

# 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  
To light working and 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 teeth 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 with a youngin like a nigga over low key  
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 rolls, nigga I'm God as far as gender goes  
Sell my soul. Never I'm gold  
Word to Gihanny golly, try me  
Highly I doubt, winning is likely, sorry  
Pat Reily, I'm strapped with jalepeno wraps  
Mandingo sag, your bitch be lovin' that, but fuck that  
AK the savior, elevate your brain, the greatest  
Spread that knowledge, keep your soul but skip that tone  
We done did hard labour for that  
Gold, then A gon make them haters meet they makers  
Cause 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  
Recognize, since the youngin' and the inner gold that's inside  
Show my signs as an early bird  
Word I want what's 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, Indigos on the rise  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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