

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

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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

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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

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