Kool G. Rap & DJ Polo, Road To The Riches

Verse One:

When I was five years old I realized there was a road
At the end I will win lots of pots of gold
Never took a break, never made a mistake
Took time to create cos there's money to make
To be a billionaire takes hard work for years
Some nights I shedded tears while I sent up prayers
Been through hard times, even worked part time
In a ?seafood? store sweepin floors for dimes
I was sort of a porter takin the next man's order
Breakin my back for ?a shack for headquarters?
All my manpower for four bucks an hour
Took the time, I wrote rhymes in the shower
Shoes are scoffed cos the road gets rough
But I'ma rock it til my pockets ain't stuffed enough
All the freaks wouldn't speak cos my checks was weak
They would turn the other cheek so I started to seek
A way to get a play, and maybe one day
I'll be performin up a storm for a decent pay
No matter how it seems I always kept the dream
All the girlies scream and suckas get creamed
Dreamed about it for five years straight
Finally I got a break and cut my first plate
The road ain't yellow and there ain't no witches
My name is Kool G Rap, I'm on the road to the riches

Verse Two:

I used to stand on the block sellin cooked up rock
Money bustin out my sock cos I really would clock
They were for kind of fiends bringin jackets and jeans
Magazines, anything, just to hustle for beans
The cash was comin fast, money grew like grass
People hungry for the blast that don't even last
Didn't want to be involved but the money will getcha
Gettin richer and richer, the police took my picture
But I still supplied, some people I knew died
Murders and homicides for bottles of suicide
Money, jewelry, livin like a star
And I wasn't too far from a Jaguar car
In a small-time casino, the town's Al Pacino
For all of the girls, the pretty boy Valentino
I shot up stores and I kicked down doors
Collecting scars from little neighborhood wars
Many legs I broke, many necks I choked
And if provoked I let the pistol smoke
Loyal members in a crew now down with the game
Sellin nickels and dimes, sunshine or rain
What I had was bad from my shoes to my pad
In the first time in my life loanin money to dad
Now the table's turned and my lifestyle switches
My name is Kool G Rap, I'm on the road to the riches

Verse Three:

?A thug a-mugs? for drugs, he eventually bugs
Lookin for crack on carpets and rugs
?The squealers tells? but the dealer still sells
Little spoiled kids inheritin oil wells
I was the type on the opposite side
Of smokin the pipe, in a beef I got hype
Cos rags to riches switches men to witches
Become stitches, body bags in ditches

Bloodshed, I painted the town red
People fled as I put a dread's head to bed
That mean's dead, in other words deceased
Face got erased, bullets got released
Bombs were planted, the kids were kidnapped
In fact that was a way to get back
At enemies who tried to clock G's
on my block, now they forever knock Z's
Plans of rampages went for ages
Some got knocked and locked inside cages
Some bit the dust for crumbs and crusts
In God We Trust, now rots to rust
Plus caps to cops, policeman drops
You blew off his top when the pistol went pop
Troopers, soldiers, rollin like boulders
Eyes of hate and their hearts get colder
Some young male put in jail
His lawyer so good his bail is on sale
Lookin at the hourglass, how long can this power last?
Longer than my song but he already fell
He likes to eat hardy, party
Be like John Gotti, and drive a Maserati
Rough in the ghetto, but in jail he's Jello
Mellow, yellow fellow, tell or hell, hello
One court date can turn an outlaw to an inmate
But just ?stay?, ship him upstate by the Great Lakes
And than a-wait and wait and wait
Til he breaks, that's all it takes
So he fakes to be a man, but he can't stand
On his own two feet because now he's in a new land
Rules are different and so is life
When you think with a shank, talk with a knife
Not my lifestyle so I made a U-turn
More money I earn, more money to burn
Pushin all buttons, pullin all switches
My name is G. Rap, I'm on the road to the riches