

You Got The Dirtee Love

Dizzee Rascal

Let's Go
Everybody wants to be famous,
Nobody wants to be nameless, aimless,
People act shameless
Tryna live like entertainers,
Want a fat crib with the acres,
So they spend money that they ain't made yet,
Got a Benz on tik that they ain't paid yet,
Spend their pay cheque
In the west end on the weekend
Got no money by the end of the weekend.
But they don't care cause their life is a movie,
Starring Louis V, paid for by yours truly,
Truthfully, it's a joke, like a bad episode of Hollyoaks,
Can't keep up with the cover notes,
So they got bad credit livin' on direct debit in debt
they still don't get
Cause they too busy livin' the high life, the night life
Huggin' the high when livin' it large
And they all say

Sometimes it seems that the going is just too rough
And things go wrong no matter what I do
Now and then it seems that life is just too much
But you've got the love I need to see me through

Let me take you down to London city
Where the attitude's bad and the weather is sh-tty
Everybody's on a paper chase
It's one big rat race
Everybodys got a screw face
So many 2 face,
Checkin their high just like their ready to ride
I'm on the inside looking at the outside
So it's an accurate reflection
City wide, north, east, west and the southside
Everywhere I go there's a goon on the corner
Guns and drugs cause the city's like a sauna
And it's getting warmer, and out of order
Tryna put a struggling mother to a mourner
Mr politician can you tell me the solution
What's the answer, what's the conclusion
Is it an illusion, is it a mirage
I see young'n's die because they tryna live large
And they all say

Sometimes I feel like throwing my hands up in the air
I know I can count on all of you
Sometimes I feel like saying "Lord I just don't care"
But you've got the love I need To see me through
(Check it, check it, come on, come on)

You got the love
(Who's got the love)
You got the love
(Who's got the love)
You got the love

(That's right, thats right, thats right)
You got the love
You got the love
You got the love

We are living in the days of the credit crunch
Give me the dough
I'm trying have a bunch
But I cant have rice for lunch
Its not there aint enough to share
It aint fair never dreamed that he could be rare
Who cares who dares to make a change
Everybody in the club trying to make it rain
But not for famine just for the sake of having
15 minutes of fame and everywhere's the same
Again and again I see the same thing
Everybody acting like they their plane sailin'
I see rough seas ahead maybe a recession
And then a depression in whatever professon
This is my confession I can't front I'm in the forefront
Living for money ready to start like a bungee jump
With no rope but I ain't trying to see the bottom
Because thats where I came from, I ain't forgotten