

Lonnie Johnson

"The Dirty Dozen"

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Want all you women, to fall in line.
Shake your shimmy, like I shake mine.
You shake your shimmy, you shake it fast.
Can't shake it shimmy, shake it yes, yes, yes.

Ah, you dirty mistreater, you robber and you cheater.
Slip you in a dozen, your pappy and your cousin.
Your mama do the Lordy, Lord.

Yonder goes your mama, across the field.
Slippin' and slidin', like an automobile.
You called to your mama, and told her to wait.
She was slippin' and slidin', like a Cadillac Eight.

She's a runnin' mistreater, a robber and a cheater.
Slip you in a dozen, your pappy and your cousin.
Your mama do the Lordy, Lord.

I like your mama, like your sister too.
Didn't like your papa, but he wouldn't do.
I met him on the corner, the other day.
I soon found out, he was funny that way.

He's a funny mistreater, a robber and a cheater.
Slip you in a dozen, your pappy and your cousin.
Your mama do the Lordy, Lord.

God made an elephant, he made him stout.
He wasn't satisfied, till he made him a snout.
He made him a snout, as long as a rail.
He wasn't satisfied, till he made him a tail.
He made him a tail, just to fan the flies.
He wasn't satisfied, till he made him some eyes.
He made him sick, and he made him well.
You know by that, an elephant caught hell.

He's a burnin' mistreater, a robber and a cheater.
Slip you in a dozen, your pappy and your cousin,
Your mama do the Lordy, Lord.

