

You've Got The Dirtee Love - Live At The Brit Awar

Dizzee Rascal

Everybody wants to be famous,
Nobody wants to be nameless, aimless,
People act shameless
Tryna live like entertainers,
Want a fat crib with the acres,
So 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 out on a weekend
Got no money by the end of the weekend.
But 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 notes,
So they got bad credit livin' on direct debit in debt
They still don't get it
Cause they too busy livin' the high life, the night life
Huggin' the high when livin' it large
And they all say

Sometimes it seems that the going is just too rough
And things go wrong no matter what I do
(That's right)
Now and then it seems like life is just too much
But you've got the love I need to see me through

Let me take you down to London city
Where the attitude's bad and the weather is shitty
Everybody's on a paper chase
It's one big rat race
Everybody's got a screw face
So many two-faced,
Checkin' their high sayin' they're ready to ride
I'm on the inside looking at the
So it's an accurate reflection
City wide, north, east, west and the southside
Everywhere I go there's a goon on the corner
Guns and drugs cause the city's like a sauna
And it's getting warmer, and out of order

Tryna put a struggling mother to a mourner
Mr. 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 youngsters die because they tryna live large
And they all say

Sometimes I feel like throwing my hands up in the air
I know I can count on all of you
Sometimes I feel like saying "Lord, I just don't care"
(That's right, that's right)
But you've got the love I need to see me through
(Check it, check it, come on, come on)

You got the love
(Who's got the love)
You got the love
(Who's got the love)
You got the love
(That's right, that's right, that's right)
You got the love
(Who's got the love)
You got the love
(Who's got the love)
You got the love
(Check it)

We are living in the days of the credit crunch
Give me the dough
I'm tryna have a bunch
But I can't have rice for lunch
It's not there ain't enough to share
It ain't fair never dreamed that he could be rare
Who cares who dares to make a change
Everybody's in the club trying to make it rain
But not for famine just for the sake of having
15 minutes of fame and everywhere's the same
Again and again I see the same thing
Everybody acting like they play sailin'
But I see rough seas ahead maybe a recession
And then a depression in whatever profession
This is my confession I can't front I'm in the forefront
Living for money ready to start like a bungee jump
With no rope but I ain't trying to see the bottom

Because that's where I came from, I ain't forgotten,

You got the love
(Who's got the love)
You got the love
You got the love
(Who's got the love)
You got the love
You got the love
(That's right, that's right, that's right, that's right)
You got the love
You got the love
You got the love
(Who's got the love, who's got the love, who's got the love)

Sometimes I feel like throwing my hands up in the air
I know I can count on all of you
Sometimes I feel like saying "Lord, I just don't care"
But you've got the love I need to see me through

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written by MICK WALSH, JOHN TRUELOVE, NICHOLAS ANDREW DETNON, DYLAN KWABENA
MILLS, STEPHEN JOSEPH VINCENT, ANTHONY STEVENS, ARNECIA MICHELLE HARRIS
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