

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 pedastolic 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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