

My Man Rich

Biz Markie

This is a different type of dedication
To a guy that was a different kind of inspiration
Only people that knew him, know what I'm talkin' about
And at the end of the story, you will say without a doubt
This wasn't your typical case, of fast livin'
Anything he was makin', he was givin'
To his moms, pops, his brother and his girl
'Cause they, meant, the most to him in the world
Around Suffolk he wasn't known
But in Eastern Long Island, he did have a home
Called L.I., is where he stayed
Where there was no need for D-Con or Raid
He was cool with everybody, he had no enemies
I'm makin' this record, cause he's a friend of me
'Cause he's a hard workin' kid, I've just stated
That's why this record, is dedicated
To my man Rich

Yo yo, this is for you my man
God bless you

Let me tell you what happened in the early 80's
When we wasn't thinkin' about gettin' all the ladies
Me and Rich was thinkin' about survival of the fittest
You can ask Keith or Kevin, cause both of them were with us
We'd try to get a job everyplace that it takes
We was even at the factory they call {?}
Everywhere we went they said they'd call us back
Or even said they're not hirin' to throw us off track
But Richie Rich said, forget that stuff
Even though, times was rough
We kept searchin', searchin', lookin' and lookin'
It seems everywhere we went, the jobs was taken
Still Rich didn't give up the faith
He found a job that wasn't safe
Even though it was dangerous, it wouldn't switch
That's why this is dedicated to my man Rich

Yo this is to you my man Rich
Cause you know you go way back, you go way back
Word up, God bless you

The way the story end, is just a tragedy
I wish upon a star that it didn't have to be
Endin' this way for my man Richard
'Cause still in my mind, he's still as pictured
Like, he just had gone yesterday
For sellin', C-R-A-C-K
His dream was...to be a boxer
So, he could knock the socks off of
An Ivan Barkley, or even Mike Tyson
But on the streets, he was sacrificin'
For his family, and his wife
'Cause he struggled, he struggled all his life
He wasn't a straight up, criminal or villain
Or even tryin' to get, stupid or illin'
Was messed up for takin' somebody's life and shit

That tried so hard, and just wouldn't quit
This is a slow record, with a switch
Because it's dedicated, to my man Rich

To you my man
This is to you, Rich
Peace