

gold fronts

Fousheé

Hmm, hmm-hmm, hmm, hmm-hmm
Hmm, hmm-hmm, hmm, hmm-hmm
Hmm, hmm-hmm, hmm, hmm-hmm
Hmm, hmm-hmm, hmm, hmm-hmm

They don't make enough paper
All this stream of thought spilling off my notebook
And they don't make the sane type anymore
All my homies got problems and

We self medicate
What'd you do today?
I stared at my phone for hours
Since the city's fucked
Why don't we twist one up
Stretch out, hmm, hmm

They can't take our gold fronts away
Let 'em shine
They can't take our gold fronts away
Let 'em shine (Hmm, hmm-hmm, hmm, hmm-hmm)

They don't make enough days in a month
I got plans and they're all piled up (Ooh-ooh, yeah)
And I think this year had a personal vendetta
There's always 2031

We self medicate
What'd you do today?
I stared at my phone for hours
Since the city's fucked
Why don't we twist one up
Stretch out, out, ooh-ooh

They can't take our gold fronts away
Let 'em shine
Oh, oh-oh, oh, oh-oh, hey, hey
They can't take our gold fronts away (They can't take my gold fronts away)
Let 'em shine
They can't take our gold fronts away
Let 'em shine (They can't take my gold fronts away)
Oh, oh-oh-oh
Hmm, hmm (They can't take my gold fronts away)
Hmm-hmm, they can't take (They can't take my gold fronts away), they can't take our, no
They can't take our gold fronts away, yeah, oh, oh, oh

They can't take my gold fronts
They can't take these white cups that I just poured up
They can't take these gold teeth
They can't take this gold leaf that I just rolled up
They can't take my gold blunt
Can't tape my bullet holes up
Can't take my close up
They can't break my hoes up
They can't break these shoulders
Or make my quota

And I'm the one they take their notes from
The one they try to take their flow from
And if they drip, then I'm the one that it all flows from
Silence of the Lamb, don't wake this GOAT up
They can't take the same road up
They can't take when I roll up
With both my doors up
They can't take all these chokers
The gold one, the yellow gold, white gold, nor the rose one
Can't break all these boulders I broke up
New one make me hate my old one
New bae ate my soul up
Type of shit make me fold up
But I'm still ho-hum, I just can't take it slow, huh?
I just can't fake it, no front
It's me and Fousheé
They just can't take this cold front
They just can't take my gold fronts
And this is golden

I'm like, "Hold up
No one can take my gold fronts away
No one can take my gold fronts away"