Wanna Be

Dizzee Rascal

[Alright mate]
Lily Allen:
So you wanna be a gangster?
Tell me just one thing
What you know about being a hard-man?
Your mum buys your bling
Your pockets getting bigger but you couldn't pull the trigger if you need to
Cause you haven't got it
So you might as well quit
Dizzee Rascal:
I'm moving, couldn't be losing
Nothing but a success thing, I'm proving
Nothing to you half-heart wasters
Standing there yap-yap-yapping on cruising
Nobody dictates, I'm choosing
Where I go, what I do with my life, stupid
And I hold my own, I'm Raskit
You better watch your tone, you spastic
'Low it, you're not heartless
Nothing but a lot of hot air, you're harmless
I keep getting my paper regardless
Your words don't faze me, I'm marvelous
Age 22, zero tolerance
And I ain't got no time for the nonsense
You wanna see me, come to my concerts
And we can do it on stage with a audience
Lily Allen:
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So you might as well quitDizzee Rascal:
Beef, stripes, guts, glory
All these hype bredders in the club bore me
I wish when I'd come through they'd ignore me
I really can't deal with another war story
Bredders in my face with a fist full of paper

Trying to make out they're a big money maker
Talking all loud (Better know man a hustler)
I ain't got time, rudeboy, see you later
And I can't forget these groupies following
Fronting, raving, ranting, hollering
Yeah, I know I shouldn't be complaining
But these Jezebels do my brain in
(I ain't no groupie, who ya calling Jezebel?
Don't chat to me like I'm just any girl)
Ah security, somebody move her
(I don't wanna talk to you anyway, loser)Lily Allen:
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Cause you haven't got it
So you might as well quitLily Allen:
That whip don't make you a big man (Nah mate)
That chain don't make you a big man (Nah mate)
I know you think you're a big man (What mate?)
But really you're just a waste, man ('low it) 2XDizzee Rascal:
Yo, let me wrap it up while I've still got time
Ain't nobody telling about no Grime
Cause I know where I stand with it, I'm fine
Handle your biz, I'm handling mine
Everybody chatting 'bout black-on-black crime
All I see is the blind leading the blind
I wanna leave all the pettiness behind
You don't really want to see me cross that line
Leave me alone or you'll be sorry
Beef ain't nothing new to me, you wally
Why don't you just kick back, be jolly
Stay at home with a cup of tea, watch Corrie
I'm not listening anyway, man
Who rattled your cage anyway, man
Ain't no slacking with this young man
Do what I gotta do everyday, famLily Allen:
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So you might as well quit

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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