

Whitney Houston F/ Missy 'Misdemeanor' Elliott "Richtown"

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[Chorus: with Master P talking in background]

(A tick tock ya don't stop)

Richtown (Ooh, ooh, ooh) (A tick tock ya don't stop)
town

(Ooh, ooh, ooh) In the Richtown (Ooh, ooh, ooh) town
(A tick tock ya don't stop) Richtown (Ooh) town, yeah

[Verse 1]

Well it's Saturday but yo it don't matter it's money to be
made

Master P got away cleaner than Cascade

And Richmond, California brothers gots to get paid

Whether it's Southside, Northern Park, Chetterburgh

Ya better strap a gat, cause if ya pockets get fat

Ya get jacked for ya jewels, don't be that fool

Straight servin' cause in Richmond we be pervin'

5-0, drive rag tops drag on the curb and

Caddys and Benz roll, girls be waitin'

It used to be trues and Vogues but now it's Daytons

Police jack my pistols, they still packin'

Have them dope fiends dialin' for crack

A drive by shootin' em' P, seven ain't shit

Brothers on the Southside ain't to be messed with

Down in the village still sellin' hella dank

Brothers wear vest cause suckers they out to gank

Chevys and trucks roll with so much bass

And all ya hear is Master P and Untouchables tape

(RICHTOWN!)

[Chorus]

R-I-C-H-M-O-N-D (x7)

[Verse 2]

Richmond, California some call it the dope spot

The place where the pushers roll

And a fifth wheel Caddy is an every day stroll

Dope fiends quick

But cha' gotta watch out for the crooked police

Ya see the Rich ain't no joke

4-1-5 brothers signed to the ghetto

Suckers get sent
It's the city of the drug lords, pushers and the pimps

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Richtown, so many broads to get with
But if ya game's lame, ya get cha' tights split
I ain't braggin' cause my pants will keep saggin'
Hat cocked to the side with that gold one draggin'
Now I'm cruisin' up Cotton Boulevard, see a cutie
So I stopped the car, she said P was a lick
So I mashed the gas cause I don't pay for the bitch
Doin' about 80 on 23rd (What cha' see)
OMG and some Mexicans on the curb
So I stopped for a minute at the liquor store
No ID but the Arab let me go
Grab my 49 wrist burnin'
On the way to Eastern Hills with my boys be servin'
There go the cops man, just my luck [* Sirens *] (Yo P
what cha' do]
I shook em' up
Hit the corner just to ditch the law
Caught a taxi, end up in the Hilltop Mall that in the
(RICHTOWN!)

[Chorus]

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