

Dizzee Rascal, Da feelin

You know it's that time, cuz
What time is it, man?
Summertime, man
Yo, I love this time of year, man
I love it
Ha-ha!

The girls are out, they're wearing a lot less
No time like summertime, blood
It's all nice, man
It's all lovely
Time to live it up, man
Yeah
Yeah

[Verse 1:]

Summer in the city such a very special time
If you put aside the traffic, air-pollution and the grime
You'll be pleased to be reminded that the girls are looking fine
And apart from money that's the only thing that's on my mind
Short skirts, belly-tops, fake tans
String-vests with the bra underneath for the mans
Getting hard off of half of a glimpse, I got plans
To be scooping up a couple of buff tings if I can
If I can't then I'm still live
I'll go and check my little yatty by the seaside
Cause I know she's live, plus she's a delight
She gives me hospitality, she treats me right
That's what I need, right?
And if not, I'm on a little mission to Los Angeles
To check my Beverly Hill honey to see if she can handle this
Pimping ain't no easy thing and some of these chicks are scandalous
But I'm a player and I say I gotta be the man for this
I love it!

You won't believe some of the shit I've seen, man
Trust me

Yo, I ain't even gonna go through it
But differently I wanna send out a shout out to all my people out there, yeah
Big shout to the man dem, the ladies
You know you gotta put in your grind if you wanna get what you really want out of life
Trust me, you only get one run

[Verse 2:]

I don't believe in fate
Life is what you make it, make it great
I'm trying to elevate, concentrate on getting my paper straight
Survive the great escape, from the ends I used to congregate
Until I could no longer wait, I had to find a purpose
Otherwise I would've been worthless, making fuss on the estate
Ignorant to what the earth is offering when I should take
Every chance and every opportunity to try and make
Every second and every breath of life something to celebrate
So I've been around the world now, rose to the occasion
Boast different folks, different strokes, black, white and Asian
All these ladies look incredible, still got me gazing
Riding jet-skis and powerboats, feel so amazing
Club-hopping in Ibiza, I've got Pacha on lock
Pull up right outside the entrance in a Hummer, people clock
Then they stop, stare and wonder who I am and who I'm not
I just take it in my stride, but I ain't never felt this hot
And I love it, love it
It's all good man, ya get me?
Yo, you know you gonna catch me out Ibiza again, yeah
I gotta go there again
Get the Hummer out
We're driving down the streets knocking down motorbikes, it's nothing
Turn up at the club

Girls everywhere
It's all vibes though, man
Yo, big shout to my man like Paddy, yeah
Hang tight Shy FX - you done know!
Big up Cajun
Yeah man, I gotta big up the man like Scope
Big shout to T-Power, yeah
Hang tight Alexis, yeah
Yo, Dirtee Skank's the label, man
Maths & English, live by it
London city stand up
It's a UK thing, what