

Golden Ones

E-dubble

On my way to Fishtown headed back from Ambler
(in the system) I can see they hands up
This could be they anthem, this could be a go to
Boom bat rap with a knack for a boat shoe
Approach you, they goat you to poach you
And joke you, jerk you
Six ways to Sunday then Monday they merk you
Don't buy this you should stick to yourself
Even dreams get hustled so be good to your health
All you have when the chips are low
An it can show, I'm back stage but I'm fit to blow
Top shelf when I spit my flow, be it fast or slow
It's two tones but I bet you know
I get it in like a hole-in-one
And it's been fun, but my shit's like a stolen gun
Hot n' dirty, sippin' some vodka early
(Fuck rules here's the Golden One)

(One) Never live my life like a chump does
That's something that I just don't like
(Two) Never bring a knife to a gun fight
They got guns so they probably won't fight
(Three) Always take no for an answer
The yes' will come in due time
(Four) Always give a nice firm handshake
A dead fish simply can't be ignored

Paisley tattoo on her butt cheek
Cheeky little lady if you ask me
And if you ask me 'bout them ass cheeks
I can verify them jawns is real
And if you got a problem with the BP
You can always come and just see me
I got an attitude like C3-PO meets the G called OG

Up goes Fraiser, Two Tone Rebel, misspell 'til you make it
Like dying Mike never thought that he could dance right
Then I saw the power of the rhythm of a past life
Figured take a few thwacks at it, I always loved third base
I-I-I-I never knew about collagen, but I could always save face
Hey, I sit in bed and pump the breaks before I start to feel drummin'
Different strokes, different folks, listen to the drummin'
85 back beat bumpin' in the stomach
Got that one, two, three, four, fuck it who's comin'?
Got that East Coast slang that's plain to see
I'm the two one fist spitter (I'm the D-U-B)
But back back then man, go ATs, be B.I.G., Tu P-A-C
No O-P-P, I was K-I-D, no 40 40 tub, no H-O-V, no M-O-B, no crude up love
The hella big fella mellow 'til they all gun bug and then it's on
([?]) All the boppers want they numbers in my cellular phone
Who can blame 'em know we're shammin' it's a hell of a tone
And if they meet Lewis the dog then I throw 'em a bone
I'm talkin'

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