

# They Come in Gold

## Shabazz Palaces

Vanity, I love you for myself  
Me and always you and always never no one else  
Sanity, a visage of my wealth  
Lost but always found before the idols that I've knelt  
Strategy, the only way to cry  
Keep it do or die, and always think in terms of "I"  
Reverie, some legends future's past  
Revelry instead for it renders hella fast  
Capital, a sound that's on the rise  
It's slaking unrealized until essence has been razed  
Sepulcher, a stage enlived by ghosts  
Floating off with bags of the blood-encrusted dough?, for simple it is him  
It's black and feeling pedalistic catastrophic hymn  
Darkness, the light that flashed the dead  
Keep them stellar layers, to which my kind is the heirs?, the jesters game of vice  
The cries incorporates slaying door and heist I just walked around and walked around  
They just watching down, they watching down  
What they talking about, they talking about  
Don't you copin' out, don't copin' out  
From a cold clod cut in a deep zone  
A sunken ship with the ghost on  
They put my seat in there, upon a plaza  
Under the chair hot, tucked in a dope spot  
So the chrome tire screech every time we hit  
We converse in ancient languages  
If you come to see us this is what you get  
Specialist, equipped for the long trip  
And my jacket fits and I'm packing it  
So miraculous, kinda statuesque  
Legends carry like a killer's nerves  
One picture worth a thousand swerves  
Facts stated to enhance what is pre-born  
With the white whale on the Pequod  
And finds a way fast when the road curve  
It's a sea saw, shall I go, shall I go  
Look at me fall, did I know, did I know  
On a gilded wing, driving filthy rings  
Go back, go back, this your go back  
Yeah you say cool, but it's an old act

Shall we raise a drink? What the fuck you think?  
The home where angels sing  
And my favorite color brown with pink taint  
I believe to own is he, I'mma hold the chrome, a tight grip  
They might trip, boy, 'cause the way I talk shit get it joy  
Them just walking around, them walking around  
They just watching down, they watching down  
What they talking about, they talking about  
Ain't no copping out, no copping out  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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