

# 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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