

**Adams Ryan****"Tina Toledo's Street Walkin' Blues"**

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Sweet talkin' Johnny push a john quicker than he spit  
Street walkin' tin with a crooked crown waitin' for it  
There she goes  
She born in Boston but the Amtrak took her away  
She lives in Brooklyn but she works outta Queens in the  
Black limousines, money in the bank  
Black limousines, money in the bank  
Send it home

Tina Toledo got a kid that lives with her Ma  
She takes the subway after school, makes up her face,  
changes clothes  
There she goes  
She feels the rain coming down on Washington Square  
She gives the cops on the beat a little discount  
And then, then, then it's  
Black limousines, money in the bank  
Black limousines, money in the bank  
Wend it home

Hard on the knees, money in the bag  
Hard on the knees, money in the bag  
Send it home for medical school

Rock herself to sleep with the rhythm of the rain  
Beating like the be against the window frame  
Of her hotel room  
Rock herself to sleep with the tunes on the dash  
Don't take no credit cards, she takes cash  
Says, "money, money, money in the bank  
Money, money, money in the bank  
Money, money, money in the bank  
Money, money, money in the bank

It ain't no easy life but it pays pretty good,  
Keeps her out of the cold  
It ain't no easy life  
But it's silver and gold  
Silver, silver, silver and gold

Tina Toledo's Street Walkin' Blues Street Walkin',

## Wtreet Walkin' Blues

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