source servers, want to learn more?

Where moguls and rich folk hang out, exploiting unsuspecting poor folk,
Toiling all day and all night, working fruitlessly on computers, trying to get ahead, but going nowhere except backwards,

No thank you IT, surely you know, this practice ain't computing for no one, not even for me.
Apologies for getting side-tracked, here, but there's just so much to say, now, let me get back to the point of my rant in my rap song's, rhythm and rhyme, and before we've surpassed the 4-minute upper limit permitted in radio airtime (no pun intended folks)!

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Pulling back the curtain, get up boys, it's show time, this girl (or boy) is telling her (or his) story, feeling strong, ready, and fine.