Gold

GZA

Aiyyo shorty, yo that's my word
Oh, y'all smellin y'all piss now y'all think y'all gold
Yo anybody get caught playin
Over here, I'm returnin em that's my word that they be blasted
Anything from two-twenty to one-forty, that's mine
Y'all need to step the fuck off
Y'all niggaz ain't crazy for real

Yo, the fiends ain't comin fast enough
There is no cut that's pure enough
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold to you

I'm deep down in the back streets - in the heart of medina
About to set off something more deep than a misdemeanor
Under the subway, waiting for the train to make noise
So I can blast a nigga and his boys - for what?
He pushed up on the block and made the dope sales drop
Like the crashin of dow jones stock
I had to connect to cross seals, to catch more mil's
Than ho-bitches got birth control pills
I'm in the park, settin up a deal over blunt fire
Bum niggaz sleepin on the bench, they had em wired
Peeped my convo, the address of my condo
And how I changed a nigga name to john doe
And while we set up camp, we got vamp
Put the stake through his heart, I ripped his fucking fangs apart
Snake got smoked on the set like brandon lee
Blown out the frame, like pan am flight 103
He got swung on, his lungs was torn, the
Kingpin just castled with his rook and lost a pawn
A regular on the block, and played look-out
For playing predator with a glock, he should have took out

No neighborhood is rough enough
There is no clip that's full enough
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold to you.. yo

Fiends ain't comin fast enough
There is no cut that's pure enough
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold to you

It's mandatory that
I supply all my troops with mega firearms
Big apes, and spread em out like crops on a farm
To get cream, sometimes they repaint the scene
Like the last episode on gates and other niggaz
Plant bombs til the smoke from the blast becomes thick
And flows through all they knew, he's gun sick
His glock clicks, like high-heeled shoes on parquay floors
Mad sick, stand on hills and invade wars
Filthy foul, shoveling dirt, he's out to hurt
For instance, chop off hands, attack worth
His idols would lock down airports and extort
Some import, catchin ten percent of what the fiends snort

Up in the ski resorts, up in hills
They move keys and had skis making drops on snowmobiles
The plan was to expand, catch seven figures, release triggers
And live large and bigger than my nigga
Who promised his moms a mansion with mad rooms
She died, and he still put a hundred grand in her tomb
Open wounds, he hid behind closed doors
And still organized his crime and drug wars

Fiends ain't comin fast enough
There is no cut that's full enough
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold to you

No neighborhood is rough enough
There is no clips that's full enough
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold to you

The peers that come is tight enough
There is no niggaz that's fuckin up
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload
Product must be sold, to you

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