

# Sleazy

Ke\$ha

I don't need you or your brand new Benz  
Or your bougie friends  
I don't need love lookin' like diamonds  
Lookin' like diamonds

Get sleazy, get sleazy  
Get sleazy, get sleazy  
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I'ma sleazy, get sleazy  
Get sleazy, get sleazy  
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You can't imagine the immensity of the sentiment  
Giving about your money and manservant at the mansion you live in  
And I don't want to go places where all my ladies can't get in  
Just grab a bottle, some boys, and let's take it back to my basement and

Get sleazy, sick of all your lines, so cheesy  
Sorry, daddy, but I'm not that easy  
I'm not gonna sit here while you circle-jerk it and work it  
I'ma take it back to where my men and my girls is

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'Cause I'ma get sleazy, get sleazy  
Get sleazy, get sleazy, 'cause I'ma get

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Rat-tat-tat-tat on your dumb-dumb drum  
The beat so phat gonna make me come  
Um, um, um, um  
Over to your place

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I don't mean to critique on your seduction technique  
But your money's not impressing me, it's kinda weak  
That you really think you're gonna get my rocks off  
Get my top and socks off by showing me the dollars in your drop-box

Me and all my friends, we don't buy bottles we bring 'em  
We take the drinks from the tables when you get up and leave 'em  
And I don't care if you stare and you call us scummy  
'Cause we ain't after your affection and sure as hell not your money, honey

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