

Nine "Richman Poorman"

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(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 fuck 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 fuck
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 fuck 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

(77779311 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 motherfucker

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 motherfucker

Hands, hands, let me see hands

Get out of the car

Shut the fucking car off

Get out and eat some fucking dirt
Get on the fucking ground

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