

# Dizze Rascal, Dirty Cash

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

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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

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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

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