

Gold Rush

Bryce Vine

WISS n XA with the coca
She just wanna fly with no wings
Baby cut the lime on the sofa
She don't wanna swim when the salt stings

Keeping more in touch with the culture
Why you need a job when you got dreams?
Momentary bling it's gold rush
Everything is good, it's a gold rush

Tryna treat the past like it never happened
Tripping head to toe in the summer fashion
She don't wanna pose she don't want attachments
She delete the post for a better caption

Hopping on a plane headed for the action
Spend a couple days in another mansion
Now she in LA headed overseas
Always say the same never wanna leave

Mood right she feel departed
Act like she got no demons
She say she came to party I say you got your reasons

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Dreaming
See it
Need it
Say you'll never let go or
Leave it
Keep it
Beating
And you never go by my city

Why you playing repeat
It's a hot-girl summer
Every day of the week
Come girl wine 'pon to the sway of the beat
Street talk python are you staying with me, yeah
He only feel free on the highway
Come on and get it girl get it my way
When you rolling with me
Don't wanna fly away
You know shorty a freak
She do what I say

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