

# Rafał i Krzysztof Jonkiszowie, Talk Dirty

I'm the flight that you get on, international  
First class seat on my lap girl  
Riding comfortable, cause I know what the girl them need  
New york to Haiti, I got lipstick stamps for my passport  
You make it hard to leave

Been around the world, don't speak the language  
But your booty don't need explaining  
All I really need to understand is when you, you talk dirty to me

Talk dirty to me, talk dirty to me, talk dirty to me  
Get jazzy on me

You know the worst in my songs, no habla ingles  
Our conversation ain't no, but you know what is  
I know what that girl them wants, london to taiwan  
I got lipstick stamps for my passport, I think I need a new one  
Been around the world, don't speak the language  
But your booty don't need explaining  
All I really need to understand is when you, you talk dirty to me

Talk dirty to me, talk dirty to me, talk dirty to me

Uno, met a friend in rio  
Dos, she was all on me-oh  
Tres, we can make now a trio  
Qatro, oh?

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Get jazzy on me