

MEMPHIS

MEMPHIS

Men love strippers. Give it up if you love strippers. I've been to the strip clubs. Not the male versions. Men can barely dance with their clothes on. I can't imagine your goofy hairy asses shaking in front of me.

(she dances like a big dumb white guy)

"Does that do it for you honey? Does that make you horny?" Naw, not really...

I have nothing against strippers. If whoring is your profession, have at it. I recently went to a party at a mansion in Beverly Hills, beautifully decorated, art-deco. And in the middle of the living room was a stripper pole. That's a nice conversation piece. I'm guessing the owner wasn't a former fireman living out his glory years with this type of apparatus. Funny thing about women who aren't comfortable with their sexuality. Throughout the night women would walk up and try this thing out. Now, I'm not making this up. This really happened and I'm going to reenact a young uptight, stick up her ass, you know republican type...well you know the type. She walks up to the pole and says, "Oh my god. Would you look at this. This is so stupid. This is just like a man to have one of these demoralizing poles in his living room. I don't know what the big deal is. It's stupid.

(Memphis starts dancing on the imaginary pole)

This is so stupid. It's stupid. This is the stupidest thing in the world.

(Memphis really gets into it.)

Oh yeah. You like that. Get some. Get some!"

(Memphis finishes off with a couple of thrusts and spins around in exhaustion)

Then she walks away and says, "I don't know what the big deal is." Hey, dumbass, it just turned you into a whore. The magic of the pole! That's it for me. Fellas, tip your waitresses, not me. Good night.

(MORE)