

Juwan Shahir

"Rags To Riches And Beyond"

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(Intro)

Yo man, it's Ragz 2 riches....and beyond
Right now
Ima tell you bout the rags

(Verse 1)

When you just growin up,
Family bank account low
Don't want no one to know about yalls poverty
So you keep this on the low

Now what, parents workin overtime
You decide to start a grind
You think moneys easy to find
Robbin stores without a second thought

Try to rob a house, but it was locked
Bought a gun, you don't even know how to cock it
Ya swapped it, got a rhymebook
Nicknamed it, my cookbook

Dirty laundry, leftovers for weeks
That's the life of rags, couldn't afford a belt so it just all
sags
Now you startin to spit, startin to battle yo foes
You lookin for deals but they just come and go

This one kid gives you a nod and a pen
Gives you the paper and says sign right here
Don't worry there's nothing to fear
Studio couple blocksaway

Just go and record away
Moneys in the bank so you can just sit back an' lay

(Chorus 4x)

Growin up low class
Bank infested with cash
Everyone after your stash
That's rags to riches and beyond

(Verse 2)

Debatin on what's heavier
Your pockets or your ice
Big mansion, you doin it big, real nice
Turn on the car, hear your own voice on the radio

Bass pumpin, ya songs a hit, everyone feelin tha stereo
Startin to open ya own brands, cause you got infinite
fans

An' every 60 seconds there's someone raisin they hand
How'd you make it? what caused you to make it?

Its rags to riches man you better forsake it
Now you got ya own label now
Kids startin to beef with ya, people raisin eyebrows
No one knows how to sign ya

You rich there's nothin else to it
I'll tell you to buy me somethin and you'll do it
I'm very fond of a technique spawned
And it's called rags to riches and beyond

(Chorus 4x)

(Verse 3)

Now you gettin nightmares
Seems like you're dieing in yo sleep
You got one, but ya don't know how
To eliminate the rest of these creeps

Wearin a bulletproof vest, even ya son got one
You seem like I thrill ya,
Yo it's not your stash no more
People just wanna kill ya.

It's not yo music no more
They just don't like your war stories
Don't worry, though i think these cats need assistance
from Maury
We say they jealous

They say they not
We walk around they hood
They say back off this is our lot

You might as well suicide
Before there's any more homicide

And you'll need some insecticide
When these hatas ride

You walkin out onto the streets
You turn around see a jeep
Pointin at ya feet
Takin the life out ya meat

You dead now
Its all over now
Rags to riches and beyond

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