

Joe N

"The Love Song"

Visit "[The Love Song](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ah, dirrty (dirrty)
Filthy (filthy)
Nasty (Oh) Christina you nasty (yeah)
Too dirrty to clean my act up (uh huh)
If you ain't dirrty, you ain't here to party (Woo)

Ladies (Move), Gentlemen (Move)
Somebody ring the alarm, a fire in the room

Ring the alarm... and I'm throwin' elbows
Ring the alarm... and I'm throwin' elbows
Ring the alarm... and I'm throwin' elbows
Ring the alarm... and I'm throwin' elbows
(Ha Ha)

Uh-Let me loose
Oooh, I'm over due, gimme some room, comin'
through
Paid my dues, I'm in the mood, me and my girls come
to shake the room
DJ's spinnin', show your hands
Let's get dirrty, that's my jam
I need that, uh to get me off, sweatin' until my
CLOTHES come off

It's explosive, speakers are thumpin'
Still jumpin', six in the mornin'
Table dancin', glasses are crashin'
No question time for some action

Temperatures up (can you feel it), 'bout to erupt
Gonna get my girls, get your boys, gonna make some
noise

Chorus:
Gonna get rowdy, gonna get a little unruly
Get it fired up in a hurry
Wanna get dirrty, it's about time that I came to start the
Party, sweat drippin' over my body
Dancin, gettin' just a little naughty
Wanna get dirrty, it's about time for my arrival

Ah, heat is up, ladies, fellas drop your cups
Bodies packed, front to back, move your ass, I like that
Tight hip huggers, low for show
Shake a little somethin' on the floor
I need that, uh to get me off, sweatin' till my clothes
come off

Let's get open, cause a commotion
Still goin' eight in the mornin'
There's no stoppin' we keep it poppin'
Hard rockin', everyone's talkin'

Give all you got (give it to me), just hit the spot
Gonna get my girls, get your boys, gonna make some
noise

Chorus

Here it comes it's the one you've been wait'n on
Get up get it rough, yup that's what's up
Givin' just what you love to the maximum
Uh oh, here we go
What to do when the music starts to drop
And that's when we take it to the parking lot
And I bet you somebody's gonna call the cops
Uh oh, here we go

Yo, hot dang, Doc and Jam like a summer show
I keep my car looking like a crash dummy drove
My gear look like the bank got my moneyfroze
For dead presidents I pimp like Huddy roll
Doc the one that excite ya divas (ow!)
If the media shine, I'm shining with both of the sleeves
up
Yo Christina (what?), better hop in here
My block live and in color, like Rodman hair (yeah)
The club is packed, the bar is filled
I'm waiting for sister to act, like Lauryn Hill
Frankly, it's a rap, no bargain deals
I drive a four wheel ride with foreign wheels
Throw it up
Baby it's Brick City, you heard of that?
We blessed, and hung low, like Bernie Mac (Bernie
Mac?)
Dogs, let'em out, women, let 'em in
It's like I'm ODB, the way I'm freakin'

Chorus x3

Uh, what?

Visit [Joe N](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.