

Be My Dirty Love

Too \$hort

Be my dirty love, be my dirty love
Be my dirty love, be my dirty love I'm high profile, but you can't see me hoe
Got limousine tint like a real CEO
Hands free, talking on the speaker phone
Handling my business, just trying to get my freak on You know, bitches always beeping me with code 69
I'm real with mine, I make hoes wait in line
Can't fuck 'em all, and don't want to
'Cause some of these tramps might front you, watch out You waited six months, I fucked her on the first date
And so I smoke the green weed to keep my mind straight
It's Friday, doing shit my way
Me and yo' bitch, rolling down the highway, right While you shooting that, she gave it up easy
Fore-a-play and all that, wasn't trying to tease me
Now you wanna feud, fuck that shit, slut
Let's fight behind a lady, not that punk ass bitch Be my dirty love, be my dirty love Now here I go, spitting
another verse
Let the pen read my mind 'cause the shit ain't rehearsed
I'm so curious, about what this fat bitch have
A big bag of weed and a pack of zig-zags, smoking So I kicked it with her, with no intentions to fuck
Smoked up her weed and got my dick sucked, yeah right
I said I got a lot of money but I'm short on cash
Could you give a nigga some so I can get some gas? Stupid shit She gave me twenty dollars, I know it's small
pimping
But it's mandatory, when I deal with all women, all these hoes
It ain't gon' be no one-sided, I support her shit
Just because she hurt, Too \$hort got a grip, bitch I break it down, like the beat
Ride you like a motherfucking seventy-three
Old school, every time I roll through
All you suckers know who all the bitches go to, Short Dawg Be my dirty love, be my dirty love It's 'cause rap
music is like selling dope
Every dollar you invest you get seven mo' and that's real
I hope you never ask me, how much it costs
If you can't figure out how the fuck I floss big balling You better get in where you fit in
'Cause a nigga like me ain't kidding no jokes
Here come her boyfriend, with that narrow minded shit
Kissing on the bitch, she sucked everybody dick, slut Don't get mad, you knew the bitch had flaws
Ridin in the Benz, bitch dick hanging out my drawers
Now why she give me head? Why?
All she ever wanted was to get in my bed I ain't gotta be a trick to tramp your hoe, nope
I spit the game like a pimp while I'm riding chrome

I had a dream I was through, can't sell records
Can't catch hoes, bring 'em home and get naked, what? It's not the first time, I had this dream
But music is my drug and I'm a dopefiend, straight
The way I put it down, it don't seem too hard
Scorin points like Kareem-Abdul Jabbar And if you trying to catch me, you'll find out fast
What you trying to do is an impossible task, can't do it
Cause what I'm doing, can't do that no rapper ever did it
Can't do that eleven albums and I'm still the shit, bitch Be my dirty love, be my dirty love
Be my dirty love, be my dirty love

Songwriters

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UNIVERSAL MUSIC-MGB SONGS

Lyrics provided by

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