

Gold Soul Theory

The Underachievers

A rebel
Who went searching for treasures in his soul
Fishing for gold I found the key to unlock the door
To my mind's gate, hidden with some hieroglyphs
Told me bout my future and my past and that I should get, I should get
Some light working and that I should get up off my ass
I'm on the path, to move the masses, spiritual tactics
Soul masters, you bastards, spread it through classes
Live your life free nigga, if you surpass this class bitch
LSD got your boy feelin acidic, so hazardous
Elevated mafia
Flatbush Zombie familia
No dumb niggas on our roster bruh
Finna wreck your team if you not with us
Beast Coast ain't no stoppin' us
We fuck with the West like 'Pac and 'em
But back to the story of the old me
Rep for the young enlightened niggas of a lowkey
Smoke a little tree, pour a little bit of OE
Keep me in my zone like a mother fucking goalie
Holy shit I'm a a mother fucking King nigga
Black skin, gold soul, born to win nigga

Livin' in the world filled up with glitter and gold
A nigga could get caught up if he ain't knowing his soul
His soul, yeah nigga his soul
You ain't living up yo life, that why yo shit movin' slow
Listen, now get your back up off the wall nigga
Ah ah, now get your feet up off the floor nigga
Ah ah, now take flight up to the solar
I'm flyin' with the knowledge, and a nigga bout to go far

Generation of generals
Keep my word in my genitals
Gender roles, nigga I'm god as far as gender goes
Sell my soul. Never I'm gold
Word to Gihanny golly, I be, try me
Highly I doubt, winning is likely, sorry sorry
Pat Riley, I'm strapped with jalepeno wraps
Mandingo sag, your bitch be lovin' that, but fuck that
AK to save you, elevate your brain, to the greater
Spread that knowledge, keep your soul but skip that told
We done did hard labor for that
Gold, and acres make them haters meet the maker
Cuz' they, pose
And fake it 'till they make it, so ungrateful
To the, OG's, OJ, got em on, sippin' on some OE
A freak in a skirt, pom poms, shippin' for a dime
Tell her set her soul free
Freeze, repeat, rewind
Back to the time I was blind
Never, I always incline the Third Eye
Recognized since a youngin' and the Indigo that's inside
Show my signs as an early bird
Word I want whats mine, mine

Livin' in the world filled up with glitter and gold

A nigga could get caught up if he don't know where his soul
His soul, yeah nigga his soul
You ain't living up yo life, that why yo shit movin' slow
Listen, now get your back up off the wall nigga
Ah ah, now get your feet up off the floor nigga
Ah ah, now take flight up to the solar
I'm flyin' with the knowledge, and a nigga bout to go far

Get up on yo shit, you ain't livin' up yo life
You's a fucking livin god, why you bowin' down to Christ
You ain't knowin' bout the golden gift that's trapped up in yo mind
Gold soul theory, Indigo's on the rise