

Dizzee Rascal, Dirty Cash

Money talks, listen, money talks (get money)
Dirty cash I want you, dirty cash I need you
Money talks, money talks
Dirty cash I want you, dirty cash I need you

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 cos 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 but they still don't get
Cos they too busy livin' the high life, the night life
Huggin' the high way, livin' large
And they all say

Money talks, listen, money talks (get money)
Dirty cash I want you, dirty cash I need you
Money talks, money talks
Dirty cash I want you, dirty cash I need you

Let me take you down to London city
Where the attitude's bad and the weather is shitty
Everybody's on a paper chase
It's gonna be rat race
Everybody got a screw face
So many too fake
Checking the height, they say they ready to ride
Im on the inside looking at the outside
So its a accurate reflection
City wide north east west and the south side
Everywhere I go there's a girl on the corner
Guns and drugs got the city like a sauna,
And it's getting warmer and out of order
Trying to put a struggling mother to a morner
Mr politician can you tell me the solution
Whats the answer whats the conclusion
Is it an illusion.
Is it a mirage.
I see youngsters dieing coz their tryna live large??
And they all say

I've no excuse
I just want you to use me
Take me and abuse me
I've got no taboos
I make a drink with you.
Do anything u want me to

Money talks, listen, money talks (get money)
Dirty cash I want you, dirty cash I need you
Money talks, money talks
Dirty cash I want you, dirty cash I need you

We are livin in the days of the credit crunch

Give me the doh
Im trying have a bunch
But I can't have rice for lunch
it's not there ain't enough to share
Ain't 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 habit
15 minutes of fame and everything'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 profession
This is my confession I cant fight im 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 that's were I came from, I ain't forgotten

Money talks, listen, money talks (get money)
Dirty cash I want you, dirty cash I need you
Money talks, money talks
Dirty cash I want you, dirty cash I need you