Road To Riches

Trapp, 2 Pac, Notorious B.I.G.

[Verse 1]When I was five years old I used to hear funk and soul
Being played out my pop's hi-fi stereo
Looking at the photos, buggin on the names
With the fold out covers and the crazy illustrations
I got older and bought my own records
By thirteen I had three crates collected, huh
And that's my pride, no time for white rides
Kept on the grind and I stayed inside
I was sort of a poser how I had my friends over
Cutting up till we wrecked that direct drive loader
Mom's turntable went through hell
A whole lot of wicky-wicky trynna teach myself
The records got stuffed cause the parties was rough
But I still showed up to try to rock some cuts, what
And I was young but the bigger kids reached out
Give me five minutes on decks to freak out
The type to get it right, maybe one night
I be rapping bout my life on the cordless mic
No matter how it look, always kept one foot
Between records and books, and the suckers got shook
Dreamed about it two decades straight
Way before Rhymesayers first wax got made
The music is my love and it is my business
My name is Big Slug, I'm on the road to the...
[Verse 2]I used to stand on the block selling four track tapes
Trynna make enough papes to buy more blanks
There was all kinds of hits, backpacks and drips
Sweatshirts running network and guess and cred
The word was spread with speed, the name grew like weeds
Wasn't long till we took the lead
Twin cities was little and the winter was bitter
Getting bigger and bigger, they started taking my picture
For the shit I spit, some rappers I knew quit
Got jobs and a family, they just couldn't handle it
Lice and rhyming, living like a roach
On the ground and broke, holding onto the Hulk
In a small town scene we stole like a thief

No time to sleep with politics and beef, huh

They all pussies, dicks and assholes
Collecting stripes from little freestyle battles
Many mics we gripped, any stage we'd rip
Even with no chips we'd take them road trips
Loyal members of the crew had my back to death
G-Pool, Moonsign, myself and Stress
All we had was rhymes, coming offa the mind
For the first time in my life everything felt fine
The turntables turn while the DJ's mix it
I didn't know I was on the road to the...
[Verse 3]The pop that rocks for props, he eventually stops
And maybe hops on some desktop guest spots
The gangster's muscle, are up in the puzzle
But if their raps are wack they go back to the hustle
I was the one on the opposite side of smoking a gun
Taught me how to rhyme and how to run
Make or break it, the hater's can't say shit
Stayed awake late night in Ant's basement
Take notes, spray painted the paved road
The tapes sold, got lucky with scapegoat, huh
That means work, in other words sewer van
Peace to J-Berg, the man with the core plan
Seeds get planted, hands get handshakes
Damn straight, gonna keep goin till the man breaks
And MC's who wanna make ends meet out on my route
But never ever keep friendly
Stack the blocks, catch that fox
Rhymesayers locked on the Mid-West crops
Troopers, soldiers, shoulder to shoulder
Sold out the shows and give the groupies to my chauffer
New tour dates, take the money, put out more tapes
And call it foreplay, ready for the war games
Sew it up and then FUCK with the snitches
Atmosphere on the road to the riches... bitches!
[Scratches]"The money it counts steep" - [Kool G Rap]

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