

# Dirty Money

UGK

Say, look here man I'm a rapper  
Hold up, let me take that back  
I make rap music, but that don't mean all a nigga do is rap  
But that don't matter I've been labeled, stigmatized, stereotyped  
There's an entertainment disease worse than cancer, a venereal type  
I spit imperial-type game like Digga from the Squad  
But they act like they can't separate a real nigga from the fraud  
Rule number one: never send a boy to fuck a grown ass lady  
And respect the game 'cause the game is known to be gone fast baby  
Now It's a long pass maybe you should try diving for it  
Fools act like they striving for it hit Total Request Live and blow it  
Knowing ain't a giving and nothing is  
See all this candy-  
coated and bluffing is detrimental to our beautiful black southern kids  
Enough of this man, let's get this here straight like creases  
It's a never-ending cycle and motion that never ceases  
It's compresses and releases and for the love of Jesus  
It's breaks the soul, now we forever left to pick up the pieces it's dirty money

Niggas laughing but ain't a damn thing funny  
You gotta have paper in this land of milk and honey  
Yeah, it's bright outside but not necessarily sunny  
And no matter how you make it, it's all dirty money baby

Every drug I sold was for the dirty money  
Most of my niggas is dead because the game is funny  
You could get your life took at the drop of the dime  
But I'mma pimp till the end and keep my money on mind  
Most of my life I've been broke trying to save my bread  
I never ask to be hustling now I watch out for feds  
'Cause niggas be talking and giving up game  
About the cheese, the green, the pills, the coke D's  
I marry my pockets, so now I chase my queen  
Keep a thang for the haters with the red beam  
Every since fifteen I've been a big money fiend  
Sippin' cold codeine and pulling up clean  
Popping up at the spot and dropping the top  
And keep a bad yellow with my dick on rock uh!

You can't get no house, no car  
No weed, no bar, no flash, no show  
No class, no flow, no help, no love  
No liquor, no drug, no clique, no crew  
No tracks to flow to, no pager, no phone  
No flavor, no zone, no fiend, no cut  
no wife, no slut, no name,  
Nowhere in the game to get me five  
No nothing without that dirty ass M-O-N-E-Y

My momma taught me what the value of a dollar should be  
But everybody I saw balling was rolling selling Ki's  
In the late 80's niggas pulling up on D's  
Putting dick up in these hoes and making 'em pay fees  
Learn how to ride dirty 'cause ain't shit for free  
Then all them niggas got popped that's all I needed to see  
For some the dope game cool 'cause that's all that they could be

I know God ain't put me down here just to be serving no fiends