

Dizzee Rascal

"Dirtee Cash"

Visit "[Dirtee Cash](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Money talks, listen, money talks, get money
Dirty cash, I want you, dirty cash, I need you, whoa
Money talks, it don't stop, money talks, it don't stop
Dirty cash, I want you, dirty cash, I need you, whoa
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 tick that they ain't paid yet
Spend their paycheck 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 lows

So they got bad credit livin' on direct
Livin' in debt but they still don't get it
'Cause they too busy livin' the high life, the night life
Fuckin' the high way, livin' large and they all say

Money talks, money talks, you got no
Dirty cash, I want you, dirty cash, I need you, whoa
Money talks, money talks, for real, though
Dirty cash, I want you, dirty cash, I need you, whoa

Let me take you down to London city
Where the attitude's bad and the weather is shitty
Everybody's on the paper chase, it's one big rat race
Everybody's got a screw face, so many two face

Checkin' their hide, they set their record to ride
I'm on the inside, looking at the outside
So it's an accurate reflection citywide
All things west and the Southside

Everywhere I go, there's a girl on the corner

Buns undressed got the city like sauna
And it's getting warmer, a lot of water
Turn a poor, struggling mother to a mourner

Mister 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 them all go bad because they're tryna live large
And they all say, all say

I've no excuse, I just want you to use me
Take me and abuse me
I got no taboos, I'll make a trade with you
Do anything you want me to

Money talks, money talks, listen
Dirty cash, I want you, dirty cash, I need you, whoa
Money talks, yeah, yeah, money talks, it don't stop
Dirty cash, I want you, dirty cash, I need you, whoa

Yo, we're living in the days of the credit crunch
Give me the dough, I'm trying to have a bunch
But I can't have raps for lunch
It's nothing, enough to share, it ain't fair
I never dreamed that it could be rare

Who cares who's there to make a change?
Everyone's in the club tryna to make it rain
But not for fun here, just for the sake of habit
Fifteen minutes of fame and everywhere's the same

Again and again, I see the same thing
Everybody acting like they're playin' Zenden
But I see rough seas ahead, maybe a recession
And then the depression, then whatever profession

This is my confession, I can't fuck, I'm in the forefront
Livin' for my new record to start like a bungee jump
With no rope, but I ain't tryna see the bottom
Because that is where I came from, I ain't forgotten

Money talks, money talks, sing it to her
Dirty cash, I want you, dirty cash, I need you, whoa
Money talks, yeah, yeah, money talks, for real
Dirty cash, I want you, dirty cash, I need you, whoa

Visit [Dizzee Rascal](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.