Rags to Riches (feat. Andre Rison)

Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes

A quick story from rags to riches
Comin' to you from Supernova (AKA Left Eye)
Give it to 'em, give it to 'em, give it to 'em (ha ha)I'm goin', I'm goin' from rags to riches (ha ha ha ha)
I'm goin', I'm goin' from rags to riches (ha ha ha ha)I started off as an army brat (Atten-hut!)
Seven months old class act
I was racing down the block
As a matter of fact
I could've been a track star (I guess I am)
I stacked bars
Comin' through your system in them phat cars (uh)
Cross country isn't that far
It's like I'm in the race, don't know who you cats are
See one day I fell from grace, landed in this place
My innocence erased from talkin' back to my momma's face
Like I was lost in space
Without a trace, cuttin' class, bein' Mrs. Fast Ass
Gettin' blasted with my dad, got caught up in the flash
My Nana goin' straight mad, had to make the dash
Saw a fella through the streets
Who would give anything for cash
And anything to crash in anybody's path
If everything I had
Look at what I could grab (check it)
And it was just a bunch of niggas[Chorus: x2]
I'm goin' from rags to riches
From rags to riches
I'm goin' from rags to riches
I bet you I'mma be the richest
I'm goin' from rags to riches
From rags to riches
I'm goin' from rags to riches
I bet you I'mma be the richestDing ding the bell ring, landlord causin' a scene
Mama diggin' for her green, last dolla (dolla bill)
To pay for the phone bill, electric bill, water bill
How you feel when you make a mill?
And move your mama to a house on the hill
With picture framed TV's on the wall
Hard and I'm pissed when she wanna ball
A cell phone for when she wanna call

She ballin' out of control
With her own bank roll, I got her back though
One for the money and two for the show
Mama floors stayin' clean 600 green outside
Showin' them the many ways that God provides in life
Or who can see the bigger picture
And tell a story from goin' dead broke to gettin' richer
Knowin' I'm gettin' with you in this paper chase
Rags to riches all up in your face[Chorus]I remember sellin' weed
Can't believe that I was poisonin' my folk
Now I let my throat be the antidote
Always kept my hopes high
Now mama don't cry, 'cause I'll be close by
With the most high I was playin' Robin Hood (in the hood)
Little Red Riding Hood
Til' the barrel pointed where I stood (yeah, I stood)
But walked away like I was absolutely positively sure I could
Attitude on drugs
A few dollars in the bucket
And scheming steady dreaming
For a chance to make some duckets
Caused a little ruckus on the sideline
From the alley way to Cali, on the Grammy day
Went from disarray to mayday, mayday, mayday
Ran away from the sickness with a quickness
And went from rags to riches[Chorus]I'm lovin' everybody that's tryin' to get it from rags to riches
From nuttin' to somethin' (ha ha right)
You know what I'm sayin'
I'm nuttin' but a quickie story from rags to riches
To all my mournin' ghetto superstars out there
Much love!
I'm backin' everybody, East coast, West coast, the Midwest
Everything you know what I'm sayin', it's all hip hop
Much love!We all came from rags and went to riches
And the ones that's still messin' with them rags
You know what I'm sayin'
Keep your head up (know what I'm sayin')
Somethin' bound to happen
For sure though

Songwriters
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