

Fools Gold

Tom MacDonald

Oh, man
They ain't gon' like this one, yeah
(Okay, okay, okay)

Everybody's addicted to something, cup of coffee or a substance (true)
TV show or tryna get that money or being a jerk in the comments (oh)
Too many clothes for their closets, too focused on deposits (yeah)
Too drunk, too high, you guys too dumb, too often (ay)
Y'all want more money, more liquor, more weed, more strippers
More cars, more clothes, more fans, more homes, more chains, what for? (Huh?)
)
Destroy the planet and pollute the water, y'all consume the garbage and refuse the problem
Y'all ain't taking that Versace with you when they put your body down inside a coffin (ha-ha)
I appreciate what I got, I don't need to hate what I'm not (not)
I don't need Gucci shoes or a Louis belt, or nothing from Saint Laurent (nope)
It's been ripped jeans since sixteen, my crib clean, I'm chilling
(Chilling)
I've been me since kid dreams turned real life, it's no different, y'all are

Fake, fools gold on the chain
So obsessed with being cool, y'all are lying to our face
Man, it's fake, that ain't diamonds, that ain't flames
That's some shit you got online, I know exactly what you paid, y'all are

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That's some shit you got online, I know exactly what you paid
Y'all are fake
Fake smiles, fake flex, fake titties, fake rings, fake Yeezys, what's next?
Y'all are fake, want the truth for a change?
Come and see the tatted white boy with the braids, yeah

Concentrate on your happiness, no dollar figure can buy it (yeah)
More ain't always more, sometimes it's less when you go find it (oh)
Y'all so hypnotized by celebrities, you don't know yourself and you're lying (lying)
You're a little boy on the inside, but on the outside, you're a giant (yeah)
Keep trying, weak-minded
Tryna be fly, never really meet pilots
Keep quiet, talking that gangster shit
Never been a G, never seen violence (violence)
We're not authentic, we are controlled
Subliminal messages making you broke
We do not get it 'til we are old
Money don't matter, it's loving your home
Your things won't leave this planet when you go (go)
You'll rot while your designer clothes get sold in vintage stores (stores)
You think that you need more 'cause they convinced you that you need
But even without anything at all you are complete, but y'all

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Fake smiles, fake flex, fake titties, fake rings, fake Yeezys, what's next?

Y'all are fake, want the truth for a change?

Come and see the tatted white boy with the braids, yeah

Y'all are fake (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Got the fools gold on the chain

Y'all are fake (yeah, yeah, yeah)

And you're lying to our face

Man, y'all fake (yeah, yeah, yeah)

That ain't diamonds, that ain't flames

Oh my God, y'all are fake (yeah, yeah, yeah)

I know exactly what you paid, y'all are

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(Y'all are) Fake, fools gold on the chain

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Y'all are fake, want the truth for a change? (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Come and see the tatted white boy with the braids, yeah