

# Dirty Money

Tory Lanez

## Part I

[Verse 1]

Money on my mind  
All the time, all the time, oh  
Slangin', sellin', niggas tellin'  
Catchin' feelings, on the low  
Friends switchin', different women  
With you every night, woah  
Prayin', sinnin', sinnin', prayin'  
That the Lord, take my soul  
Money on my mind  
All the time, all the time, oh  
Slangin', sellin', niggas tellin'  
Catchin' feelings, on the low  
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That the Lord, take my soul

## Part II

[Intro]

Fargo

The wolves come out at night nigga

[Hook]

Dirty money, all I know is dirty money  
Millionaire, 30 under 30 money  
That my brother, but he down in murder somethin'  
Jae my brother, but he down the way

[Verse 2]

It's dirty I don't know where it came from  
It's dirty, I don't know where the name from  
New extended .30 and his hand gun  
And touching million ain't 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 bent the corner in that 7, I was smoking purp  
He said he's about to do a body told me hold his work  
He nearly fell up out the window, I had to hold his shirt, woah  
I can't let no fuck niggas round me  
Got this 30 and my young nigga 'bout it, yeah  
Put that on my mama, I won't die no fuck nigga  
When you start get commas, that's when they want to fuck with you  
When you starvin', who gon' come pay that re-up with you?  
Niggas left you out for dead and never stuck with you  
You had to feed the family, that's first  
Make them pussy niggas understand ya, that the first  
Rich and switch, 20 bands for a verse  
Rich and switch, 20 bands for a course  
I can't let no fuck niggas round me  
But I'm 'bout it like these young niggas 'round me  
Liberace steady drippin' off my wrist  
Slip in Versace, then I mix it with the kitchen  
I lost my conscious the day I fuck up with them chickens  
A lot of bread that we done fucked off on these bitches  
I know it's wrong, I know it's wrong, I know I'm selfish  
I see that Fendi, see Chanel, I can't help it  
Got all these problems and I'm just tryna dodge the devil  
We shot Diego then they gave Speedy double  
It hurt my heart when they immigrated (karo)  
He down to let these bitches fly, no Furtado  
He down to let these bitches sing, no vibrato  
He gon' let them bitches

[Verse 3]

I got the liquor, the pour up  
And shawty she got all the dope I can roll with  
We run the city and I get the money from all the bitches I roll with  
I hop in the phantom  
I hop in the phantom  
I hop in that bitch, I'm like yeah, yeah  
Don't tell me you at it, don't tell me you at it  
Don't tell me you back in this bitch, yeah  
I can't let no fuck niggas 'round me  
I can't let no fuck niggas 'round me  
Fa life nigga