

Richie Rich

Donald Petrie

I'm your idol, the highest title, numero uno
Yes, I'm fresh press and I'm speaking so that you know
Can't understand I got the gift to speak and it's a blessing
So listen to the lesson I preach
I talk sense candence to the phone of my poem
Got knowledge from the toes to the top of my dome
I'm kinda young, but my tongue speaks maturity
Since I'm a child got big Kevin for security
I get paid when my record is played, to put it short
I got it made
Richie Rich, I got it made
I'm talented, yes, I'm gifted
Never boosted, never shop lifted
I got cash but money ain't nothing
Make a million dollars every record that I cut and
P miller gear for every day
Will teach from France to the U.S.A. and yo
I make fresh rhymes, daily you try me, really?
Can't just blink and I make a million rhymes

Just imagine if ya blink a million times then you know I'll be paid
Richie Rich, I got it made
I'm kinda spoiled 'cuz everything that I want I got made
I wanted gear, got everything from cotton and swede
I make money every time my video is played
My hair was growing too long, so I got me some braids
And when my dishes got dirty, I got me a maid
And when the weather was hot, I got a spot in the shade
I'm wise 'cuz I rise to the top of my grades
Wanted peace on earth, so in God I praise
Some kids across town thought I was afraid, they couldn't harm me
I got the soldiers brigade

Richie Rich, I got it made
Richie Rich, I got it made
Richie Rich, I got it made
Richie Rich, I got it made

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>