Dirt Nasty
"1969"

I ain't got no money, but my love is real
I'm gonna drop some acid, I wanna smoke some weed
I wanna fuck you like it's 1969.

She's got them go-go boots, she's a flower child
We could go all the way, but first you wait a while
I wanna party like it's 1969.

'69 Summer of Love, 1980 summer of drugs
Man, I shoulda been a hippie, dropped the acid with
Janice and Jimmy
Do me while I hit the doobie
Flower in her ear, natural boobies
Coochie bushy as fuck, free love and the V Dub Bus
Woodstock here I come, with a bag of 'shrooms
And my loaded love gun, so huh, just relax, kick back
and hit this hash
Thumbs up on the shoulder pads, you know the rules:
ass, grass or cash. Stay high, stay lude, say goodbye
to my bottle of Quelude.

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Everybody's poppin bottles and dreamin about goin out
with models
I spend a lot on a round of shots, I get drunk and I
clown a lot
But I wish I could go back in time, back to 1969
Maybe hit a few orgies, y'all, and have unsafe sex with
gorgeous broads
Yea, that's what's up, I could use my dick to express my
love
Because I love you baby, that was 40 years ago I must
be crazy

You wanna get your hype with me, then go far away
from society
I just know want to fuck you now, let's drop out and
make a love child.

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