## Gold

## **Common**

[hook]so we made it to the same end the road and we picked up lots of chicks and pots of gold how i made it out with my soul [verse 1]ashtrays and cigarretes, last days, indigenous people these are adventures of young black millionaires i am the voice of the meek and underprivileged the smell of success, i want y'all to get a whiff of this on the move like black slaves through the wilderness i write it, and still get invited to white christmases when i was born, three wise men came to visit us one a hustler, one a king, one a prisoner they cracked the bottle then started giving gifts you from chicago, we want you to deliver this show the walking dead who the truly living is separate the fake from who the real reals is hot tub time machine, back to the sybaris hats from liquor stores to avoid syphilis frivolous spending, drunk nights with storybook endings i guess it's my addiction to women i was in france, hennessey blending writing my own scripts like i'm tennessee williams now it's new beginnings like a born again christian

on the mic, victorious, story is redemption [bridge]i'm sitting at the top, i'm not alone i'm standing here with my soul [verse 2]feed our souls with two fish and five loaves teach a man to cook it for survival my dad said it rained on my arrival now a storm of the brain make these guys drive slow like i was 5-0, but my creed's apollo on the rock and roll with the coldest live show for those before i came, i'm made the song cry for 'em lyrical gymnast, you set the bar low this is that kilimanjaro, like twitter you can follow it may be hard to read like hieroglyphics written on the walls of cairo, check my youth revival truth inside flow, i stand like em did with dido crashed parties, any live yo

is libel to get banged like things that rival tribal slang from the, killed the game and watched it die slow ali mc, i fight for more than the title your idol

[hook]

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