

I'm Gold (feat. 50/50 Twin, Limit & Celebrity)

Richlife Dynasty

"I'm Gold" Lyrics: I hear a lot, I hear a lot of hate, Cause Imma die fresh and I'm fly everyday.
I hear a lot, I hear a lot of hate, Cause Imma die fresh and I'm fly everyday.

live Fresh, Imma die fly...I hear a lot, I hear a lot of hate

live Fresh, Imma die fly...I hear a lot, I hear a lot of hate

live Fresh, Imma die fly...I hear a lot, I hear a lot of hate...hate...hate(transition) I be out here on
the grind ion see none of y'all when I look around

Back then they didn't want me now they break they necks when they look around

They be pocket watching wit a eagle eye

Steady hating with a evil eye

Plotting on me with a eager

I gotta get'em first or its either eye

Be looking at it or be the picture on it

The obituary i aint wit it homie

I'm the killa off in this picture I don't care if Kyleon was on it

I'm about that life like a t shirt say.

She fuck with me its gon be her day I be runnin up checks like BOA

Wanna place a bet, bet ima be ok

I aint even break a sweat KEITH

Suit on summer time HOT

King Tut 50/Fifty ROC

King Limit gold dripping DROP

Yea the beat is fiy ya ya

Roll a sweet get high ya ya

Yea we stuntin out of term

I can't even lie yia yia

Who you know fresh as us

No jewelry fresh as fuck

Yea kush is my cologne

OG Feragamo strong

2 3 4 fly Wing tips no socks Pockets on botox I keep a whip at both spots

(Chorus) X's 4

Aye Yi Yi Im Rich

Aye Yi Yi Got Gold(King Tut) Roc4RocGold empire, #\$tch call me the siah /

Her pockets dripping I'm try her, Her feet dirty I deny her/

lift off your getting roctized, medusa frames I got rock eyes/

mess with chickens no Popeyes, Kingtut I leave em pop eyed/

feeling my self way beyond say, billion dollars in the Beyonce (elevator) /

video shoot block the runway, closet Guessepi run way/

I'm so what these losers not , mess around pull up in a uber drop/

we the main attraction ,your the fatal plot, give me my MySpace that's a vacant lot/

probably get a book with my face card, black visa that's a race card /

she jocking our fresh this date yours?, can't see being broke Ray Charles/

elaboration dinero kapeesh, pass port life's a beach/
she got me messed up like Tyson's speech , if I don't touch green like Vikings cleets/
stove top Mac with cheese Dab on them , call it Dabenese/
my bottom chick might be Lebanese, Scuba dive she gotta beg to breath/
all I say is bae leg and knees, you test the water I test the seas, loosing pounds to invest with
ease/

one Euro Step for the best to breath (chuuch)

(Chorus) X's 4

Aye Yi Yi Im Rich

Aye Yi Yi Got Goldyea I only spit the truth,
concrete flow, so I might chip a tooth,
feel like a sin, but I ain't want the fruit,
and I ain't sell out to a jive in a suit,

Swear the game's all mine, this my time, can't nobody out here steal my shine,

why you tryna boost, like you got that blade,
man everybody know, I'm just tryna get paid,

I ain't tryna fight, I ain't tryna scrap,
walk up in the room, everyone give me dap,
ima just tryna put my city way back on the map,
ain't got tattoos but I rock snapbacks,

and I'll snap back on ya,

cold like pneumonia,

swear the whole game stink like ammonia,

feel like R. Kelly I been pissin all on ya,

too deep in I just pray I don't wander,

let's go, everybody run,

spitting off rounds, like I got two guns,

spitting 16s, like I know I'm tha one,

cut sharp, like I got a razor blade for a tongue,

yes, lord, who am I,

who I be, why you lie,

listen to the kids, y'all ain't wanna see me fly,

but out here it's fly or die,(Chorus) X's 4

Aye Yi Yi Im Rich

Aye Yi Yi Got Gold

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>