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I want everybody to listen
I want to talk about the rich and the super rich
The poor and the super poor
Come on
Come on
Come on
Come on
Come on
Let's talk about it
You tell 'em
You tell 'em
The people who live on the hill
Don't have time for the ghetto, no
No they don't
Wait, listen
But they make money
From the people who live
In the ghetto
Yeah
Yes they do
And you see 'em, you see 'em
And every time you see them they're stylin, profiling
Always trying to get more than they give
Hold that little man down
Why don't they, why don't they let him live
Ooooo, let him live, let him live
And the rich get richer
And the poor poor
Keep on getting poorer
Yes they do
There's only sixteen families
That control the whole world
What you say?
I read that in a book, y'all
I said sixteen families
That control this whole world
People like the Mellons
The Gettys
The Duponts
The Rockefellers
Howard Hughes
They always win, how in the world can they lose?
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They never lose, never lose
Because the rich get richer
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And the poor keep on getting poorer

Talk about it, talk about it You tell 'em You say it

Ain't nothing wrong with being rich, well well Just be rich through and through Don't get caught up in that spotlight Please don't let money turn you

There's an old friend of mine
He's doing good, real good, matter of fact
He don't know me now
But I can take him way way way way back
Now don't forget where you come from
Don't forget where you come from
You've got to know
That ain't right

Some people have more than enough
When you got you got you got people starving
Babies crying
People living just for dollars
That's tough, tough luck, that's what they say man
I know there's got to be a better way
People living in one room shacks
Sleeping on top off each other's backs
Now that's tough, tough luck
That's what they say

I know, I know there's got to be a better way
The rich, well, the super rich, lord
The poor, well, the super poor
The homeless
Don't forget where you come from
Don't forget where you come from