

Rich Man Poor Man

Slaine

I'm gettin' rich
Hey yo George, you ain't gotta be poor no more
Go ahead and splurge on movies at the porno store
Go ahead and buy yourself a new pair of sneakers
This motherfucking studio needs a new pair of speakers
Turn it up, my apartment is fucked up
Look at my furniture
I've been so broke and hungry that I would've murdered ya
Just for a coin, just for a bottle or a joint
Look at me now, I've got so many models on my groin
What's the point? I can only fuck one at a time
Maybe two at a time, fuck it, three at a time
Strip linguini and prime
Get it for free in your mind
Imagine the first time you ever see when you're blind (I can see!)
I couldn't imagine as a have-not having
I'm in a bad spot grabbing and I hope it really lasts this time
Out of the shitter cause I have worked like a dog
I have not been a quitter

Listen close to every word I utter
You can almost hear me rising right out of the gutter, the gutter
Rich man, poor man, now I got a sick scam
Spit man, spit man, poor man, rich man

Money don't buy you happiness, is that your advice? Thanks
It does when you're broke. Fuck bitches I like banks
Even Tyra, I really do admire her
But if she was working for me and losing me loot then I would fire her
Believe that, put your hands up where I can see that
Where's a paper fiend, where's the motherfucking greed at?
The white turns to green, green turns to white
So how many dollar bills we're gonna earn tonight?
The world spins but only money can turn your life around
They thought you were ugly before but bitches like you now
Like, "Hi. What's your name? "
My name is cocaine
They love hip hop and know Slaine
It's simple and so plain
Nymphos with no name drop bills with no change
It won't change, my mental's deranged and so strange
I know the real deal, I ain't no dummy
Cause nobody loves you when you're a nobody with no money

In this life all you've got is your balls and your cock
When they got Gucci shoes and big holes in your socks
Bitches hot with their hips, when I roll and I rock
Fuck authority and the cops patrolling the block
When I was a teen I had trouble controlling the schnapps
Now I'm twenty-seven and I pack heat, holding the glocks
I've got bloody knuckles from giving kids swollen up knots
I'm banned from the clubs but show up to the shows to bust shots
And this attitude isn't the one that paid me dummy
But when I knocked your ass out that's what made me money
I talk about it on the record and they say, "He's funny."
That's why I'm about to cake off as big as Jay-Z, sonny
You can count on Slaine to spit you something crazy, hunny

So all the hate and angry looks are all gravy for me
From when I started, they said this shit is impossible
Now I'm colossal, bet your bottom dollar on me, I got you