Stay Gold

Run The Jewels

Say, "Dad, uncle El, stay gold"
Dad, uncle El, stay goldI got a bad girl
I got a brain-with-an-ass girl
She got a mean bop, I got a lean to the way I walk
And they get it like gold
G-O-L-D G-O-L-D, it's gold
G-O-L-D G-O-L-D, that's...
I got a good thing with a bad bitch, that's rare bitch
She don't even like you hoes, she'll walk in the room take errr bitch
Gold
G-O-L-D G-O-L-D, it's gold
G-O-L-D G-O-L-D, that's gold
I got a bad girl
I got a brain-with-an-ass girl
She got a mean bop
I got a lean to the way I walk
And I get it like gold
All you fucking frauds can keep juggling lava rocks, I'm non-compliant
I'll define it, nothing servile, all defiance
You're gonna love how we ride to the gates on a lion, hi and smiling
Me and Mike, we just think alike and can't stop high-fiving
I'm not a running man, I'll do the wop on you hoes, then grab the dough
I hit a lick every time we park the bus, then it's time to goI got a good thing with a bad bitch, that's rare bitch
She don't even like you hoes, she'll walk in the room take errr bitch
We fuss, we fight, we fuck like freaks what a fabulous marriage
You ain't lived you life 'til you've seen a bad bitch eat your wife like a savage
Not your average guys, we play cool but see through savage eyes
We're the crooks, we'll run the jux and kidnap mom from jazzercise
Get Stockholm syndrome when she get home, mom's like, "I like those fuckin' guys."
Thanks for the ransom handsome, let Mom know the guys loved her pumpkin pie
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G-O-L-D G-O-L-D, it's gold
G-O-L-D G-O-L-D, that's goldCheck it out
Gold is shiny, gold is fun
Some like taking gold with guns
A heart ain't gold if it don't like us
But go for the gold dumb fuck, good luck
A golden boy man good as gold
Golden rule is, "Don't lose your soul."
Piss on power
Golden shower
Golden rays of sun grow my dopeLook at my gold
Going for the gold 'fore a G get old
And his heart grow cold
I go-go-go for every year my career was slow
And seemed that it wouldn't go
And you should know we pitch these rhymes
Like Smoltz, like Glavine, like Maddox in ninety-five
And now we shine just like Eddie
Golden teeth from Greenbriar in ninety-nineCan't be broke when you own gold rope
Pawn shops offering cash for those
Cash is fake though, gold accrues
I make my own gold, golden goose
Run down yellow brick roads toward riches
Just be sure to not trust no wizards
The golden age is now gone, admit it
All that's gold is not gold that glittersThirty-six inch Cuban as I'm movin' through Cuba
With a half a ki of gold on my neck (Shiiiit)
Call me Gaddafi and pay me in gold
'Cause your money ain't really worth shit
Just a piece of paper to promote propaganda
To keep you in debt and know your dick
I see these dope boys had shit right all along
Puttin' gold all in them they bitchI got a bad girl
I got a brain-with-an-ass girl
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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