

Adams Ryan, Tina Toledo's Street Walkin' Blues

Adams Ryan

Gold

Tina Toledo's Street Walkin' Blues

Sweet talkin' Johnny push a john quicker than he spit

Street walkin' tin with a crooked crown waitin' for it

There she goes

She born in Boston but the Amtrak took her away

She lives in Brooklyn but she works outta Queens in the

Black limousines, money in the bank

Black limousines, money in the bank

Send it home

Tina Toledo got a kid that lives with her Ma

She takes the subway after school, makes up her face, changes clothes

There she goes

She feels the rain coming down on Washington Square

She gives the cops on the beat a little discount

And then, then, then it's

Black limousines, money in the bank

Black limousines, money in the bank

Wend it home

Hard on the knees, money in the bag

Hard on the knees, money in the bag

Send it home for medical school

Rock herself to sleep with the rhythm of the rain

Beating like the be against the window frame

Of her hotel room

Rock herself to sleep with the tunes on the dash

Don't take no credit cards, she takes cash

Says, "money, money, money in the bank

Money, money, money in the bank

Money, money, money in the bank

Money, money, money in the bank

It ain't no easy life but it pays pretty good,

Keeps her out of the cold

It ain't no easy life

But it's silver and gold

Silver, silver, silver and gold

Tina Toledo's Street Walkin' Blues

Street Walkin', Wtreet Walkin' Blues