

# Rags To Riches

Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes

A quick story from rags to riches  
Comin' to you from Supernova (AKA Left Eye)  
Give it to 'em, give it to 'em, give it to 'em (ha ha)

I'm goin', I'm goin' from rags to riches (ha ha ha ha)  
I'm goin', I'm goin' from rags to riches (ha ha ha ha)

I started off as an army brat (Atten-hut!)  
Seven months old class act  
I was racing down the block  
As a matter of fact  
I could've been a track star (I guess I am)  
I stacked bars  
Comin' through your system in them phat cars (uh)  
Cross country isn't that far  
It's like I'm in the race, don't know who you cats are  
See one day I fell from grace, landed in this place  
My innocence erased from talkin' back to my momma's face  
Like I was lost in space  
Without a trace, cuttin' class, bein' Mrs. Fast Ass  
Gettin' blasted with my dad, got caught up in the flash  
My Nana goin' straight mad, had to make the dash  
Saw a fella through the streets  
Who would give anything for cash  
And anything to crash in anybody's path  
If everything I had  
Look at what I could grab (check it)  
And it was just a bunch of niggas

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From rags to riches  
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I bet you I'mma be the richest  
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Ding ding the bell ring, landlord causin' a scene  
Mama diggin' for her green, last dolla (dolla bill)  
To pay for the phone bill, electric bill, water bill  
How you feel when you make a mill?  
And move your mama to a house on the hill  
With picture framed TV's on the wall  
Hard and I'm pissed when she wanna ball  
A cell phone for when she wanna call  
She ballin' out of control  
With her own bank roll, I got her back though

One for the money and two for the show  
Mama floors stayin' clean 600 green outside  
Showin' them the many ways that God provides in life  
Or who can see the bigger picture  
And tell a story from goin' dead broke to gettin' richer  
Knowin' I'm gettin' with you in this paper chase  
Rags to riches all up in your face

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I remember sellin' weed  
Can't believe that I was poisonin' my folk  
Now I let my throat be the antidote  
Always kept my hopes high  
Now mama don't cry, 'cause I'll be close by  
With the most high I was playin' Robin Hood (in the hood)  
Little Red Riding Hood  
Til' the barrel pointed where I stood (yeah, I stood)  
But walked away like I was absolutely positively sure I could  
Attitude on drugs  
A few dollars in the bucket  
And scheming steady dreaming  
For a chance to make some duckets  
Caused a little ruckus on the sideline  
From the alley way to Cali, on the Grammy day  
Went from disarray to mayday, mayday, mayday  
Ran away from the sickness with a quickness  
And went from rags to riches

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I'm lovin' everybody that's tryin' to get it from rags to riches  
From nuttin' to somethin' (ha ha right)  
You know what I'm sayin'  
I'm nuttin' but a quickie story from rags to riches  
To all my mournin' ghetto superstars out there  
Much love!  
I'm backin' everybody, East coast, West coast, the Midwest  
Everything you know what I'm sayin', it's all hip hop  
Much love!

We all came from rags and went to riches  
And the ones that's still messin' with them rags  
You know what I'm sayin'  
Keep your head up (know what I'm sayin')  
Somethin' bound to happen  
For sure though...