

# What's Golden (DJ SuperFresh remix)

## Jurassic 5

Check it out now  
I work the pen to make the ink transform  
On any particular surface the pen lands on  
The camera stands on, what's the beef?  
The Cooley High cold chief high post techniques  
I drape off poetic landscapes and shapes  
Illustrate the paper space off the pens that paint  
Then design what have a National Geographic a magic  
With Taylor made status and plus favored is automatic We're not balling  
We take it back to the days of yes y'all-in'  
We holding onto what's golden We're not balling  
We take it back to the days of yes y'all-in'  
We holding onto what's golden Melancholy mundane so I tame the hot flame  
Big rings, fat chains, and y'all quest for the same  
No name, use fame, strictly new to the thang  
We stay true to the game and never bring it to shame  
We tight like dreadlocks or red fox and ripple  
We pass participles, and smash the artist in you  
The saga continues, this I won't get into  
'Cause there ain't enough bars to hold the drama that we been through Yo  
We still the same with a little fame  
A little change in the household name but ain't too much changed  
We in the game but, yo not to be vain  
I refrain from salt grains to season up my name  
We entertain for a mutual game from close range  
Steady aim, drum at your head to hit the brain  
I'm labor ready, Rhode Scholar for the dollar  
Work for mines pay me by the hour We're not balling  
We take it back to the days of yes y'all-in'  
We holding onto what's golden We're not balling  
We take it back to the days of yes y'all-in'  
We holding onto what's golden Hip Hop  
Music Yo  
Well, it's the verbal Herman Munster  
The word enhancer, sick of phony mobsters controllin' the dance floor  
I been in dark places, catch you when you stark naked  
Your heart races as we pump you for your chart spaces  
The taut traces be bringing these hot styles through  
Some of you bum a few chairs from shock value

Word power can plow through acres of cornfields  
Paragraphs cut like warm steel, preform illWe're not balling  
We take it back to the days of yes y'all-in'  
We holding onto what's golden

Songwriters

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