

Gold (ft. Eighty4 Fly)

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Everything is gold, everything is equal
Posted on the porch just chillin', me and my people
Eyelids closed, gold sun shines on
The world's coated in the gold Krylon
Yea, and these days days days
They never run away
Gold tints, shades, that block out that golden haze
Take all the gold from the pawnshop that lives behind the case
And get to give it away
My gold erupted from volcano's in the heavens
And every shrine that existed in time melting
Tombs open, Dookie Ropes on the bells
When everything is gold, who cares about the carats?
They say that gold's the skin of the gods
You can't take the band there when you're gone
Now I'll tip over that kiosk in the mall
As the sunset falls into tomorrow Today we're feeling like gold, five hundred thousand sold
Slick Rick Gold, row fun, hella cold
And we stay fresh, so fresh head to toe
Ghost slowly faded, 14 carat plated
So we're feeling like gold Five hundred thousand soul
Slick rick gold, row fun, hella cold
Yea we're feeling like gold
So fresh head to toe
Ghost slowly faded, 14 carat plated
So we're feeling like gold Alright now we open up that car door
Hop out, hope they notice us
Throughout society we been locked in that cobra clutch
More gold bottles, gold bottles, never sober up
Ditch Jesus, In gold I Trust
I solemnly swear to wear my cross and stunt
Separate myself by sticking out just because
That's how you illustrate power and who you're above
But nah, tonight we take it, take it, giving it back
Crack open the vault, let everyone mob in the bank
Take whatever they want, we party and give thanks
I've been rocking gold chains since pee was in the tank
You only live once, you only live once
Watch Rick Ross give his Jesus piece to a bum

'Cause tonight we ball, we ball, we comin' up
 Paintin' the globe gold, two steppin' on the sun
 Like gold, five hundred thousand sold
 Slick Rick Gold, row fun, hella cold
 And we stay fresh, so fresh head to toe
 Ghost slowly faded, 14 carat plated
 So we're feeling like gold
 Oh, oh, oh, oh oh
 Today we're feeling like gold
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
 Gold coins, gold phone, gold car
 Costs at least 10 racks to get 16 gold bars
 Gold rush, suck on my gold dust stuntin'
 Under these gold trunks, that's 2 golden nugget
 Flyin' on the gold eagle, flier than the rest of 'em
 Passing space needle, golden shower on pedestrians
 Excuse me, that's my bad, that's my eagle and he shouldn't of
 My eagle got hair, that motherfucker got a mullet bruh
 And it's gold, two girls gold brass
 Lounging on the water, feet in the gold sand
 Sipping on Orangina, arms around them both pants
 They're sipping Olde English right out of a gold can
 Two girls, gold spandex so pretty
 That girl ain't even gold, she just got golden girl titties
 I'm kidding, everyone is gold in my city
 You paint Betty White gold, even Betty White can get it
 Get it, get it, get it, get it
 Today we're feeling like gold, five hundred thousand sold
 Slick Rick Gold, row fun, hella cold
 And we stay fresh, so fresh head to toe
 Ghost slowly faded, 14 carat plated
 So we're feeling like gold
 Five hundred thousand sold
 Slick Rick Gold, row fun, hella cold
 And we stay fresh, so fresh head to toe
 Ghost slowly faded, 14 carat plated
 So we're feeling like gold
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
 Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Songwriters

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