

Fools Gold

Murs

Fool's gold
Digging for soul
Cause I lost my own
And I can't get home
See I'm blinded by gold
That fool's gold
Is out of control
That fool's gold
Oh, oh, oh

Fool's Gold Fe S2
I wrote this rhyme inside a test tube

And checked through the list of stones and step stools
To climb up the ladder and batter the best crews

I never gave a fuck always lit the fuse
And I customized all the shit I used
Prostitutes wait for that dude
Now won't hesitate when the stakes high noon

Tombstone, Holliday Doc
Fuck all these rappers with the diamonds in their watch
Hot, hot, hot, shit on beats
Throw my headphones on and rock some Mobb Deep

The quiet storm will creep and break down the breach
Get 'em out of the darkness, pull 'em out of their seats
I think we got a little soul in the streets
But I keep on digging to the middle of the beef, singing

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New kid on the 145
Living outta bottle with a genie on my side

And a bunch of graffiti on my ride
A beanie on my mind and the need to be alive

Thank God I survived, last night was a close call
35 in the ride and I dozed off
Woke up in the lost and found
Fell deep in some pussy and I almost drowned

Bad influence that's how I been to it
Blinded by the gold so I been through it
Now I gotta little leeway on freeways
Zen Buddhist approach to these DJ's

See they don't understand how we relay
It's all about the he say she say, replay
Bring it all back down for the goals
Hope I never have to sell my soul and it goes

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