

Atmosphere, Dirty Girl

I love you like a Rap Kid loves breaks...

[chorus]

dirty, dirty, you're such a dirty girl.
yeah.
dirty, dirty, you're such a dirty girl.
yeah.
dirty, dirty, you're such a dirty girl.
yeah.
dirty, dirty, you're such a dirty girl.
yeah.

[verse 1]

Came to get an oil change,
for my girlfriend's car.
But by the time I had left,
I was short of breath, and broken hearted.
There she was, bent over a motor,
dirty cap with a ponytail that sat between her shoulders (beautiful).
Oil slick that must have kissed your cheekbone,
thick and voluptuous, I wish that we could be alone.
I would love to
touch you,
rub you,
see what's covered up under that greasy blue jumpsuit.
Standing there, holding that dripping dipstick,
with a firm grip,
yet so delicate.
And the way you took that orange oil rag and wiped it clean,
that's guaranteed to get repeated in my dreams.
You make me wild,
feels like puppy love.
Got so lost in your smile,
when you asked me what the mileage was.
and if I ever learn to change my own oil,

I promise that this customer
is gonna remain so loyal.

[chorus]

[verse 2]

now there's this hamburger stand,
30 minutes outta town.
Usda go for the best veggie burgers around.
That was until I met this round,
guaranteed to astound.
Short order chef,
eyes deeper than sound.
She wore a dirty green apron
like a silk nightgown,
her cappuccino fingernails
wrote my order down.
Three dots tattooed between her thumb and her index,
24 waist with a holster full of windex.
The heat from the grill made her mascara drip,
the sweat on her face showed the fuzz on her lip.
Her workpants couldn't hide the love in them hips,
call it bad taste,
but this girl was the shit.
It was the way the hairnet kinda covered up her ear,
that had me askin why the f**k she was even workin here.
But the next time I get hungry,

I'm gonna drive to Pasadena,
'cause I just gotta see her,
Mi linda, Cochina.
Muah

[chorus]
ive been starin atchu awhile...