

Gold

Yung Lean

Crystals, I got issues, hit me up like a pistol
I'm the riddle, I'm the joker, I'm the wildcard in the middle
I can't even explain this shit, yeah, my life a cartoon (Cartoon)

Crystals, I got issues, hit me up like a pistol
I feel like hurtin', feel like slaying, I'm a searcher at work
(At work)

Raindrops in the fog creep like a fox, it's absurd
I fell for you like a cliff, wishing well, take a seat (Take a seat)

Love in my heart but it's a sad song
Red fog, red fog, three pills, dead dogs
Crystals, I got issues, hit me up like a pistol
I'm on the blacklist, on the hitlist, I go up like a missile (Go up)

Missed us in our issues, magic wisdom I feel 'em (I feel 'em)
Gold wardrobe, I'm a gambler, can't fold
Laughing to the bank but this shit is not a joke (Ha-ha-ha-ha)
Mysteries are strawberry days, I can't grow old (I can't grow old)

What's my age again? What's my age again? Oh
Four shotguns holding up the table
Sword chain bowl, all gold wardrobe
Missed us in our issues, magic wisdom I feel 'em (Yeah, I feel 'em)

Scar tissues on tissues and I got scars, cannot heal 'em

But it's a sad song, sad song