

Dirty Love (ft. 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://damnyrics.com/>