

# Gold Rush

Ryan Gustafson

Josey Wales was known for robbin' trains and things  
Layin' everybody down for diamond rings and chains  
It remains the same in the year you live in, see  
'Cos if I pull out some heat, nigga, you'll go kick in  
And that's just the rules set by the fool from the ol' school  
When it's time to duel, you get two men  
Two heaters, one street, one clock  
And when it strike twelve, one of y'all gon' drop  
If you're quick on the draw you're gon' see the morgue  
But if you're too slow, I catch you on the downlow  
Oh no, you mean The Kid, shit's real  
I ain't no John Wayne, these niggas gang bang  
The Four Horsemen, that's the click I'm with  
You mean the little bitty niggas with the itchy trigger fingers  
Yeah, we're on a mission to Kansas, slippin' through Texas  
We stopped at Bonanza to get us some hot cakes, bacon and eggs  
Then we slip in the whorehouse to get us some leg  
Hop back on the horses, enforcers of courses  
The niggas in black, the fearless Four Horsemen  
Searchin' for this location on the map  
The gold rush, baby, got to have it  
It feels just like it's 1865 and a trigger look-a-day is how I ride  
On and on and on it's more strange, time to heat, shootin' range  
Quick with the heat on their hip  
Young Jesse James come to test your aim  
I seen you at the Wild Horny Corral, I hearda ya name  
Tha forcify nigga, you ain't never lie  
Besides I'm in the mood, so at high noon we ride  
From coast to coast, niggas mash on every stage coach  
My disciples with rifles lethal in whole posts  
The off-the-rocker roller coaster, on a six-shooter holster  
With DPG on every wanted poster  
Let me think about which bank to gank  
Which fellow to shoot and which teller to shank  
I want all the shit you got in stacks, attached to this skirt in the corner  
So I snatched the bitch in the back  
The Dogg in me feels for the lust  
But the hogg in me makes me wanna bust  
Back to the drawin' down board

Nowadays we drawn down more  
To survive through all the round wards

Battle up or saddle up and shake the scene  
Or get'cha pockets shaken, clean the slugs in ya spleen  
I can't help it, I'm heartless, ya can't hack it  
With my six-shooters on my hips and dusty jacket  
Like that, cock back, quick to pull my strap  
Just to put the Horsemen on the map  
Born is Doggystyle, individual, James got the hots  
I got the six shots for all the plans and plots  
I got lots of cash stashed in money bags  
Worthy workers for all the Russian blabbermouths and gags  
I got stacks, so my stacks excel  
Hop in the coach with my twelve Clydesdales and bells  
I'm on the move, smooth, to my decoy horse  
A 30-30 on my side to shoot a nigga of course  
It ain't no stoppin' young Josey, box all the nosey  
Headed to the saloon with my platoon where all the hos be  
Left a dusty trail, bailed in swell  
Gold spurs on the Gators, set back the clientele  
Oh well, for the recop, I drop my bet  
Divide between my homies and ride the sunset  
Two sacks of money from the train heist  
They ain't even counted it up, just mounted it up  
Rode west toward the coaster, six-shooters in the holster  
Pass through a run-down town whose walls hold my poster  
The closer I get to death which is every second  
Makes me sweat, so I gotta have what I can get  
Heard word about the gold rush and headed West  
On my white horsey with three straps in my napsack  
Giddy up, the next town I rode through  
I had to threaten to blow their city up  
Undebts with Chief Black, caught five miles west  
Sell us some beads and hail us some weed  
He offered me a toke, he didn't have a 20  
He had they beads-pipe smoke, I almost choked  
Break him for the get, right, I'm off into the sunset  
Tryin' to reach my destiny fast, it's these two bags of cash  
44's cocked, I ain't makin' no more stops  
Till I hit the spot, I made it twelve on the dot  
I slid off my boots, counted my loot  
Five minutes after the strike of midnight  
I counted 200 Gs, I cocked my strap and slept tight

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