

# Nine, Richman Poorman (Act One)

(chorus)2x

I use to be a richman  
(now I'm poorman)  
I use to be a poorman  
(now I'm rich)  
Because when I was a richman  
(I stepped in the quick sand)  
Now I'm a poorman  
(ain't that a bitch)

Verse one: nine, 3rd eye

Ayo what's up man  
Strap on your vest  
And meet me on the grand concourse  
We about to set it off

Yea who's the victim tonight  
Is he black or is he white

Nine:you know I can give a f\*\*k son  
Green is what I like

(3rd eye)

Alright  
I'll meet you around midnight  
I'm down to greed  
Matter of fact I'm lacing up my boots right now  
You know how we living and I ain't giving a f\*\*k  
I'm out of luck and if I got to buck somebody  
Then what ever son

(nine)

We in this shit together  
Word  
We ain't got a pot to piss in  
I'm sick of eating chicken  
It's finger licking  
We on a mission  
Because my paradise ain't nice  
My advice is lets pull a heist  
My pockets ain't nice  
I need green

(3rd eye)

I'm tired of being stuck between a rock and a hard place  
Now it's time for me to taste a piece of the pie  
I ain't trying to die broke  
You know what I'm saying nine  
I'm goina go for mines even if it means I got to do crime  
I'm goina find the way to get the kind of loot  
I need to be all that I can be and then some  
Understand  
And do what it takes for me to be a richman

(chorus)

Verse two:

I'm telling you right now don't move a muscle  
Got my finger on the trigger  
I'm mad upset

Don't make me have to smoke a nigga west  
Hurry the f\*\*k up pack the loot  
One minute and counting and then we got to move to situation 22

(3rd eye)

Yo bitch put that cash in the bag and make it fast  
Get that finger off the button before I buck that ass  
Grabed up the manager smacked him in the face open up the safe  
(777 93 11 is the combination  
Act like you know it's time to pay the black nation)  
Now I got the loot time to jet  
Anybody make a move and they getting wet  
Step to the door headed for the get away  
Now we on the high way richer than a motherf\*\*ker  
Heading for the airport  
Hope we don't get caught  
Because we ain't going out like that  
We one the road to riches and we ain't looking back black

Chorus 2x

(cop 1)□□□□□(cop 2)  
Freeze motherf\*\*ker  
Hands, hands, let me see hands  
Get out of the car  
Shut the f\*\*king car off  
Get out and eat some f\*\*king dirt  
Get on the f\*\*king ground