

# Dirty Slang (feat. Rockie Diamonds)

## Tink

Ain't nothing like them country boys, Dirty slang  
Take you home, teach you some things  
Pretty guy, that ain't my type  
I want a downtown boy like you.  
Touchdown in your city and feel them  
girls ain't with me

I like your waves when I put my hands on you  
Love the way you shot it, you talk slow but I like it  
You keep it up, baby, here's what I'm gonna do, do, do, do  
Call you up, drop a deuce, have you leaning  
Hit the club, throw some ones for the hoes  
It's my fault, I just love that way you keep it

Man, and everybody knows  
Ain't nothing like them country boys, dirty slang  
I wanna take you home, teach you some things  
Don't want no pretty guy, that ain't my type  
I want a downtown boy like you  
Ain't nothing like them country boys, dirty slang  
I wanna take you home, teach you some things  
Don't want no pretty guy, that ain't my type

I want a downtown boy like you  
Yeah, and look, she say she want a young nigga  
Yeah, foreign shit for my bottom bitch cause my bag right damn,  
She pour the forth, we still  
leaning from last night.

Look, fuck lose my boo rock jays  
We don't never play heart games this shit real for her, it's a  
drill. Baby girl from Chiraq, back shots, that's my cat.

And she my dog, my nigga, won't pose boy, fuck pictures

Tink, just know that I fuck with you, One call OM dog,

On me, it's all up, yeah. Ain't nothing them country boys, dirty slang

I wanna take you home, teach you some things  
Don't want no pretty guy, that ain't my type  
I want a downtown boy like you  
Ain't nothing like them country boys, dirty slang  
I wanna take you home, teach you some things  
Don't want no pretty guy, that ain't my type

I want a downtown boy like you  
Something 'bout the way you run these streets  
You're well respected, hope that knows your name

And something bout the way you talk to me  
When I hear your accent, it makes me go  
insane  
Ain't nothing like them country boys, dirty slang

I wanna take you home, teach you some things  
Don't want no pretty guy, that ain't my type  
I want a downtown boy like you  
Ain't nothing like them country boys, dirty slang  
I wanna take you home, teach you some things  
Don't want no pretty guy, that ain't my type

I want a downtown boy like you  
Call you up, drop a deuce, have you leaning  
Hit the club, throw some ones for the hoes  
It's my fault, I just love it the way you keep it  
Man, and everybody knows  
Call you up, drop a deuce, have you leaning

Hit the club, throw some ones for the hoes

It's my fault, I just love the way you keep it

Man, and everybody knows Ain't nothing like them country boys...

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>