

Paved With Gold (feat. Pell)

Packy

[Verse 1 - Packy]

In and out of towns so quick it's like I was never here
Just long enough to see the city through my rear view mirror
Stare at the skyline, the city big, I'm on the sideline
Ooh they hate my come up, I never follow guidelines
This is my how you 'bout to be talking shit like a bitch
Turn around and ask me for a sixteen flow
It's gotta kill you , I'm hot and you nonexistent
You took a shot and I sent it to the 16th row, Ibaka shit
People always on some out of pocket shit, I hear it
I just choose to address that shit in my lyrics
I'm an artist, not a twitter celebrity
I'm a fly on the wall and you people comment on anything
I ain't laughing with you
Its funny
I see the public persona
I know that shit isn't you and you could change if you wanna
But fake it until you make it, right?
That shit is overrated
I guess I made it seem too easy, look what I created

[Hook - Pell]

I can't be just what you want
Cause being myself's worth way much more
And narrow the road paved with gold
So narrow my mind towards my goals
Telling you I can't be just what you want
Cause being myself's worth way much more
And narrow the road paved with gold
So narrow my mind towards my goals
'Till I explode

[Verse 2 - Packy]

Just started introducing myself with my stage name
Just got these girls in VIP playing the age game
But all these rappers in my ear tryna talk about business
They thirstier for my digits than all the bitches
I keep to myself
They don't know my struggles

Until the day that Q is here to lead the prayer, I refuse to huddle
That type of shit make me focus on goals
Four months on the road, it's easy to focus on hoes
Dreamt about this shit now there's no time to smell the roses
Taking pics and tryna strike all of the poses before the venue closes
Then we toast to another night
I ain't walk at my graduation, that felt like another life
And I'm sorry mom
You would've liked the photographs, I know now
But your son will be the reason the arena sold out
The same one, been predicting shit since day one
Say it, then I do it
They don't do it, they just say some'

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Packy]

When they make a movie 'bout us play this at the credits
And when you quote me tell them I'm the one that said it
Play this shit at the - Fuck that anonymous shit, I want all the credit
I see 'em talk like they run shit, like they're the committee, uh uh
Who else got people round the country shoutin' out the city
I'm preaching this to the choir though, right?
You bought your stock in me
You fake but you not stupid, you don't want no prob with me
On the road with my family, need to recharge the battery
Find that girl with the ass and all the southern hospitality
Emptied all the accounts, flipped, and doubled that
Grindin', now I make a couple hundred on my couch unwindin'
Years in the making, I'm blessed, but don't call it luck
If you ain't 'bout it like I'm 'bout it show respect, don't call it love
And keep hollerin' at my old things
It's cool, I like it better when it's no strings

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