# I Luv U

## Dizzee Rascal

I luv U
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Yo if that girl knows where you stay thats poor
Some whore banging on your door what for
Pregnant? What're you talking about this for
Fifteen, she's underage that's raw
And against law 5 years or more
Now she wants a score and half of a draw
That the kind of threat that you can't ignore
That whore got you pinned down to the floor
But it's your own fault you said three magic words
When that's the one for the birds
When you said that she forgot other boys
It's over you better start buying the toys
There was no intention in front of your wife
That she knows this that she's ending your life
It's a real shame you got hacked by the whores
It's a shame that kid probably ain't yours
That girl' some bitch ya know she keep calling my phone
She don't leave me alone she just moan and groan
She just keep ringin' me at home these days I don't answer my phone
That boy' some prick you kna' all up in my hair
Thinks that I care keeps following me here
Keeps following me there these days I can't go no where
Ain't that your girl? Nah it ain't my girl
I swear that's your girl 'cause it ain't my girl
She got juiced up, oh well, she got chatted up, oh well
I swear that's your man, I ain't got no man
You was with that man, he was just any man
He got hotted up, oh well, he got whacked up, oh well
Alright, she's a bad girl I'ma buss doe
Captain Rascal with a crossbow
She came she got picked off yo
Nah it's not a love ting, get lost hoe
Dizzy Rascal come down like snow
With freezing cold flows like Moscow
Dumb hoe, get me upset, guns blow
Bitch, you're not ready for Skid Row

Leap low Dizzy Rascal dig low
Big feet for the force with my big toe
I got no chaps, no chains not much doe
Get juiced but this ain't a love ting hoe
Don't slap or you might get a ho-hoe
Jambo coming through like Rambo
Love ting takes two like tango
But she ain't my wifey she can go
That girl' some bitch ya know she keep calling my phone
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Listen, I like your girl so you better look after your girl
Or I might just take your girl and make your girl my girl
Switch your girl with Michelle, switch Michelle with Chantalle
Play Chantalle with Shennele, lyrical clientelle but I ain't a bow cat
I don't like the smell I'm gonna go through a shell
And make a boy feel unwell
That girl's from school, that girl's from college
That girl gives brains, that girl gives knowledge
That girl gives head, that girl gives shines
That girl gives BJ's at all times she looks decent, she looks fine
But don't talk about wifey she's not mine
She got batches, 6 in a line, believe me that's not a good sign
That girl' some bitch ya know she keep calling my phone
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