

The Rich

Ghostface Killah

Yeah... mm-hmm, yea... yea...

Yea... (what is it lord?) yo

Shootout in Stechman's, fire in the city {a block away}
(One of Rick shots hit Missy)
The reason why he did it, his tank {was on E}
(Crib got raided and lost) {about three}
Fifty in gear (ten in silverware) another sixty
{That was married to his neck, arm and ear}
Just got divorced, Stephanie left him for a ball player
Took the kids and moved to Georgia
(Should I be as a man-thinker, for every action) There's a re-action
Seeing his case, he started spazzing
Gamma len in my only Clark, green and yellow God-God
(Size nine Magic, show face, fucking with stars)
Craig Mack blowout, braided (You got the new shit son?)
Bet he find a way {to out date it}
(Timberland mineral was rusted, man made corruption, taylor made production)
He had a seed in a Wally jumper, Ronny Bump nephew
Butt ass, balled up in a corner in a comforter
Paulette was his main wiz, she guzzled 99 bananas
Squeezing niggas dicks {in front of cameras}
(Light skin Lil' Kim, Chanel grim) One nigga hitting that
(This the shit that rich niggas dreamt
Rick brother Pazone'll be home, estimate 30 days, brolic arm) Fresh out the cage
{Do the story seem intriguing? When P come home
Will he have all these niggas mouths bleeding?}

The young black, travel to mix, we open eyes on a disc
Try to resist, reviving the rich
Airbrush money when we walk, most highly paid Cheeba hawk
Checking how he walk, tell a story lord

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Went down like Wednesday, Lounge gave a party at the way
{Seen armor truck money, everybody pay}
Niggas in the back watching, everything butter scotch
Kelly ass, bet if they dead it, it's watch
(Moving with the New Hampshire niggas) Ride them, catering
(Sleeping with them) {sneaky ass wizzes}
(Guess who appeared out the blue? Stark Drizzling)
Stood Pazone, laying in the Ac' with two women, how his whip look?
(The shit look dressy) Bend up vest piece (you know how his vest be)
Lavender bird, two inch beak, parakeet
Name Unique, who knew the 1 to the 40 in a week
12 o'clock on the diz-nock, we went to check the moon out
{Vibes I'm getting, I have to clear the room out}
Took his hat off, spiral (Used to be my idol)
{Thirty inch telephone} (Lip to his eyeball)
Playing a Bob mood, just answer out his pocket
{Real heavy} (Like he bought his rings from Liberace)
Had his parrot with him, Unique, you see these niggas fronting in here?

(Yo P, they pussy, with one gun in here, the music stop)
{Bitches drop} Shit jumped off by the bathroom
{Aiyo, oh shit, that's Sasoon}
(P jumped up, grabbed his ratchet, felt sorry for him
First shot was ill, clapped his parrot)
Blew him off son shoulder, so many feathers had the club coughing
{That's when Pazone lost it!} (He wigged out, crying, spit out
He's living like Dead Presidents, real life, he's letting it out)
It was a shotty that murdered pop
Guess who did it? {The slick young bitches on the stock}

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