

# Gold

## GZA

Aiyo shorty, yo that's my word  
Oh, y'all smelling y'all piss now y'all think y'all gold  
Yo anybody get caught flinging over here  
I'm returning 'em, that's my word they getting blasted  
Anything from 220 to 140, that's mine  
Y'all need to step the fuck off  
Y'all niggas ain't crazy for real Yo, the fiends ain't coming fast enough  
There is no cut that's pure enough  
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload  
Product must be sold to you  
I'm deep down in the back streets, in the heart of Medina  
About to set off something more deep than a misdemeanor  
Under the subway, waiting for the train to make noise  
So I can blast a nigga and his boys, for what?  
He pushed up on the block and made the dope sales drop  
Like the crash in the Dow Jones stock  
I had a connect to cross-sales, to catch more mill's  
Than ho-bitches got birth control pills  
I'm in the park setting up a deal over blunt fire  
Bum nigga sleeping on the bench, they had him wired  
Peeped my convo, the address of my condo  
And how I changed a nigga name to John Doe  
And while we set up camp, we got vamped  
Put the stake through his heart, I ripped his fucking fangs apart  
Snake got smoked on the set like Brandon Lee  
Blown out the frame like Pan Am Flight 103  
He got swung on, his lungs was torn  
A kingpin just castled with his rook and lost a pawn  
A regular on the block that played lookout  
For preying predator with a Glock, he should have took out  
No neighbourhood is rough enough  
There is no clip that's full enough  
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload  
Product must be sold to you  
Fiends ain't coming fast enough  
There is no cut that's pure enough  
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload  
Product must be sold to you It's mandatory that I supply all my troops with mega firearms  
Big apes and spread 'em out like crops on a farm  
To get cream, sometimes they repaint the scene  
Like the last episode on gates, and other niggas  
Plant bombs till the smoke from the blast becomes thick

And flows through, all they knew, he's gun sick  
His Glock clicks like high-heeled shoes on parquet floors  
Mad sick, stand on hills and invade wars  
Filthy foul, shovelling dirt, he's out to hurt  
For instance, chop off hands, attack worth  
His idols would lock down airports and extort  
Some import, catching ten percent of what the fiends snort  
Up in the ski resorts, up in hills  
They move keys and had the skis making drops on snowmobiles  
The plan was to expand, catch seven figures, release triggers  
And live large and bigger than my nigga  
Who promised his moms a mansion with mad room  
She died and he still put a hundred grand in her tomb  
Open wounds, he hid behind closed doors  
And still organizes crime and drug wars  
Fiends ain't coming fast enough  
There is no cut that's pure enough  
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload  
Product must be sold to you  
No neighborhood is rough enough  
There is no clips that's full enough  
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload  
Product must be sold to you  
There's no cuffs that's tight enough  
There is no niggas that's fuck with us  
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload  
Product must be sold to you

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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