

## The Isley Brothers

### "Road to the Riches"

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#### 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

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