Dirtee Cash

Dizzee Rascal

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 goEverybody wants to be famous
Nobody wants to be nameless, aimless
People act shameless, tryna live like entertainers
Want a fat crib with the acresSo 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 weekendBut 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 lowsSo 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 sayMoney 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, whoaLet 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 faceCheckin' 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 SouthsideEverywhere 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 mournerMister 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 sayI'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 toMoney 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, whoaYo, 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 rareWho 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 sameAgain 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 professionThis 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 forgottenMoney 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

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