

Young Zee ft/ Lauryn Hill, Yah Yah "Stay Gold"

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(Lauryn Hill) (Chorus)

Zee, got down with Lauryn, loooong agooooo

(Yeah motherfuckers)

Dose status is where we will beeeee

(Yeah, yeah), that's where you'll find me

Sippin' Martini, my pockets swole

Stay Gold

(Young Zee)

I'll go gold if I just stay true to Newark

Get high and dust clicks like embalming fluid

My shit is loud when I drop my sound

All the angles in the clouds like "turn that shit down"

(Lauryn Hill)

These dimensions and extensions will secure my future
pension

When I mention corporate lynchin's like the cowboys
did to indians

The intentions of the Devil is to cause me hypertension

So stay gold like Stevie Wonder don't blunder like OJ
Simpson

(Young Zee)

Yeah, Zee need to battle with the older guys

'Cause all you little niggas get pulverized

Yeah, I get ill on funky beats like Jalil

Yo posse gonna wind up in Beth Israel

Bring yo' fleet

You'll get stabbed and beat

And stomped out in the streets with my football cleats

I make a snake talk, bitch say who is it

When I climb up her walls just like number 4 lizard

What is this trash I hear?

Is it Static, like Jeru and Premiere?

Your MC style is way too old

I unfold pure funk as long as I stay gold

(Chorus)

(Young Zee)

I be doing 95s in horizons
Flyin, lighting up thai while I'm driving
Your company's like who the fuck is Zee
Cause I be So So Def like Jermaine Dupree

(Yah, Yah)

It's pure No Brains funks, so get your cams start
recording
And +Watch how we do this+ like Montel Jordan (Watch
how we dooo thiiisssss)
I use freestyles when I be high on sabbticals
On old school rap, I keep trapped in time capsules
Outz motherfuckers, serving niggas like butlers
Rolling dutches, going sticking in the Cutlass
My shit rocks word to Scott La Rock
I smoke opts and drink scotch and send my style
through a paradox
I'm Outz, who ya?
NBC outsidaz, this raps raw, plus there's +Moore+ then
Mary Tyler

(Young Zee)

And all the sell out, fake crews that tote pistols
I can diss you and I'm only bugging like whistle
You sold your soul for a tootsie roll
Now you swole cause your LP didn't even go gold
I don't let it get next to me
I just hang out with my friend like Extra P
(Yeah Roots, DU, Ali ...)

(Chorus)

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