

Filthy

Ayron Jones

Ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha
Ha, ha, ha

It's my skinny jeans
With my Chuck Ts on
It's those ruby red lips
And that black lace thong
When the police hem me up
And I ain't done no wrong
So I light one up
And it goes straight to the dome

It goes (Ha, ha, ha)
It goes straight to the dome
It goes (Ha, ha, ha)
It goes straight to the dome
It goes

They don't call me dope in my town, they call me filthy
I don't need a judge to tell me that I'm guilty
Turn this fucker up and get loud if you feel me
In my town they don't call me dope, they call me filthy

They call me filthy
They call me filthy

It's my JV leather jacket
Dripping swag in the hood
It's that thin blue line
Say I'm up to no good
It's those hips that make it twitch
Bounce it all night long
Got those cheeks I wanna kiss
It's that black lace thong

It goes (Ha, ha, ha)
It's that black lace thong
It goes (Ha, ha, ha)
It goes all night long

They don't call me dope in my town, they call me filthy
I don't need a judge to tell me that I'm guilty
Turn this fucker up and get loud if you feel me
In my town they don't call me dope, they call me filthy

They call me filthy
They call me filthy
They call me filthy
They call me filthy

(Ha, ha, ha)
(Ha, ha, ha)

They don't call me dope in my town, they call me filthy
I don't need a judge to tell me that I'm guilty
Turn this fucker up and get loud if you're with me

In my town they don't call me dope, they call me filthy

They call me filthy

They call me filthy

They call me filthy

They call me filthy

They don't call me dope in my town, they call me filthy

They don't call me dope in my town, they call me filthy

They don't call me dope, they call me filthy