

# Road to My Riches

Vanilla Ice

An alias - the hotels I check in  
The crowds start screamin' when I start steppin'  
With the V.I.P. Posse and Jay on the cut  
Throw a wet towel, and the girlies go nuts  
It's kinda ludicrous, the way that they sweat me  
Off stage and they won't even let me  
Leave the premises, they become a nemesis  
In their mind their men become penniless  
Bodyguards, everywhere I go  
And after the show, the girls are chasing my limo  
But they think that's the stretch I'm in  
I'm sneaking out with a devilish grin, in disguise  
Changin' to chill with the guys  
Hat for my hair, dark shades for my eyes  
In my 5-0, my girlie hides in the trunk  
I hear her giggle as I hit a speed bump

CHORUS:

This is not a fable of all ????? witches  
It's just a tale of the road to my riches  
It's just a tale of the road to my riches

On the cover of magazines  
Motivated by the yells and the screams of my fans  
And you know I go many  
I'm like Charlie, I love to get plenty  
Plenty of girls and plenty of fans  
Plenty of stages and microphone stands  
Press everyday, I'm on the AMA

Not Milton Bradley and the Ice don't play  
All this controversy, say what you want to say  
Before the end of the day, I'm owning chumps like clay  
Please, get over your jealousy  
Because the girlies keep flocking me  
Be for real, you know this stuff will never end  
You think I'm cocky, I'm slayin' suckas like Rocky  
No hope, stagger for the rope, but you can't cope  
Ten million addicts and the rhymes are dope

CHORUS

Nothing much has changed, I still chill with the crew  
The V.I.P. Posse down at Club New  
Maybe my ride has a speaker or two  
And at times I sport a jacket that's Red, White, and Blue  
Talk show hosts try to give me a joke  
But that's okay, I'm selling records anyway  
Got girlies screaming at the top of their lungs  
And when the Billboard comes, you know I'm making funds  
Autographed pictures for every girl  
Kicking up lyrics all around the world  
People trying to please me left and right  
The reason - The slick rhymes I recite  
The skill, along with dope dance moves  
And Sky hooks me up with the crazy hype grooves  
Walkin' in clubs without pullin' rank  
All the suckiz, feelin' the flank

CHORUS

It's just a tale of the road to my riches

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Aww yeah, road to my riches.

Now chill...