

## Silver and Gold

Audio Push

(Silver and gold)  
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All of this silver and gold  
Still I'm not selling my soul  
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Real niggas left, there ain't many bruh  
Secretly the plans to get rid of us  
Look at how they hide it in the media  
Look at how they doin' me in the back room  
I don't answer no questions  
I ain't really with the trivia  
She wanna ride me like giddy up  
I just wanna build my city up  
I see all this

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(I say) World tour is to the hood  
My soul already [?], I'm good  
Keep my prayers up like I should  
I rep the city like I should  
Money don't impress, I don't hear it  
I need something better for my spirit  
Whatchu got that's gon' feed my spirit  
I ain't think so

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Why the same ones you grow up with  
Be the same ones when they see you do bad  
They using their control through they TV screens  
And if it ain't that, it's YouTube ads  
First it's too soft, then they say it's too trap  
They want boom-bap, then it's too too rap  
The old niggas always hate the new-school cats

When they come up with the facts  
Fuck your contract and all that

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Yeah, your heart is empty, I'ma pray for you  
The fake ones never stay for you  
They see you shake and run away from you  
I know the feeling, yeah I know the feeling  
I can still look myself in the eyes  
I can still look myself in the eyes  
You can't do that and I'm not surprised  
Just a word to the wise, listen

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Don't let them tell you that the apple good, when it ain't  
Gotta watch out for the Eve's and the snakes  
I still buy your EBT no debate  
I might Mr. GVT with the bait  
I hit the thrift store spend it all in a day  
Just to show you I ain't worried about you all in my way  
Fuck a brand, fuck a Xan, I'ma come and say what they all scared to say  
In fear that they'll spend a day without

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Alright, we was doin' this and had nothing  
Took that and finally got something  
Flipped that, really got it jumpin'  
Not attached 'cause it don't come with me  
Hard fool, labels can't pimp me  
Rode up, chillin', sippin' simply  
I pray and hope God forgive me  
So don't try it, devils can't buy it

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Fuck that top of the charts  
It's full of rap but ain't no rappers really droppin' no bars  
The labels got your back if you talkin' 'bout poppin' a bar  
Killin' your plug, fuckin', erections or coppin' a car  
I ain't judging anybody that's turning their life into art  
But half you niggas is fufu, you know that life don't suit you  
On the west side where these screws is too loose  
You get set up by your girl or your dawg might shoot you for that

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