

# 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

DAYSTAR PETERSON, DANIEL GONZALEZPublished by

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