

Dirty Mac

Sage Francis

Who's cryin?
Who's cryin?
Who's cryin?
Shut your whining mouth.

Your girl's been spending lots of time at my place
I been helpin her remove the makeup from her fine face
Telling her to go "Au Natural"
And she trust me cause I'm your pal, thats my style
(Vrooom) I drive the Dirty Mac truck
Convincing her to drink that whole 30 rack up
I sit until I think your girly's mad drunk, then I turn the dirty mac up
What you and her, we shacked up
Well that sucks, we been getting close lately
Special time adds up so don't hate me
It's all about bologna draperies, beef sticks, and meat curtains
Monthly afternoons of bloody hatchet wounds and grease purses
I'm the salt in her pepper, the hop in her steppa
The broccoli in her mi-douth, but she don't want no chedda
(She don't want no chedda?) Naw she want somethin betta
I'd like to thank you homes you the reason why I met her
Who's cryin?

Your baby looks like me.
Who's cryin?
I'm hanging with ya moms.
Who's cryin?
Dirty Mac aroni and cheese for dinner
Who's cryin?
Shut your whining mouth
or I'll give you something to cry about.

You just won a beauty pagent.
Who's cryin?
Cuttin up a whole bunch of unions.
Who's cryin?
This ain't Dancer in the Dark.
Who's cryin?
Shut your whining mouth.
Shut your whining mouth.