

Frontline, The Rich

[Intro]

Yeah, I'm from Richmond
Hell yeah, it's crazy out here
Nigga might stab you over a dollar in a dice game
Nigga might shoot you over some King Cobra
Shit, it's crazy in the Rich

[Left]

I was born poor, lived poor
Top Ramen, dirty floor
Dirty clothes, Snotty Nose
Empty stomach, Brutal soul
Running around the village with a bag full of Now-n-Laters
Watching all the dope dealers hustle making dirty paper
Yellow bus, free lunch
Missing school, should have flunked
Fights with older niggaz had to let them know I'm not a punk
Ran up on a couple chumps
No help, I got jumped
Fought back when a lotta niggaz probably would have run
Dirty cops, Task Force batter-ram my front door
Looking for my pop's coke stash under the kitchen floor
More Drama
Watched good mothers turn to crack mamas
Watching beauty queens
Turn to dope fiends
Lost honor
Friend shot, some are dead
Bullets sending out their head
All over turf business
Niggaz turn to cold killers
Rap game, hoop game
Dope game, same thing
Only way that niggaz thought they'd make it out the Rich, man

[Chorus/Left]

That's how it is in the (RICH)
That's all we get in the (RICH)
That's how we live in the (RICH)
That's how we live in the (RICH)
That's how it is in the (RICH)
That's all we get in the (RICH)
That's how we live in the (RICH)
That's how we live in the (RICH)
That's how it is in the (RICH)
(Northside, Southside)
That's all we get in the (RICH)
(Seaside, Crescent Park)
That's how we live in the (RICH)
(Hillside , the Village)
That's how we live in the (RICH)
(My niggaz all heart)

[Locksmith]

Yeah, Okay
Now I'ma take y'all niggaz to the start
Curly hair, Crescent Park
Early years, stressing hard
Niggaz letting weapons spark
Mama had an aching heart
Daddy didn't play his part
They was separated a minute but didn't stay apart
Sister was an artist then
Left's uncle started seeing

Crack came barging in
Niggaz wasn't starving then
We was on some real shit
Filthy Phil, Li'l Rick
Filthy pulled an ill lick
But to us he's still sick
Same time, dope game
Cocaine flooded in
Drought came, no 'caine
Dough ain't coming in
Niggaz was hungry, their fucking stomachs was rumbling
Out comes the gun again
Pigs started running in
It happened all in Richmond (HUH)
Where them bullets be whistling (HUH)
My little cousin was murdered
And, shit I fucking miss him
But we gonna keep it pimping
Carry on his tradition
We representing
You fucking haters, I hope you listening

[Chorus]

[Left and Locksmith]

Le: You've got the boys in the Village, man
Chilling on Griffin
During the day, but at night
It's dope dealing and killing

Lo: You've got the Crescent Park niggaz, down on Fleming
Niggaz will snatch off your rims if you come through spinning

Le: You've got the niggaz in the projects out in North
Where they fight in the street bare-knuckle like it's a sport

Lo: You've got the Seaside niggaz they be holding steel
Fuck around, there'll be rollin' ill

Le: You've got the Easter Hill Boys, one way in, one way out
Run your mouth, they will knock you out

Lo: And there's a lot more niggaz in church than we could mention
Le: But no matter where you stay, motherfucker, it's all Richmond

[Chorus]

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