

# Paved In Gold

Chris Webby

Yeah

I live a life of a desperado  
They follow my trail of the empty bottles  
No turning back, through the desert I go  
To stake my claim of the jealous rivals  
Try to move in but I cannot lie low  
I keep raising hell while the devil follows  
But ain't no getting away from el diablo  
He's bound to catch up in the end, but I know  
We're on the road again, on the dough  
'Cause I been often known to get ahead  
Put the world up on my shoulders, when I call they know  
They better follow the words that I said  
I'm on every wanted poster, while the law gets closer  
And the vultures circles overhead  
Got my hand up on my holster like an army soldier  
I'll defend what's mine until I'm dead  
Travel my light of the moon  
They telling the tales of my travels in every saloon  
Take every doubloon  
Shit, even that gold on your molar is mine when I step in the room  
Baby, this a stick up, handkerchief over my nose  
Take what's mine and I'm gone like a ghost  
Back up in the saddle, on the road I go  
Until it's all paved in gold, yeah

I've won some, I've lost some, but that's how it goes  
Don't follow no map while I'm out on that road, I  
Move with the wind, but to where, I don't know  
Until the street's paved in gold  
I've won some, I've lost some, but that's how it goes  
I don't follow no map while I'm out on that road, I  
Move with the wind, but to where, I don't know  
Until the street's paved in gold (yeah)

Shit, they say I'm most wanted, I've won in a hundred shootouts or more  
No country but once I hear an acoustic guitar  
And so much drumming, I'm summoned to do my duty, who wanna duel with me?  
Stupid of you to choose me to prove that you hard  
Shoot 'em, did you even draw? Hands quicker than Bill Hickok  
Bullets cutting through the beef like eating real ribeye  
I might never get why kids try they luck on me  
Get put to sleep for good, he shoulda fought with someone his size  
I guess he thought I'd lose, the rep I got is huge  
Step inside the room and bitches start to choose  
Sexual abuse, threaten to accuse you  
Just to get a check and some Balenciaga shoes  
Eight ball whiter than a pool cue  
Where my side pocket is, wanna make some money?  
Come and step inside my office then, rappers tell me, well  
But I still move pills like a 9 to 5 pharmacist  
My high-pothesis  
Y'all was hoping I was gonna call it quits  
All I did was write a country song and try to do this stupid challenge shit  
To prove to you I'm dominant no matter what the genre is  
Webby, you ready? Well, let me know, 'cause together

No other duo can do no better including who you consider  
A legend, no disrespect to the vets and the predecessors  
This song is a western mixed with a history professor's lecture [?]

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