

# Rich Dad, Poor Dad

## Big Krit

[Intro:] Remember a child's places what I often heard while asking  
About the things no adolescent could imagine  
Trying on the pants of a man I had not yet become  
Hands too small to button the buttons my father often fastened  
While speaking on his dreams and ambitions although I could never understand  
There was comfort that I listened, with mention to be better than him

[Verse 1:] Be a better man in the world of negligence  
Pedophilic malvolence, don't trust your reverend  
When they settling for settlements  
Lock your doors, shut your windows, don't let the devil in  
The media graffiti-a with relishments  
Money, cars, and clothes I suppose what successful is  
They say so you're oats, it's natural to experiment  
But don't get stuck and fucking run amok - be celibate  
Only 14 when I first cut  
I wasn't her first, I had to strap up  
And thank God for them condoms that my papa gave me  
Cause a convo 'bout birds and bees wouldn't save me  
From a child I couldn't shoulder, pushin' in a stroller  
Down the streets of 3OB while all my homies asked to hold 'em  
Proceed to play ball, when he cried I can't console him  
I truly wasn't ready for kids, that's what he told me

[Bridge:] I had a rich dad, poor dad  
I had a rich dad, poor dad  
I had a rich dad, poor dad  
I had a rich dad, poor dad

[Verse 2:] Never in a sense of money spent  
Christmas trees are beautiful without presents up under them  
Lead by example, don't get caught up in the rapture  
Life is just a raffle, mostly pain, but some laughter  
The older that you get, it's even harder to believe  
No superheroes on TV you used to see  
Remember that I told you slow down, control your speed  
The more you walk with God, the harder it is to scrape your knee  
I remember when I fell from my first bike  
There were no "are you okays" and rarely "are you alrights"  
Just dirt in my pockets, handful of gravel  
That's when I realized that getting up is only half the battle

The fear of falling off will haunt me well into my teens  
The moment that the world took a shit upon my dreams  
Cause money is the root, and love is all we had  
In fact, I'm glad, I had a rich dad, poor dad  
[Bridge]

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