

Sage Francis

"Dirty Mac"

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Your girl's been spending lots of time at my place
I been helpin her remove the makeup from her fine
face
Telling her to go "Au Natural"
And she trust me cause I'm your pal, thats my style
(Vrooom) I drive the Dirty Mac truck
Convincing her to drink that whole 30 rack up
I sit until I think your girly's mad drunk, then I turn the
dirty mac up
What you and her, we shacked up
Well that sucks, we been getting close lately
Special time adds up so don't hate me
It's all about bologna draperies, beef sticks, and meat
curtains
Monthly afternoons of bloody hatchet wounds and
grease purses
I'm the salt in her pepper, the hop in her steppa
The broccoli in her mi-douth, but she don't want no
chedda
(She don't want no chedda?) Naw she want somethin
betta
I'd like to thank you homes you the reason why I met
her
Who's cryin?

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