

# Bassline Junkie

Dizzee Rascal

Hey turn the bass up, turn the bass up  
Big dirty stinking bass, dirty stinking bass  
Big dirty stinking bass,  
Dirty, dirty stinking,  
Big dirty stinking bass, dirty stinking bass  
Big dirty stinking bass,  
Bass, bass, bass, bass

I don't need no speed, no  
I don't need no heroin, no thanks  
I don't want no coke, not today  
You can keep your ketamine, yeah  
I'm a bassline junkie, what?  
I'm a bassline junkie, tell them again  
I'm a bassline junkie, tell them again  
And I like it funky

Don't touch it, who told you to touch it?  
I will fucking kill you, don't ever touch that shit again

I'm a fiend for a big dirty bassline  
When I hear one I have a great time  
A bit of buttermilk's all I require  
I let the bassline take me higher  
My friends think that it's a bad habit, damn it  
If you take my bass away  
I'll blow your fucking face away, easy!  
You might think I'm over the top  
But when I hear that bassline drop  
I just can't control my actions  
But I still feel satisfaction  
So don't come around here whinging  
I just wanna hear the bassline rinish  
Or we can just skank out all day  
If not get the fuck out my way

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The other day I got an ASBO order  
And I think it's well out of order  
All my neighbors throwing a fit  
So I told them suck my dick  
And I told them I got the power  
And I turn the music up louder

All night till 6 in the morning  
Old bastards, they just boring  
You know me, I'm the bassline father  
Nobody can tell me neither  
And the police turned up and they took me  
We drove out to the nick and they booked me  
Then they said they'd give me a caution  
If I didn't give them no distortion  
But I said don't bother, I'm guilty  
And my bassline's fucking filthy

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