

## **Busta Rhymes**

# **"All Gold Everything"**

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[Intro: Busta Rhymes]

Ayo, why you niggas wanna try to complicate shit?  
Why yâ'all niggas wanna try to ask me questions now?  
Yâ'all know what the fuck I do, man  
Donâ't ask me shit, man

[Hook]

Gold all in my chain, gold all in my ring  
Cold all in my watch, donâ't believe me just watch  
Donâ't believe just watch  
Donâ't believe just watch  
Donâ't believe just watch  
Donâ't believe just watch  
Gold all in my chain, gold all in my ring  
Cold all in my watch, donâ't believe me just watch

[Verse 1: Busta Rhymes]

Get up off my block, nigga  
See the gold Musson drop top, nigga?  
Pinky ring make a bitch fart, nigga  
30-karat yellow canary rock, in her  
Look, you got nerve lilâ' nigga  
King Tut ready, to the curb, lilâ' nigga  
I hope you listeninâ' to every word, lilâ' nigga  
Full course cominâ', this the hors d'oeuvre, lilâ' nigga  
Three-kilo gold Cuban on my neck, homie  
Three dice roll Cee-Lo when I bet only  
All gold uniform like my name Kobe  
All gold unicorn pendent on my trophy  
World champ of this whole shit, niggas know me  
So much gold niggas bitches call me Goldie  
Did so much for the game, niggas owe me  
For the co-sign Iâ'm the one you gotta go see  
Before you niggas try to approach me  
Just know Iâ'm in the corner, kinda busy where the hoes  
be  
Iâ'm the coke layinâ' under where they nose be  
You the joke, niggas laughing at you low key  
Now get to know the way the bro live  
Derek Lam gold frames up on my nose bridge  
Gold Ace bottles fillinâ' up my whole fridge  
Showcase models, nails, toes did

Solid gold, kid

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Gold all in my chain, gold all on my wall  
Not only do I kill verses, but I wrote all of your favourite  
songs  
Chris Brown, Jamie Foxx, killer rollin' in tank  
Yeah I got plaques all on my wall, and I got stacks all in  
my bank  
Nigga, nigga, nigga  
How the fuck can you hate, ungh  
When I'm just doin' my thing? Aye!  
What other nigga you know, write pop songs, rap and  
make base? None  
I am original, these other rappers sound typical  
I got it locked in the figure-four  
And they could never see me, I'm invisible  
And I got...

[Verse]

Gold chain on my frame with the gold Jesus  
Whole bank in my jeans I'm a gold Visa  
Gold bling in my ring like a Saints helmet  
Gold rappers on my dick then your girl pelvis  
Fuck, boy... we don't fuck with no broke dudes  
My jewelry game is bicoastal  
And my piece is on my stomach like soul food  
Your homie snitchin', he so fool  
Over bread I'mma show him what the toast do  
Seein' lines in HD like Pro Tools  
Then hit the Hamptons and throw on my boat shoes  
Cruise the Atlantic, stoppin' out in Trinidad  
Make a movie, turn a island into Cinemax  
Gold album would appear from a pen and pad...  
Assemble that...

[Hook]

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