

# Dirty

Chris Webby

You bite me, and I'll bite back  
And I choke you, and you like that  
Roll two joints and we light that  
And you ain't gotta worry 'bout the price tag  
And I ain't gotta ask how many dicks you've sucked  
And you ain't gotta ask how many chicks I've fucked  
And you ain't trynna have no kids I trust  
OK then, let me grip that butt  
Slow it down, but she wants it harder  
Until we both sweatin' out Molly water  
And with the shit I've seen, God bless any man that's got a daughter  
'Cause we are looking for some lovin', boys and girls alike  
And I'm no Mr. Perfect but that ass gon' learn tonight  
Give it to you how you want  
Whether brunette or a blonde  
I'm pulling chicks like James Bond  
And baby you just turn me on  
Like a light switch, can't hide it, 'cause I read your mind like a psychic  
And I know we get each other excited  
So why not? Baby girl don't fight it  
Don't fight it, and get in my whip  
And you ain't gotta worry 'bout the mileage  
And we headed back over to my crib  
And fuck 'til we close our eyelids, baby...

Why can't you want me like the other boys do?  
They stare at me while I stare at you  
Why can't I keep you safe as my own?  
One moment I have you the next you are gone

She got that black nail polish  
Body like a goddess  
What you got, I want it  
And I'm a give it back good, I promise  
With that cigarette between her lips  
Tattoos running down her hips  
You got me feeling frisky, baby, come get down with Chris  
'Cause I'm a dirty dog  
Yes, I'm a tramp  
Girls call me a slut  
Dudes call me a champ  
A master of persuasion  
Girl, you don't stand a chance  
Full plate got 'em quickly hoppin' right out their pants  
Nibble on your earlobe  
How you like it, let me know  
Give it to you, nice and slow  
Pick up the pace and then I go  
Giggitty, Giggitty, Giggitty, Giggitty  
Hit it so good you won't wanna get rid of me  
Hit it like throwin' a pitch up in Little League  
And you'll be face down in that pillow, see  
Fucking while sipping my liquor, rolling that piff in a swisher  
Baby, I'm big as the dipper, you better get ready 'cause Webby ain't quick o  
n the trigger  
Bang

(So let's get dirty)  
Why can't you want me like the other boys do?  
(Yeah, let's get dirty)  
They stare at me while I stare at you  
(Hop up in my whip and let's get dirty)  
Why can't I keep you safe as my own?  
(Bitch, let's get dirty)  
One moment I have you the next you are gone