

DIRTY!

Jpegmafia

Come in the backroom
Backing up like I don't give a fuck
Gotta move the bricks
Bands so I could get the truck
What up with it, buddy?
Side

Dirty
Money, I'ma make you look dirty
Poke it out
Funny how the world caught up with me (Yeah)
Heard them pigs in the New York don't fuck with me
Sheeple
Keep it transparent
Y'all see through
Help me out
Momma used to bump Luther no Beatles
Mcnabb tired of getting soup from the Eagles
Karma
In the L-A with the blicky playing Contra
Nasty

You can cut fist like Arthur
Love screwing with the cops
I'm Lana
Two cigs
Big Pun and Fat Joe they twins
Pull it out get them mumbling like Sims
And I don't need twenty niggas to defense

Dirt!
Get low!
Huh, get low
Uh, uh
Fuck
Better have ten, nah, nah, nigga, we-

Dog, look at these niggas
Round my tea pot
They spit so much filler
Wannabes used to wanna be with us
Same wannabes wanna be killers

Weak ass rhymes, weak ass lines
Same old synths, them weak ass slides
Fresh carpool this lane all mine
Already lapped can't get nobody by
Who you gon' call when the trends all die?
Niggas follow I been walking my path the whole time

Shit hurts worse when you deep in the grind
Out on bail like Pac in the prime
Styles so slutty, even you gotta try it (What up?)
My shit jam big drum on the 9 (What up?)
When you spit subs, give me your own time
You can't get it back, niggas know I ain't lying

Huh
Huh