

## Carly Simon F/ Carole King

### "Fat Gold Chain"

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[Erick Onasis]

Whoo! Uhh, ah ah, ayahhh, ahh ahh ahh  
And you don't stop, ahh ahh, word is bond, word is  
bond  
Now introduc'in the sound from the ghetto  
E Double and Too \$hort, what the fuck you thought?  
I come with the ruckus, It's My Thing when I swing  
I'm Born to Mack, always strapped, with the black gat  
Who out there I swear boy wanna get touched  
Roll up, and catch a slug to the chest, so DUCK  
I talk the talk, walk the walk, now nigga  
Five hundred S drivin with hand on trigger  
Crazy Lestat, check my track record  
Everything I touch is gold since eighteen years old  
So what that mean? I rolled the blunt  
and puff the indo smoke in it, I trip in a minute  
Crazy holy doctor holdin me cuz I be rockin B  
Sewin up like Monopoly, nobody's stoppin me  
Dig it, Funkdafied like Brat, how's that?  
I stick and move on tracks while I smoke a twenty sack  
Who said the E can't rock? That's bullshit  
Suck my dick and get a big fat lick of my balls  
You wanna brawl? Punk I thought not  
You might get beat down and stomped like Sasquatch  
Your girl, like Keith Sweat, I wanna fuck her  
Psych, I already stuck her  
Huh, I got rhymes to make your whole head swell up  
Here's an icepack - homeboy shut the hell up  
I rock the mic with Too \$hort, y'all niggaz know what's  
happenin  
Everything he touch goes platinum  
Eyeeaaaah!

[Too \$hort]

I made a half a million in a week  
And every nigga on the street got a tape playin me  
You can't believe it? Erick Sermon, rollin with \$hort  
Rolled from California all the way to New York  
in big Benzes, G hooked it up  
Now we trying to squash all that East/West stuff  
We spent years in the studio makin funky tracks

Signed a bunch of niggaz with some tight ass raps  
It's like Father Dom, it's like Keith Murray  
Makin millionaires but it ain't no hurry  
cause we all in it for the long run  
I won't leave the studio until a song's done  
And ain't nuthin really hard about gettin my cash  
A big fat house with a million stashed  
You other niggaz got this rap game distorted  
Givin DAT's to the label, straight gettin shorted  
Claim you gettin paid, but I can't tell  
You keep rappin in my ear and got me mad as hell  
You talk a good game but I don't believe in you  
You smoked a lotta blunts but I got mo' weed than you  
I guess I see you on the charts in the meanwhile  
Another face in the crowd bustin freestyles  
Wishin you could be in the light  
Promoters pay me ten G's just to breathe on the mic  
Bitch! \$hort Dawg puttin it down with the E Double

[Erick Onasis]

Shhhhh! You remind me of my fat gold chain  
Some of y'all are just small change  
Be a boss with true true game  
Yeah yeah  
Dig this y'all, my Music is Dangerous  
Atomic Dog, coming through the smog with \$hort Dawg  
Ahhh! Quick with the trig Jack be nimble  
I shoot like G Mob goes liftin through my window  
Chik chik pow! How you like me now?  
The man in the mirror it don't get no clearer  
\$hort Dawg, the E Double, and Breed we roll thick  
Like girls in C.A.U. with the good power-U  
Owww! Money is the key to fame  
So I can live it up with the girls on Soul Train  
The impact, major league dough like Dave Justice  
Yo Breed, \$hort Dawg, show em how we bust this

[Too \$hort]

Like some true pioneers, don't forget it some nigga

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