

Fools Gold (feat. Sho Baraka & Swoope)

Andy Mineo

You need something real (yeah)
Baby that ain't never gonna last
That's just fools gold (yeah)
That ain't treasure that's trash
And I, I know it look nice, i know it look nice
But that's a rip off for that price
That ain't treasure that's trash
'Cause it ain't never gonna last

You spend your time tryin get your clothes on
Thats stuff when we get to Heaven we gon' walk on
Our problem baby: our heart is never satisfied
clothed with righteousness and still have a naked eye
I struggle, (well) my heart always wants more
The only Christ they see on me is Christian Dior
I was a slave to fashion; see my chains
Ralph Lauren and Ed Hardy, where my master's name?
Washed by the Father; stay clean
I can still be tight without the skinny jeans (yeah)
I got eternal swag (swag) ; that's the new fashion
I see clearly now, through my Son-glasses
I know some sisters who stay shining
You can ask Pearl, or ask Diamond
The real treasure, I'm filled with
I know it's deep, I hope that you can dig this

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Said, it's Louis's on my two feet
It's ooh wee when I'm through the streets
Cuties say 'cute sneaks!'
And 'them shoes sweet' when the dudes speak
Nothin' under a hundred
Stuntin on them ain't nothin, I'm frontin but oh they love it
I'm ahead of my class and passin
Got a passion for flashin, satisfaction's in fashion

Yeah homie I'm a tag popper
Makin you sick, call a swag doctor
These threads is concealin' my flaws, but I am fulfilled by applause
I guess pride is my idol now
What I'mma do when these items go outta style?
This ain't treasure it's trash, I know this pleasure won't last
I need that real

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I know it looks nice but that won't last
Yeah yeah

Uh, I can't front, I like nice kicks and new clothes
I like givin' old school records new flows
I like money that I make when I do shows
But when I abuse those, they fools gold
Now, so let me tell you what I mean
I could make something good, a God thing (whoo)
Turn all my wants into needs
Holdin' on to perishing means as supreme
It seems, people want pleasure for a season
Instead of seeking the God who's eternally pleasing
For some reason I thought that I wouldn't be lonely
If I had women all on me
I couldn't buy joy with the paper
My good deeds never bought God's favor
Find my currency faulty
So glad that the Christ came and bought me
Livin' that

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Yeah yeah

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