

Nine, Richman Poorman (Act One)

(chorus)2x

I use to be a richman
(now I'm poorman)
I use to be a poorman
(now I'm rich)
Because when I was a richman
(I stepped in the quick sand)
Now I'm a poorman
(ain't that a bitch)

Verse one: nine, 3rd eye

Ayo what's up man
Strap on your vest
And meet me on the grand concourse
We about to set it off

Yea who's the victim tonight
Is he black or is he white

Nine:you know I can give a f**k son
Green is what I like

(3rd eye)

Alright
I'll meet you around midnight
I'm down to greed
Matter of fact I'm lacing up my boots right now
You know how we living and I ain't giving a f**k
I'm out of luck and if I got to buck somebody
Then what ever son

(nine)

We in this shit together
Word
We ain't got a pot to piss in
I'm sick of eating chicken
It's finger licking
We on a mission
Because my paradise ain't nice
My advice is lets pull a heist
My pockets ain't nice
I need green

(3rd eye)

I'm tired of being stuck between a rock and a hard place
Now it's time for me to taste a piece of the pie
I ain't trying to die broke
You know what I'm saying nine
I'm goina go for mines even if it means I got to do crime
I'm goina find the way to get the kind of loot
I need to be all that I can be and then some
Understand
And do what it takes for me to be a richman

(chorus)

Verse two:

I'm telling you right now don't move a muscle
Got my finger on the trigger
I'm mad upset

Don't make me have to smoke a nigga west
Hurry the f**k up pack the loot
One minute and counting and then we got to move to situation 22

(3rd eye)

Yo bitch put that cash in the bag and make it fast
Get that finger off the button before I buck that ass
Grabed up the manager smacked him in the face open up the safe
(777 93 11 is the combination
Act like you know it's time to pay the black nation)
Now I got the loot time to jet
Anybody make a move and they getting wet
Step to the door headed for the get away
Now we on the high way richer than a motherf**ker
Heading for the airport
Hope we don't get caught
Because we ain't going out like that
We one the road to riches and we ain't looking back black

Chorus 2x

(cop 1)□□□□□(cop 2)
Freeze motherf**ker
Hands, hands, let me see hands
Get out of the car
Shut the f**king car off
Get out and eat some f**king dirt
Get on the f**king ground