

Cheeseburger... with a Side of Cheesecake

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Here at [cheese-burger.net](#), we're always on the lookout for new ways to get our cheeseburger fix. Today, we stumbled across a new burger joint, **with one huge difference. Okay, maybe two.**



[Baby's Badass Burgers](#) is a Los-Angeles-based outfit that just opened up last week. But their address changes every day. That's because Baby's Badass Burgers operates out of a **hot pink food truck**, the kind that rolls up to construction jobsites or beachside parking lots and dishes out lunch over

the side counter. Like the ice cream man... only with cheeseburgers. **Yeah, I know. Fricking brilliant.**

Here's the other solid gold brainstorm that makes Baby's stand out:



That's your wait staff. Baby's Badass Burgers is "manned" by young model/actress/co-ed types, dressed to impress in flimsy tank tops, short shorts, and high heels. Wait a minute. Hear that? That's the sound of co-founders Erica Cohen and Lori Barbera's cash register shooting through the roof.

Cohen, an ex-New York restaurateur, set out to create "the flawless burger." Barbera, a noted event planner, helped Cohen develop the BBB concept. Cohen says there are several upsides to Baby's, "which **strips** out the **hard** costs of a traditional restaurant, allows us to deliver greater value at a fraction of the cost, more conveniently, without compromising restaurant-level quality. It's a win-win-win from



studio heads to college students to late-night revelers looking to satisfy their gourmet burger craving.”

The menu they invented is exceptionally clever. There are 4 cheeseburger choices, each with a name inspired by the stereotypical catcalls that scantily-clad women often fetch on the streets of a city like LA. There’s the **Original Beauty** (Swiss, onions, mushrooms, sauce), the **Mamacita** (Pepperjack, tomato, guac, onions), the **Cougar** (Aged beef, St.

Andre cheese, and black truffles), and the **Man Eater** (Cheddar, lettuce, tomato, pickles, sauce). The Man Eater is a single half-pound patty; the others are served as side-by-side [sliders](#), because, as the menu proudly proclaims, “**Our babies come in pairs!**” (Genius.) And to double the meat, you simply “**Man up**” when you place your order for two bucks extra.

You can get a veggie burger (this is LA, after all), chicken sandwiches, hot dogs, or a salad if you prefer... all with similarly tongue-in-cheek monikers. There’s even dessert-\$3 cakes that come in three flavors: **blonde, brunette, and redhead**.

Worried that the pink truck won’t make it down your street anytime soon? You can go to them. There’s a “**Track the Truck**” feature on their website that lets you know where they’ll be and when, or you can follow them on Twitter and get real-time updates.

I wish to Gouda I had thought of Baby’s Badass Burgers myself. It’s a fun idea, executed to naughty pink perfection in a city where you simply can’t take anything too seriously. There are those who will be offended by the truck and the “babes,” I am sure. There may be some who are offended right now that I am so enthusiastically gushing over this sexist display of typical-male-piggishness. But if you think using sex to sell cheeseburgers is some new, underhanded tactic, [you haven’t been paying attention](#).

I don’t live anywhere near LA, so I can’t attest to the quality of Baby’s Badass Burgers. Obviously, the cheeseburger itself is only part of the draw here. **(Does anyone really go to Hooters because they have the best wings that money can buy? I rest my case.)** But if it happens to be a spectacular burger, so much the better. I’d love to get a first-hand report from one of our cheeseburger chowhounds out there in the City of Angels...