

Gold

GZA

Aiyo shorty, yo that's my word
Oh, y'all smelling y'all piss now y'all think y'all gold
Yo anybody get caught flinging over here
I'm returning 'em, that's my word they getting blasted
Anything from 220 to 140, that's mine
Y'all need to step the fuck off
Y'all niggas ain't crazy for real Yo, the fiends ain't coming fast enough
There is no cut that's pure enough
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold to you
I'm deep down in the back streets, in the heart of Medina
About to set off something more deep than a misdemeanor
Under the subway, waiting for the train to make noise
So I can blast a nigga and his boys, for what?
He pushed up on the block and made the dope sales drop
Like the crash in the Dow Jones stock
I had a connect to cross-sales, to catch more mill's
Than ho-bitches got birth control pills
I'm in the park setting up a deal over blunt fire
Bum nigga sleeping on the bench, they had him wired
Peeped my convo, the address of my condo
And how I changed a nigga name to John Doe
And while we set up camp, we got vamped
Put the stake through his heart, I ripped his fucking fangs apart
Snake got smoked on the set like Brandon Lee
Blown out the frame like Pan Am Flight 103
He got swung on, his lungs was torn
A kingpin just castled with his rook and lost a pawn
A regular on the block that played lookout
For preying predator with a Glock, he should have took out
No neighbourhood is rough enough
There is no clip that's full enough
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold to you
Fiends ain't coming fast enough
There is no cut that's pure enough
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold to you It's mandatory that I supply all my troops with mega firearms
Big apes and spread 'em out like crops on a farm
To get cream, sometimes they repaint the scene
Like the last episode on gates, and other niggas
Plant bombs till the smoke from the blast becomes thick

And flows through, all they knew, he's gun sick
His Glock clicks like high-heeled shoes on parquet floors
Mad sick, stand on hills and invade wars
Filthy foul, shovelling dirt, he's out to hurt
For instance, chop off hands, attack worth
His idols would lock down airports and extort
Some import, catching ten percent of what the fiends snort
Up in the ski resorts, up in hills
They move keys and had the skis making drops on snowmobiles
The plan was to expand, catch seven figures, release triggers
And live large and bigger than my nigga
Who promised his moms a mansion with mad room
She died and he still put a hundred grand in her tomb
Open wounds, he hid behind closed doors
And still organizes crime and drug wars
Fiends ain't coming fast enough
There is no cut that's pure enough
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold to you
No neighborhood is rough enough
There is no clips that's full enough
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold to you
There's no cuffs that's tight enough
There is no niggas that's fuck with us
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold to you

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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