

## Jack-a-lynn

### "Rich Man Poor Man"

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(Rack-Lo)

I'm filthy rich I got bank accounts and large amounts  
CD's, stocks and barns, presidential suites  
Property on War Street, playing for high stakes  
6 billion dollar estate, money to waste

(Thirstin Howl III)

I'm a poor man so I put a gun to your face  
to take two things, your life, and a dead presidential  
briefcase  
Empty your safe for everything you got, mansion and a  
yacht  
Vehicles out on the parking lot already sold  
At the swap shop, my client I is an undercover cop  
Making deals underneath the table  
I either be him or a poor man, can nobody save you?

(Rack-Lo)

I'm a rich man it's not my fault  
You live in the slums of New York  
Let's beat like a criminal when you talk criminal slang  
Stick me up now; what goes around comes around like  
a boomerang

(Thirstin Howl III)

Hang mare, I hang your high  
The day I was born I was ready to die  
Lie commit fraud and cheat  
The bottom line I gotta eat  
Dead beat that, 5 years probation  
Completed 4 and a half, got violated twice  
Shoot dice, place your bets  
I see cats with teeth and wore, murder suicide and sex

(Rack-Lo)

Too bad I see ugly signatures on corporate cheques  
I relieve scholars Harvard graduates  
Commit white dollars crimes behind enemy lines  
You can read about it Monday, New York Times

(Thirstin Howl III)

I'm a poor man poverty hit the lottery  
High school drop out, independent hip hop economy  
Homeless, walk males like Ghandi, diamond district

(Rack-Lo)

Life styles of the rich and famous without Robin Leech  
Private jet planes with my colleagues  
Sniff cocaine, overdose like Curt Kobain  
Above the clouds, richer than Liberace  
Down with illuminati, n-w-o c-e-o  
Control alcohol, tobacco, the world is mine  
Plant time bombs

(Thirstin Howl III)

Oh yeah really  
Not if I burn ya empire down like Waco  
You wear Rolex I wear Swatch tomics or Seiko  
I live in the ghetto, you live in the suburbs  
I grew up with thugs you grew up with nerds  
I'm not gonna be poor for long mark my words  
County of Kings, I got big dreams in two years  
You can see my face on Tv screens

(Rack-Lo)

So rich I own a time machine  
Helicopters, submarines, cbs, mvc  
MTV, BET, exquisite split sonian exhibit

(Rack-Lo)

Poor man so I am stingy like hysterics  
A thin like between love and hate, swindle swords  
Got tricks up my sleeve like white boys on skate boards  
I got a duffle bag full of 39 38 specials 37 watches  
with diamond embezzles, double impact, cameras  
Take 35millimeter fill by Kodak  
Quicken officers which trench coats like Kojak  
(ah negative please, that's the service)

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