

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 [?]

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