

# 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