

Money Cry

Tarrus Riley

Let me tell yuh bout di powers of dem dirty dollar bills
Haffi have a trade my youth, yuh haffi have a skill
Struggle and wi hustle wuk, wi muscle until
Manifest mi dreams and build mi house up pon di hill
Dem teach yo vanity, corrupt and pollute yo soul
And still di golden rule is who gots di gold
Dem give unuh di book and tek out di pages
The half have never being told
Rab Africa wealth and a black man blind fool

Money cry
Money cry

Dem perpetrate and rab and rape
And think seh that dem cleaver
When dem dead and buried somebody else a reap di treasure
Eye witness a dollar meck another brother blood spill
And run like di Mississippi river
Like pirates they have no soul
And dem wi kill fi gold

Money cry
Money cry

Let me tell yuh bout di powers of dem dirty dollar bills
Haffi have a trade my youth, yuh haffi have a skill
Struggle and wi hustle wuk, wi muscle until
Manifest mi dreams and build mi house up pon di hill
Dem teach yo vanity, corrupt and pollute yo soul
And still di golden rule is who gots di gold
Dem give unuh di book and tek out di pages
The half have never being told
Rab Africa wealth and a black man blind fool

Money cry
Money cry

Dem perpetrate and rab and rape
And think seh that dem cleaver
When dem dead and buried somebody else a reap di treasure
Eye witness a dollar meck another brother blood spill
And run like di Mississippi river
Like pirates they have no soul
And dem wi kill fi gold

Money cry
Money cry