

Be My Dirty Love

Too \$hort

I'm high profile, but you can't see me hoe
Got limosine tint like a real CEO
Hands free, talkin' on the speaker phone
Handlin' my business, just tryin' to get my freak on
You know, bitches always beepin' me with code 69
I'm real with mine, I make hoes wait in line
Can't fuck 'em all, and don't want to
Cause some of these tramps might front you (watch out)
You waited six months, I fucked her on the first date
And so I smoke the green weed to keep my mind straight
It's Friday, doin' shit my way
Me and yo' bitch, rollin' down the highway (right)
While you shootin' that, she gave it up easy
Fore play and all that, wasn't tryin' to tease me
Now you want to feud, fuck that shit (slut)
Let's fight behind a lady, not that punk ass bitch

Watch 'em keep your eyes open
Doesn't make sense

Now here I go, spittin' another verse
Let the pen read my mind cause the shit ain't rehearsed
I'm so curious, about what this fat bitch have
A big bag of weed and a pack of zig-zags (smokin)
So I kicked it with her, with no intentions to fuck
Smoked up her weed and got my dick sucked (yeah right)
I said I got a lot of money but I'm short on cash
Could you give a nigga some so I can get some gas? (stupid shit)
She gave me twenty dollars, I know it's small pimpin'
But it's mandatory, when I deal with all women (all these hoes)
It ain't gon' be no one sided, I support her shit
Just because she hurt, Too \$hort got a grip, bitch!
I break it down, like the beat
Ride you like a motherfuckin' seventy-three
Old school, everytime I roll through
All you suckers know who all the bitches go to, Short Dawg

Fuck a bitch, they fuck with you main
Foul mouthed little motherfuckers?

It's cause rap music is like sellin' dope
Every dollar you invest you get seven mo' (and that's real)
I hope you never ask me, how much it costs
If you can't figure out how the fuck I floss (big ballin)
You better get in where you fit in
Cause a nigga like me ain't kiddin' (no jokes)
Here come her boyfriend, with that narrow minded shit
Kissin' on the bitch, she sucked everybody dick (slut)
Don't get mad, you knew the bitch had flaws
Ridin' in the Benz (bitch) dick hangin out my drawers,
Now why she give me head? (why?)
All she ever wanted was to get in my bed
I ain't gotta be a trick to tramp your hoe (nope)
I spit the game like a pimp while I'm ridin' chrome
I had a dream I was through, can't sell records
Can't catch hoes, bring 'em home and get naked (what?)
It's not the first time, I had this dream

But music is my drug and I'm a dopefiend (straight)
The way I put it down, it don't seem too hard
Scorin' points like Kareem-Abdul Jabbar (swish)
And if you tryin to catch me, you'll find out fast
What you tryin' to do is an impossible task (can't do it)
Cause what I'm doin' (can't do that) no rapper ever did it (can't do that)
Eleven albums and I'm still the shit, bitch!

Can't do that, nah, nah, ain't gon' happen
Old school Too \$hort, that's right I said Too \$hort

We go way back, you know what I'm sayin'?
Buy you some motherfuckin' business
Get up out the madness