

# Dirty

## Tyler Farr

I was driving that tractor, spittin' my 'bakker  
Had some roads to hoe  
500 acres but my sweet potato kept blowin' up my phone  
Said how much longer are ya gonna be  
Get your butt in gear  
Forget that shower I'll see ya in an hour  
Boys now listen here

She likes a greasy ol' ball cap  
Beer cans in the back  
Truck drivin' kinda man  
Country in his roots n dust on his boots  
And hard working calloused hands  
Aw she she ain't worried  
For a girl so perty  
Aw she sure does like it, dirty

Had reservations and a table waitin' but she didn't wanna go  
Said she don't drink wine, rather sip shine and ride on ol back roads  
My buddy Dallas he got a cabin down on the riverside  
She said she ain't scared so I took her there and she took me for a ride!

Ya she's a down home,  
Turn me on, real as a country song,  
Bait her own hook kinda girl  
River bank rope swinger,  
Eats her chicken with her fingers,  
Hazard county queen when my pick up ain't clean

No she ain't worried  
For a girl so perty  
Aw she sure does like it, dirty

So I turned on the radio,  
Played her something nice and slow,  
Tried to get her in the mood  
She said she didn't wanna slow dance,  
Two step or hold hands,  
You know what I wanna do

I wanna roll down the windows,  
Crank it til the speakers blow,  
By now you outta know  
Ya play me somethin' that a rocks,  
Knocks me outta these flip flops,  
Get some mud between my toes

Oh I ain't worried,  
I might be perty but I sure do like it, dirty

Ha ha ha  
She likes it dirty  
That's right  
She likes it dirty y'all  
Straight up, dirty  
C'mon

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