

The Sex-Worker

by Andre Thompson

I like the ones who come to watch me get fucked only to then go
Not a ho, I like to think of myself as not-for-profit sex worker
I may not be real, but I can make real money.
Blanket on the ground, bug spray, I-D Wet, water to keep hydrated and yes,
my dependable knee-pads to protect these dependable knees.

I open up a Seventeen and look as busy as possible
Here's the milk crate I hunch over like so
Here's the neck brace, in case I strain my neck just so and OH
The goggles, to keep facials out of my pretty brown eyes

I measure a successful night by the number of hours I can go
I talk softly and work it, make my moves real quiet baby
I'm preparing for my spot in the guinness book of world records.
In the summer half the shit out here i've already claimed
I get out here before the other girls wake up

I like all types of men
Even dem big dick magnum brothas.
Most regulars want attention, want to get high,
Maybe get some head before they dash
I make sure they shoot in the j-hat
and leave me a treat to put in my stash.