

Hearts Of Gold

Christian French

Take a camera out
And capture this moment
You've been livin' through pictures
And drugs there to cope with
The Hollywood image
You're stressed out for nothin'
Fuck, what you needed
I thought we had somethin'

The sound goes, the waves low
I'm lost, but who knows
Maybe one day, I'll make it home
But right now, we stand here
Your thoughts are not clear
I could never know what gets you so

Oh, where'd you go?
I haven't seen you for a while
And even though
We both know inside
We got hearts made of gold
But girl, we spend the night with nothin'
And I'm only one bad move from leavin'

'Member when you used to call me up
You said the reason for you leaving should be obvious
Heard he's in pain, you were feeling for some zombie love
Hollywood dreaming, you a need a Maserati love
Out by the sea, I call marina, LA callin' ya
And you thinkin' that it's time for you to answer
Said anything that isn't gleamin' just a cancer to you
And I ain't got the type of clout that you've been after
Said being seen without them rings is a disaster for you
Said you tired of fuckin' with all them rappers
You want them niggas up on YouTube with a camera to shoot
All of them pictures like them other Instagrammers
Followers and fake laughter

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