

Dirty Money

Tory Lanez

Money on my mind
All the time, all the time
Slangin', sellin', niggas tellin'
Catchin' feelings, on the low
Friends switchin', different women
With you every night
Prayin', sinnin', sinnin', prayin'
That the Lord, take my soul
Money on my mind
All the time, all the time
Slangin', sellin', niggas tellin'
Catchin' feelings, on the low
Friends switchin', different women
With you every night
Prayin', sinnin', sinnin', prayin'
That the Lord, take my soul Fuck with me
The wolves come out at night nigga Dirty money, all I know is dirty money
Millionaire, 30 hundred, dirty money
Got my brother, buddy down in murder somethin'
Jay my brother, brought him down the way He studyin', I don't know where he came from
He studyin', I don't know where the name from
New extended .30 and his hand gun
It's such a [?] we gon' change where we came from
I can't let no fuck niggas round me
I can't let no fuck niggas round me
My lil niggas got a problem, we gon' go to work
I bet he come up in that set, I was smokin' purp'
He steady plottin' through a body, told me hold his work
He nearly fell off 'bout the week, had to hold his shirt
I can't let no fuck niggas round me
Got this 30 in my cup, nigga 'bout it, yeah
Put this on my mama, I won't die no fuck nigga
When you start the commas, that's when they want fuck with you
Way you starvin', who gon' come pay that re-up with you
Niggas left you out for dead and never starve with you
You have to feed the family, that's first
Bet no pussy niggas understated, that's the thirst
Rich, switch, 20 bands for a verse
Rich, switch, 20 bands for a course

I can't let no fuck niggas round me
Bet he body like he's yours, niggas round me, yeah
The garage steady drippin' off my wrist
Slip in Versace, down mix it with the kitchen
I love my conscience, yeah I'm fuckin' with them chickens
A lot of bread and weed, and fucked off these bitches
I know it's wrong, I know it's wrong, I know I'm selfish
I see that Fendi, see she deli, I can't help it
Got all this pain I'm just tryna dodge the devil
We shout Diego in the game, speedin' double
You heard my Harlem niggas emigrated Carter
He down to let the bitches fly, no Furtado
He down to let them bitches see, no bravado
He gon' let them bitches

Songwriters

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