

The Youngbloods

"Dirty On 85"

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Intro: Yeh, you know what I'm talking about? A-town
connection right here
We got youngbloodz featuring daddy fat sack
You know what I'm talkin about outkast you know what
im talkin about,
yeah like this

(chorus)x2

I know you waiting for daddy,
it won't be long shorty be patient cause I'm comin to
you.
Ridin dirty on 85,
slow takin it easy I don't want nothing to keep me from
you.

Now the wind blows as im on 85, and shiftin good,
with a six pack of that colt 45 just like i should,
and if i could i will i might get blowed tonight,
if things go right im gonna cut this ho tonight,
so i get a call from this broad when the game she aint
ready
but still in D's she on her knees keepin things steady,
like betty crocker the face doctor,
she says she swallows with passion, so now she
bragging,
lagging behind with questions she now be askin,
so time is passin, now im mashin, on I'm gone livin in a
world of ho,
so i suppose it goin down teepee your city cause in
these parts theres nothin but hard times,
now shorty please, really.

(Chorus)x2

Shiiit, im lookin for anything with a cut em' up like
everything with my stable
sir lucious witha left foot is ready willing and able
but these hoes will get on your nerves, fuck all that,
kickin them to the curb(curb)
your like an intolerance you let the ho swallow it,
get off in your impala, and stab out to a cajun rat
house,

to the jamaican cat house, to the college frat house
witha girl you just madhoused,
that rat house and get you some scuds she aint your
girl, skeet skeet,
went off and dip boy, im slick as a curl, smooth as a
pearl,
dont dont be giving no gifts boy, on the first date on
the worst date,
im goin all the way on the first plate, like hail mary's
and field goals,
i think i was put here to drill hoes, for real though,
while you blowing my boy im off in your purse, im
gettin my gas money,
then im back off on the expressway in up out this burst,
yeah

(Chorus)x2

Man this shit gettin crazy, this girl wants to face me,
met her under that weed told me that her name was
Stacy,
bad little bitch add straight to my collection,
jump in my Lac in my pocket got protection, for things
to go to down,
see i aint playin around, got half a tank of gas, im 85
south bound,
its a long ass way, im from the 20 side of things,
she said it was dead serious hot, like some lighter
flames,
so you know how it go, im the nigga she da ho, she told
me some mo',
wash up my caddillac do', my hands on the grain my
pimp down to the ground,
aint got my license back so i need to slow down, now i
scrappin the floor,
showty aint got on no draws, man im breakin the law,
tryin to get to this broad, i dont know what it is but
showty fine as hell,
slim and tight that i like straight from ATL, shorty yeah.

(Chorus)x2

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