

All Gold Everything

Busta Rhymes

Ayo, why you niggas wanna try to complicate shit?
Why y'all niggas wanna try to ask me questions now?
Y'all know what the fuck I do, man
Don't ask me shit, man

Gold all in my chain, gold all in my ring
Cold all in my watch, don't believe me just watch
Don't believe just watch
Don't believe just watch
Don't believe just watch
Don't believe just watch
Gold all in my chain, gold all in my ring
Cold all in my watch, don't believe me just watch

Get up off my block, nigga
See the gold Musson drop top, nigga?
Pinky ring make a bitch fart, nigga
30-karat yellow canary rock, in her
Look, you got nerve lil' nigga
King Tut ready, to the curb, lil' nigga
I hope you listenin' to every word, lil' nigga
Full course comin', this the hors d'oeuvre, lil' nigga
Three-kilo gold Cuban on my neck, homie
Three dice roll Cee-Lo when I bet only
All gold uniform like my name Kobe
All gold unicorn pendent on my trophy
World champ of this whole shit, niggas know me
So much gold niggas bitches call me Goldie
Did so much for the game, niggas owe me
For the co-sign I'm the one you gotta go see
Before you niggas try to approach me
Just know I'm in the corner, kinda busy where the hoes be
I'm the coke layin' under where they nose be
You the joke, niggas laughing at you low key
Now get to know the way the bro live
Derek Lam gold frames up on my nose bridge
Gold Ace bottles fillin' up my whole fridge
Showcase models, nails, toes did
Solid gold, kid

Gold all in my chain, gold all on my wall
Not only do I kill verses, but I wrote all of your favourite songs
Chris Brown, Jamie Foxx, killer rollin' in tank
Yeah I got plaques all on my wall, and I got stacks all in my bank
Nigga, nigga, nigga
How the fuck can you hate, ungh
When I'm just doin' my thing? Aye!
What other nigga you know, write pop songs, rap and make base? None
I am original, these other rappers sound typical
I got it locked in the figure-four
And they could never see me, I'm invisible
And I got...

Gold chain on my frame with the gold Jesus
Whole bank in my jeans I'm a gold Visa
Gold bling in my ring like a Saints helmet

Gold rappers on my dick then your girl pelvis
Fuck, boy... we don't fuck with no broke dudes
My jewelry game is bicoastal
And my piece is on my stomach like soul food
Your homie snitchin', he so fool
Over bread I'm a show him what the toast do
Seein' lines in HD like Pro Tools
Then hit the Hamptons and throw on my boat shoes
Cruise the Atlantic, stoppin' out in Trinidad
Make a movie, turn a island into Cinemax
Gold album would appear from a pen and pad...
Assemble that...