

30 Dirty Thoughts "The Wire"

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She was a pretty little filly not a run of the mill
the kind of smokin' little woman makes time stand still
with the bad attitude and the curves to match a
rockin' honey with the money and a hell of a catch

She stared right into my eyes and I thought her
mistaken
she was smokin' and a'cracklin like a strip of bacon
she grabbed onto my lapels and in a voice so sweet
said I think it's time for you and I to make ends meet

I know you're thinking this is too good to be true
she was wearin' a wire!
she done broke mah heart!

she was on patrol and I was breaking my parole
she was wearin' a wire!
that undercover tart!

turns out she never had to say what the hell she was
doing in town that day
I was caught between the sheets by a devil in a tube
top, devil in a tube top

hey hey mister I got something real special for you
she said hey hey mister I'll throw your world askew
hey hey mister come throw a girl a bone
I said hold on baby, I never seen a g-string with a
microphone

She had a big smile on her face as she slammed the
door
that boom echoed up and down the empty cell floor
I stared right back at her through the cold steel bars
said babe' it ain't too late for us to reach them stars

With a giggle and a wink she backed up from me
and with a toss of her hips she produced the key
and in a move I can only call cliché
she bent over and let it fall into her lingerie

come get it boy or am I too much girl for you

she was wearin' a wire!
she done broke mah heart!

I could only stand and let my libido accrue
she was wearin' a wire!
that undercover tart!

turns out she never had to say what the hell she was
doing in town that day
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My heart began to race while I watched her strip
she said I like your style, come on and give me a tip
I looked right into her eyes and said I ain't no snitch
but then the villain in my pants, he began to twitch

I was a beaten man, couldn't take no more
I begged her to come and even the score
she glanced down at her belt said I got some toys
now be a good boy and not too much noise

I did the deed and I hit the hay
for a quick in and out that was hell to pay
she stole my pride, she jacked my soul
that schemin little sweet done ate me whole

get down now pretty get down now pretty girl
get down now pretty get down now pretty girl

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she said hey hey mister I'll throw your world askew
hey hey mister come throw a girl a bone
I said hold on baby, I never seen a g-string with a
microphone

hey hey mister it's you that I pursue
she said hey hey mister and flashed me a tattoo
hey hey mister come get with me alone
I said hold on baby, I never seen a g-string with a
microphone

mister!
mister!
mister!

mister!
come throw a poor girl a bone she pleaded
mister!
mister!
mister!
mister!
I never seen a g-string with a microphone.

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