

Slum Village "Dirty"

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'Yo this O. D. B. and slum village
Detroit wild out, you know how we do

Girl, if you're flexible, intellectual
Bisexual, can I get next to you
If you're flexible than, we can keep it dirty and sexual
If your man front, than we gotta knock the nigga out
Smack the nigga up, stomp the nigga out, clap clap the
nigga up

She got a man, but her man ain't me
I'm a, M. A. C. to P I M P
I'm a, show her things, and spend a little cheese, baby
'Cuz your man ain't doin' the right thing lately
Yup, so I'm steppin' in his house
If the nigga step up I'm a knock the nigga out
So I'm here with a beer and a glove

With some thugs and some chicks with some derry' ass
She got a man, it ain't fair, I don't care
I ain't scared with my dudes and I come prepared
Ladies, lemme see what you workin' with
Make a nigga stay at home like a punishment
I'm tryin' to think of us, think of we girl
Think about us, and some, and T3

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Yeah, you know how slum do, when we come through
Gum shoe, air force is a pair of air Jordan's
Pelle pel, are old school with gangsta white walls
Tailor suits, coordinatin' with the gator boots
Before you hate on what we do, it's a d thang
You flamin' at a cappa-rae offa Alize
Where the ladies at, pushin' back you baby phat

Make it clap like eight gats

Stayin' at the infenium, just use the key
You got a man, but what your man gotta do with me
He don't want it, nah, he don't know the niggas
Roll with dreadknotts, cardy boys, and a mil', phat
killas
Raw CD twelve, but don't mind that
And we should hit the telly up, I got the remy and the
dime bag

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Keep it dirty nuh
Keep it dirty nuh
Keep it dirty nuh
Keep it dirty nuh

What, they don't wanna fuck with us
They don't wanna feel the pain and get bruised and
touched
She was down with your team, now she roll with us
Brought he girlfriend with her and it's all a plus
She wanna do what the players do, play how the
players play
And she don't like how you treated her anyway

Yeah, you said you love me, but is it really real
Would you break me off first, and let my nigga phil hit
you
Picture my caddy truck, we sexin' in the backseat
Or in my room, you bucky naked in my black mink
Girl, it's either 'this or that', like it's black sheep
I know it's on, if you twistin' back my pistons cap
Ignore the phone, if it's your man, let the machine get it
Matter fact, turn off the ringer, and let me lean in it

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From detroit all the way to new york, we comes down

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