Teasing Tales and Tit(Bit)s

Daryl Cumber Dance

University of Richmond, ddance2@richmond.edu

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarship.richmond.edu/english-faculty-publications

Part of the African American Studies Commons, Caribbean Languages and Societies Commons, Literature in English, North America, Ethnic and Cultural Minority Commons, and the Other Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons

Recommended Citation

Master’s daughter was oversexed and she just demanded from her daddy to get her any man with a sixteen-inch dick. Master couldn’t find such a man. She demanded again. White man or nigger—but sixteen inches.

Master got his slave with the longest dick and told him the story. He said, “I don’t want no black screwing my daughter, but she wants sixteen inches.”

John said, “Naw, suh, boss. Not even for a white woman. I wouldn’t cut two inches off my dick for nobody!”

White mistresses wanted some of those big black dicks, but they were afraid to death of their husbands, and could never let on that they felt so—even though they knew that their husbands slept with any nigger wench anytime they felt like it. Had a special room and bed for it.

This particular mistress would flirt with John whenever she got a chance. She would squeeze his dick and always say, “I want to be pretty like a peacock. Lord, make me pretty like a peacock. John, you are a wise nigger. Can’t you make me pretty like a peacock?”
One day John got bold and told her to go down into the barn and get down on her hands and knees. John went down to the barn and thrust his rod up her. He went to town. She was panting and gasping, "Pretty like a peacock."

John bust his nuts a couple of times and then he started feeling and fondling her head and her hair.

She said, "Pretty like a peacock. John, don't bother about them head feathers. Just keep sticking them tail feathers in!"

**JUST IN CASE**

This man was playin' with the girl. She says, "I can't. I can't do anything like that. I'm on my period. I just can't do it."

So he went on 'round the back, you know. She says, "No! Don't touch me back there. I got hemorrhoids," you know.

"Ah-ha-a-a!"

So he gets out of his car, goes back in the trunk of his car. She's wondering what he's doing. Here he comes back—with a crowbar. She says, "What the crowbar for?"

He say, "Well, just in case, damnit, you got lockjaw too!"

**PASS THE PUSSY, PLEASE**

This woman was getting so disgusted with her husband about the way he made love to her. He was a truck driver, and he would come in after being out on the road for days, all dirty and smelly! And without taking a bath and without one caress or romantic statement, he would just jump in the bed on her. So finally she told him she just wasn't going to put up with that any longer. She said, "You're just going to have to have a little tact and finesse about the way you approach me. Why, you aren't even courteous! Clean yourself up and make yourself appealing and be more romantic. Don't just come in here jumping on me all dirty and smelly and expect me to respond."

So when he came home next time, he took a bath, shampooed his hair, shaved, put on some sweet-smelling after-shave lotion, slipped into some silk pajamas, and got in the bed. He caressed her gently and whispered sweet words in her ear. He said, "How am I doing? Is this tactful enough for you?"

She said, "Oh, yes, this is lovely."

"Am I being tactful enough?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Am I using enough finesse? Am I being courteous enough?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, would you pass the pussy, please!"

190 *Naughty, Nasty, and Nice*
LET ME BE FRANK

These two secretaries had their vacation at the same time, and they both wanted to go to the beach for the summer. And to save money, they decided to share the same room. So they got off and went to the hotel. They got ready to go to bed that night. One of them said to the other, “Listen, you know, it’s something about me that I didn’t tell you. Now I’m going to be frank!”

The other one said, “Oh! NO! Oh, NO! I’ll be Frank!”

PETER REVERE

Listen my children and you will hear
Of the midnight fuck of Peter Revere.
Now Pete was born rugged and strong;
He had dick on ’im seven feet long.
’Twas a sad day for poor Pete
When he met an awful whore in the middle o’ the street.
She challenged old Pete to a fuckin’ duel
Up the hills and around the pools.
And people came from all around
To see old Pete put his fuckin’ down.
There was old Big Ass Bess with her beaver hat;
She was wiggling her ass, so we can’t miss that.
There was old Fart-box Sam,
Who didn’t give a damn;
He just let out a fart
To give the signal, “Start!”
There was old stinking-cock Sally from Tennessee;
She acted as judge and referee.
They fucked all night and when they was still,
They had worn all the grass all over the hill.
She fucked old Pete to death, the dirty bitch,
And then she died with the seven-year itch.
And while they was carryin’ old Pete’s body to the graveyard,
Ass still wiggling and dick still hard . . .
And on old Pete’s tombstone these words could be seen:
“Here lies a fucked-up fucking machine.”

YO’ MAMA

Your mother is like a doorknob. Everybody gets a turn.
Your mother is like a piece of pie. Everybody gets a piece.
Your mother is like a dresser. Everyone gets into her drawers.
Your mother thinks she’s sharp ’cause her head comes to a point.

*Teasing Tales and Tit(bit)s*
Your mother thinks she's a big wheel because her face looks like a hubcap.

[When one boy told another to go to hell, the latter responded:] I went to hell, The door was lock. I found the key In your mother's cock.

[Yo' mama's] a sweet old soul. She got a ten-pound pussy And a rubber asshole. She got knobs on her tiddy That can open a door. She got hair on her pussy That can sweep the floor.

Sit on a rock, Ooh ah! Let the boys feel your cock, Ooh ah! Don't be ashamed', Ooh ah! 'Cause yo' mama do the same.