

Avias

"The Rich & Poor"

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Intro:

Rich

Poor

Verse1:

My mother was a single parent so I was born into these streets

Hustling hard for the paper, hustling hard just to eat

Life always at a stand still everyday is just repeat

20 dollars worth in bags printed on the grocery receipt
And so late nights I creep into they she'd because I'm a loaner

If I don't steal they lawn equipment then I'm gone be a goner

Stomach touching my back feel like I'm gonna die from this hunger

Hope my lottery tickets a winner, this just can't be any longer

Sunrise my niggas hit me up told me to go meet my boy

All seven of us grew up in the same neighborhood soil
We always play a couple card games but we don't play with toys

Hard, bout dat life niggaz like a scene from baby boy
Through the years been a couple shoot outs like boys from the hood

Couple tina relationships cause that nigga was no good
Used to stand in dark hallways at the age of three
And watch my momma take blows from a man that was so mean

Sneakers on telephone wires, marijuana take you higher

22's on the lac, and watch the snitches cause they liars
Ma bout to hit the candy lady because she spiked our scrapers

At night my deepest dreams is moving up to something greater

Chorus: (4x's)

It's a thin line between poverty and wealth

Go rights the road to riches

Go lefts the road to death

Verse2:

Parents been together, all of my life
Got everything, no matter what price
Might be dark on your end but over here is light
Always had it good, no need to fight
And so that's why I'm laying out on the deck in costa
rica
Because my father owns a law firm and my mothers a
sweeper
Was left a large lump sum from the lady to whom she
was keeper
Don't want to sound too boastful but I got to go in
deeper
I'm in this bmw about to go to harvard college
Some might call me too stuck up, others call me
garbage
Ego so high it stanks just like donald trump just farted
And if yo bank account aint full then you shall be
departing
From fancy cocktails, wealthy gatherings with the high
and known
So much money talking thousands that will have your
head blown
Everyday dinner conversations on what you own
Even tho I'm happy sometimes wish the money was
gone

Chorus: (4x's)

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Go rights the road to riches
Go lefts the road to death

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