

# Dirty Love (featt. Iggy Pop)

Ke\$ha

It's Iggy Pop!  
Yeah, and Ke\$ha  
All right!  
Get up!  
Yeah!  
Rah! Don't want your money  
I got my own  
You're not my daddy  
Baby, I'm full grown  
Don't complicate it  
Don't tell me lies  
I'm not your girlfriend  
I ain't never gonna be  
Oh, your wife Oh whoa I just want your dirty love  
Oh whoa I just want your dirty love  
All I need is to get in between your sheets  
Oh whoa I just want your dirty love  
(I just want your dirty love)  
I just want your dirty love  
(I just want your dirty love) Cockroaches do it  
In garbage cans  
Rug merchants do it  
In Afghanistan  
Santorum did it  
In a V-neck sweater  
Pornos produce it  
But wild child can do it better Oh whoa I just want your dirty love  
Oh whoa I just want your dirty love  
All I need is to get in between your sheets  
Oh whoa I just want your dirty love  
(I just want your dirty love)  
I don't want your fancy things  
I just want your, love  
Champagne tastes like piss to me  
I just want your, love  
Keep your leopard limousine  
I just want your, love  
I just want your fucking filthy love Oh whoa I just want your dirty love  
Oh whoa I just want your dirty love

All I need is to get in between your sheets  
Oh whoa I just want your dirty love  
(I just want your dirty love)  
I just want your dirty love  
(I just want your dirty love) I just want your dirty love (I just want your dirty love)  
(Dirty love, dirty love) Yeah cool, alright, cool (I do)

Songwriters

PEBE SEBERT, MATT SQUIRE, LUKE GOTTWALD, KESHA SEBERT, HENRY WALTER, JAMES  
NEWELL OSTERBERG JR. Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Walt Disney Music Company Song  
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>