

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