Facelift

GoldLink

1987 rockin' all the Nike fly shit
Gold karat ring, rosegold on my biceps
Kinda lost my mind, might get gold up on my eyelid
Got the flyest bitch on my hip call her highness
Heineken we're drinking and we're watching You-You Hakasho
Grindin' on my dick like some wheels, tell her stop and go
You only hit my phone, I think we're 'bout to make this Cali mo
ve
Gotta keep it smooth Max Rod Port, that's my li'l dude
Me and Raymond talking 'bout our rainy days together
Lips so smooth, kiss her and it's like a feather
Know you feel me lady, probably think I'm shady
That was Darren, nigga. He was kinda crazy
"GoldLink, you so funny... when we making money?"
Don'cha ask me girl this is for my wifey, yup
In my white tee, checks that's my Nikes
Oops I used that line before, never mind that's biting
Myself, gotta get some help
Nigga go to hell, told my dad he got the belt
I'm a li'l nigga, but my money long
Niggas think I'm broke, niggas dead wrong

Hit a couple licks, put it in my nigga's fund
Then we ball out and we have some nigga fun
Cursin' while I'm holding middle fingers to the white folk
And I provoked all of the violence that they sold us
And my niggas yelling out the window like we got no father figu
res
But my niggas gonna make it all without our father figures
Breaking all the lies that they try to teach in school
Yes, I'm black nigga but I ain't a fucking fool
Ghetto upbringing's got me humble as I should
Lost love once so I'm wishing that I could
Could have had my baby, eat you like a pastry
Fuck it bitch, I'm lying I ain't tripping off you lately
Only fuck the realest, my girl is the trillest
White so bad that these niggas need a facelift
Foul shit flagrant but the throne is for the taking
Me and Max Rezzy B got next, no replacements

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