

## Paper Tongues

### "Rich And Poor"

Visit "[Rich And Poor](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

This goes out to the rich and poor  
I stand as a broken man  
Before we shake I shoulda let you know  
My hand, it's a dirty hand  
The place I live ain't called "Easy Street"  
Our houses are weak and cheap  
So this goes out to my strugglin' peeps  
I have a dream we get out this week

New York, L.A. say a prayer for me  
Orange County, Queens Bridge say a prayer for me  
A.T.L., Southeast say a prayer for me  
Manhattan, Hollywood say a prayer for me  
Athens, Bangkok say a prayer for me  
Queen City, Long Island say a prayer for me  
J-Ville, N.C. say a prayer for me  
Long Island, J-Ville say a prayer for me

I want to give my peace away  
To the man that drives the Escalade  
Cause he knows that money don't buy a home  
It takes a wife and kids where love is grown  
I think I'm really tired of these washed up plans  
To be the kind of thug and all the war-street fam'  
It takes a whole lot of guts to hold onto your green  
When there are dead banks plus political swing  
I think it's 'bout time we get some people in the house  
Who want to run "game" on the naysayer's mouth  
If you got the money then you understand me partly  
And if you're plain broke well, then, "Welcome to the party!"

This goes out to the rich and poor  
I stand as a broken man  
Before we shake I shoulda let you know  
My hand, it's a dirty hand  
The place I live ain't called "Easy Street"  
Our houses are weak and cheap  
So this goes out to my strugglin' peeps  
I have a dream we get out this week

New York, L.A. say a prayer for me  
A.T.L., Southeast say a prayer for me  
Manhattan, Hollywood say a prayer for me  
London, Hong Kong say a prayer for me  
Singapore, Germany say a prayer for me  
Mexico, Beijing say a prayer for me  
Columbia, Sydney say a prayer for me  
Brazil, Russia say a prayer for me

I want to give five-hundred cups  
Of karma to the homeless on the block  
Next week let's make it half a mil'  
But they say my day dreams aren't for real  
Can you tell me a better way to make dreams?  
I know we got a world full of overrated schemes  
I've watched a lot of people get bit then break  
Stuck up in the system with locks on their gate  
I know a lot of people who can sing this song  
Cause I wrote this for all those who don't belong  
I say we form a choir and take it to the streets  
And let the world know we gettin' out this week

(Dream, dream, dream boy, dream)  
(Dream, dream, dream girl, dream)

If I get down I'll sing  
If I get scared I'll yell  
We'll make no mistake about this  
I'm comin' out of here

This goes out to the rich and poor  
I stand as a broken man  
Before we shake I shoulda let you know  
My hand, it's a dirty hand  
The place I live ain't called "Easy Street"  
Our houses are weak and cheap  
So this goes out to my strugglin' peeps  
I have a dream we get out this week

New York, L.A. say a prayer for me  
Orange County, Queens Bridge say a prayer for me  
A.T.L., Southeast say a prayer for me  
Manhattan, Hollywood say a prayer for me  
Athens, Bangkok say a prayer for me  
Queen City, Long Island say a prayer for me  
J-Ville, N.C. say a prayer for me  
Long Island, J-Ville say a prayer for me

