

Dizze Rascal, U Can't Tell Me Nuffin'

[Hook:]

Cause I've been through madness

'Nuff madness

You can't tell me nothing

And I've done pure badness

'Nuff badness

You can't tell me nothing

And I've had a lot of drama

'Nuff drama

You can't tell me nothing

Just look in my eyes, it's all too clear

But it don't matter, cause I'm still here

[Verse 1:]

D-the-i-the-zz-the-e-the-e, straight from the LDN

I don't wanna hear no talk about streets and all that thug from way back when

Been a bad boy, I'll destroy your joy, gotta toy that'll put that shit to a end

That and I walk the walk cause I talk the talk, you got a problem, step to me then

Otherwise don't pretend, stop, breathe, count to ten

Keep on chatting or get the leng

I stand up tall, I don't bend

So if you got a crew, go get your men

We can meet up, say where and when

I'll be on time like Big Ben

Couldn't ever take me for a speng

And I ain't saying it again

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

I like to move it, move it

You want beef prove it

You got a problem, don't excuse it

You got a 9mm, it's your prerogative, use it

You got a temper, lose it

If not just bounce to the music

That's a better choice anyway, choose it

Cause you know that you can't refuse it

Watch the beat, how I bruise it

Wild out and nod your head, stupid

I ain't cupid, no love lost

I get paid in the end whatever the cost

I'm the boss, still work with me

Don't stand looking pretty like Kate Moss

Put your hands up like you couldn't give a toss

Either way you know I'm gonna get my point across

[Hook]

Get me?

I'm still fucking here

I don't give a shit

I don't answer to none of you pussyholes

I live my fucking life, yeah

I live my fucking life

Fuck you

(Oi rudeboy, what's all the hyping for?)

These pussyholes don't want no war

They are just acting, I've seen it before

They are just acting, I've seen it before

(Rudeboy, what's all the hyping for?)

These pussyholes don't want no war

They are just acting, I've seen it before

They are just acting, I've seen it before

[Verse 3:]

Finally, fuck who's listening

The world don't owe me shit and the feeling's mutual

I just wanna be neutral but I ain't no prick

So no, I don't smile when I see you, grin when I greet you

If it weren't business I'd beat you
And I'd rather be a asshole than a pussyhole
You're a bitch and I see through
So fuck you and fuck your ego
Cause I really was a poor little negro
Don't need no chain or a throwback
I'm really from the streets and you know that
But I really would rather be touring
Cause most players on the roads ain't scoring
But now it's Maths & English, I'm focused
And it's Dirtee Stank, so take notice
[Hook]
You can't tell me nothing!
You can't tell me nothing!