

Bassline Junkie

Dizzee Rascal

Hey turn the bass up, turn the bass up
Big dirty stinking bass, dirty stinking bass
Big dirty stinking bass,
Dirty, dirty stinking,
Big dirty stinking bass, dirty stinking bass
Big dirty stinking bass,
Bass, bass, bass, bass

I don't need no speed, no
I don't need no heroin, no thanks
I don't want no coke, not today
You can keep your ketamine, yeah
I'm a bassline junkie, what?
I'm a bassline junkie, tell them again
I'm a bassline junkie, tell them again
And I like it funky

Don't touch it, who told you to touch it?
I will fucking kill you, don't ever touch that shit again

I'm a fiend for a big dirty bassline
When I hear one I have a great time
A bit of buttermilk's all I require
I let the bassline take me higher
My friends think that it's a bad habit, damn it
If you take my bass away
I'll blow your fucking face away, easy!
You might think I'm over the top
But when I hear that bassline drop
I just can't control my actions
But I still feel satisfaction
So don't come around here whinging
I just wanna hear the bassline rinsin
Or we can just skank out all day
If not get the fuck out my way

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The other day I got an ASBO order
And I think it's well out of order
All my neighbors throwing a fit
So I told them suck my dick
And I told them I got the power
And I turn the music up louder

All night till 6 in the morning
Old bastards, they just boring
You know me, I'm the bassline father
Nobody can tell me neither
And the police turned up and they took me
We drove out to the nick and they booked me
Then they said they'd give me a caution
If I didn't give them no distortion
But I said don't bother, I'm guilty
And my bassline's fucking filthy

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