

Opio f/ Pep Love, Persia "Talk Dirty"

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[female singer scatting and singing]

[Pep Love]

She a fly video chick dime
With them thick wide hips and them lips divine
I'm tryin to get mine
With finesse I address and she transgress
Then I "Loch Ness," agres and progress is made
How Lo' got a sexy babe
I'ma take her to my condo and misbehave
But I'ma take my time, po' a glass of wine
Roll a blunt, turn on the television, that ass is mine
She put her drink down, she started yawnin
I said "you actin," she said, "you stallin"
"Tell me what you want how you want you can get it
like;
what the reason is you think that I'm even here tonight"
I said, "Honey all you had to do was say somethin"
She said, "Homey all you had to do was say somethin"
I like it when you lay flat, poke it out like that
Turn it over, take it in the face, SPLAT

[Chorus 2X: Persia and Hieros]

She said why don't you talk dirty (I had her singin)
I really don't mind (I had her singin)
-- Take a little time, to the max we climb
-- Let me know what's on yo' nasty mind

[Opio]

Little girl - you're just a little girl
I need a woman in my world, someone who confidant
and thorough
Who got - who got fantasies inside, you know who you
are
I'll let you in my ride, then let you handle me, we do fog
the windows up, in the truck, when we buckwild and
give a fuck
Just to get a nut, adrenaline will pump now (wow)
She's an "Uptown Girl," and I'm swervin like Billy Joel
In the fo'-fifty-fo', let's hit the road
When I downshift, she comin out her outfit

Diggin how she lose her inhibition, pole position in the
left lane
Give brain while I'm switchin gears, clit is pierced
But this one is not a punk rock chick
Said she love my shit, and she wanna get close to me
With them bottom stilettos, a ass full of groceries (oh
whoa)
If you knowin me, then that's how it's 'sposed to be
Curlin my toes up like genie boots when she blowin me

[Chorus]

[Pep Love]

Hieroglyphics on deck and these chickies want sex
In the city so we Mr. Big, dig the best
On tour, at the afterparty, encore
It's like a bachelor party, breezies takin clothes off

[Opio]

Handcuffs, no I'm, dippin like Sugar Shane Mosley
Hookers can't control me, so we

[Pep Love]

Bounce to the next like accounts do to checks
When there ain't no money in it then we pounce on the
set

[Opio]

From the North to the East to the South to the West
See me, a cunning-linguist, I can vouch for myself
Don't believe me, come and see us at my house in the
6
Make a baby in your mouth, Guinness Stout, then we
dip

[Chorus]

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