

Rich Boy

"Getto Rich Ft. Lil Wayne And Nas"

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[Verse 1 - Rich Boy]

Let me take ya through my hood where I was born and raised
Where niggas tote semi-automatics, busting them K's
Heavy guns and dope boys harassed by the police
Still getting pulled over and asked by the police
Bama wasn't made for a nigga to win
See the color of ya skin get ya put in the pen
It's real life, over dice, Dwayne dead and gone
Sending niggas to the pen or the funeral home
I be feeling like the Lord will never answer me back
So I'm holding on my gat just in case they attack
Bullet holes in ya house it'll make it hard to sleep
Ya see the fiends on the street want the hard for cheap
Lotta niggas doing life from undercovers and fake friends
It's real how them penitentiary bars'll break men
Niggas doing life from undercovers and fake friends
It's real how them penitentiary bars'll break men

[Chorus - John Legend]

It's where ya live, it's where ya play
It's where ya learn, ya favorite slang
Your world is, ghetto
It's where I live; it's where I'm from
It's where ya had, to tote your gun
Your world is, ghetto

[Verse 2 - Lil Wayne]

I could never win an Oscar 'cause I don't know how to act
So on my first million dollars and I ain't know how to act
Then the second million came, then more came after that
Then more came after that, Hurricane after that
DAMN!, and y'all saw the aftermath
And in my hood we don't front, so I do give back
When you see a hood nigga you gotta tilt your hat
And since I'm a hood nigga I do just that
OGs used to tell me you just rap
Lil nigga all you need to do is rap

And just when I thought I was gonna do just that
Poppa was a Rolling Stone and them stones was crack
Fuck being like Mike I wanna be like pop
Then I picked up a mic I wanna be like 'Pac
Please put down the pipe you don't need that rock
Please put up a fight for the kids that watch
Us in the spotlight and then they mock
But caskets get closed and then they drop
And cases get closed and they are dropped
'Cause no one knows and nobody got
Any outlaw info, 'cause they better not
Three words to a witness they get shot
Let me tell you what this is, this is the block
Always talk to God, never listen to cops

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Nas]

It's cool to love to win but it's better to hate to lose
There's only one Nas by the hundred thousand you's
You lose money chasing women, never lose women
chasing money
Niggas is broke plus the wolves is hungry
Morgues full of dead niggas who was taking money
Morgues full of niggas with the last shit they ate in they
stomach
Spinach and steak, GORE-TEX boot prints still on his
face
It's still on his face when we visit his wake
Whatever's undone I'd do it, fight against a whole army
One gun I'll use it, some Sun Tzu shit
Creeping on ya like walking pneumonia
You're far from opponents; we could spar for the
moments
I stay in deceitful conversations with creep with foul
natures
Attempted murders trials, the basics
Threatening the witnesses and relatives of dead
victims
It's the shit we live, uh, Queensbridge thug matrimony,
clap a phony
Bullets even hit a cracker in his Abercrombie
Psycho analyst was asking me what happened to me?
See the yak got to me, then the gat got to me
Then the homies on the block with the stacks of money
Then these beautiful bitches was bending backs for me
Then lames put the rap game in a casket slowly
Man I don't give a fuck, this is rap to me

