

Gold (feat. Eighty4 Fly)

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

Everything is gold, everything is equal
Posted on the porch just chillin', me and my people
Eyelids closed, gold sun shines on
The world's coated in the gold Krylon
Yea, and these days days days
They never run away
Gold tints, shades, that block out that golden haze
Take all the gold from the pawnshop that lives behind the case
And get to give it away
My gold erupted from volcanoes in the heavens
And every shrine that existed in time melting
Tombs open, Dookie Ropes on the bells
When everything is gold, who cares about the carats?
They say that gold's the skin of the gods
You can't take the band there when you're gone
Now I'll tip over that kiosk in the mall
As the sunset falls into tomorrow
Today we're feeling like gold, five hundred thousand sold
Slick Rick Gold, Rope On, hella cold
And we stay fresh, so fresh head to toes
Goldschläger faded, 14 carat plated So we're feeling like gold Five hundred thousand sold
Slick rick gold, Rope On, hella cold
Yea we're feeling like gold
So fresh head to toes Goldschläger faded, 14 carat plated
So we're feeling like gold
Alright now we open up that car door
Hop out, hope they notice us
Throughout society we been locked in that cobra clutch
More gold bottles, gold bottles, never sober up
Ditch Jesus, In Gold I Trust
I solemnly swear to wear my cross and stunt
Separate myself by sticking out just because
That's how you illustrate power and who you're above
But nah, tonight we take it, take it, giving it back
Crack open the vault, let everyone mob in the bank
Take whatever they want, we party and give thanks
I've been rocking gold chains since pee was in the tank
You only live once, you only live once Watch Rick Ross give his Jesus piece to a bum
Cause tonight we ball, we ball, we comin' up
Paintin' the globe gold, two steppin' on the sun Like gold, five hundred thousand sold Slick Rick
Gold, Rope On, hella cold
And we stay fresh, so fresh head to toe

Goldschläger faded, 14 carat plated
So we're feeling like gold
Oh oh oh oh
Today we're feeling like gold
Oh oh oh oh
Gold coins, gold phone, gold car
Costs at least 10 racks to get 16 gold bars
Gold rush, suck on my gold dust stunting
Under these gold trunks, that's two golden nugget, uh
Flyin' on the gold eagle, flier than the rest of 'em
Pass the space needle, golden shower on pedestrians
Excuse me, that's my bad, that's my eagle and he shouldn't of
My eagle got hair, that motherfucker got a mullet bruh
And it's gold, two girls gold brass
Lounging on the water, feet in the gold sand
Sipping on Orangina, arms around them both pants
They're sipping Olde English right out of a
gold can
Two girls, gold spandex so pretty
That girl ain't even gold, she just got golden girl titties
I'm kidding, everyone is gold in my city
You paint Betty White gold, even Betty White can get it
Get it get it get it.
Today we're feeling
like gold, five hundred thousand sold
Slick Rick Gold, Rope On, hella cold
And we stay fresh, so fresh head to toes
Goldschläger faded, 14 carat plated
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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