

## Gza "Gold"

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Aiyyo shorty, yo that's my word  
Oh, y'all smellin', y'all piss now y'all think y'all gold  
Yo anybody get caught playin'  
Over here, I'm returnin' em

That's my word that they be blasted  
Anything from two-twenty to one-forty, that's mine  
Y'all need to step the fuck off  
Y'all niggaz ain't crazy for real

Yo, the fiends ain't comin' fast enough  
There is no cut that's pure enough  
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload  
Product must be sold to you

I'm deep down in the back streets in the heart of  
Medina  
About to set off somethin' more deep than a  
misdemeanor  
Under the subway, waitin' for the train to make noise  
So I can blast a nigga and his boys for what

He pushed up on the block and made the dope sales  
drop  
Like the crashin' of Dow Jones stock  
I had to connect to cross seals to catch more mil's  
Than ho-bitches got birth control pills

I'm in the park, settin' up a deal over blunt fire  
Bum niggaz sleepin' on the bench, they had em wired  
Peeped my convo, the address of my condo  
And how I changed a nigga name to John Doe

And while we set up camp, we got vamp  
Put the stake through his heart, I ripped his fuckin'  
fangs apart  
Snake got smoked on the set like Brandon Lee  
Blown out the frame like Pan Am flight 103

He got swung on, his lungs was torn  
The kingpin just castled with his rook and lost a pawn  
A regular on the block that played look-out

For playin' predator with a glock, he should have took  
out

No neighborhood is rough enough  
There is no clip that's full enough  
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload  
Product must be sold to you, yo

Fiends ain't comin' fast enough  
There is no cut that's pure enough  
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload  
Product must be sold to you

It's mandatory that I supply all my troops with mega  
firearms  
Big apes and spread em out like crops on a farm  
To get cream, sometimes they repaint the scene  
Like the last episode on gates and other niggaz

Plant bombs 'til the smoke from the blast becomes  
thick  
And flows through all they knew, he's gun sick  
His glock clicks, like high-heeled shoes on parquay  
floors  
Mad sick, stand on hills and invade wars

Filthy foul, shovelin' dirt, he's out to hurt  
For instance, chop off hands, attack worth  
His idols would lock down airports and extort  
Some import, catchin' ten percent of what the fiends  
snort

Up in the ski resorts, up in hills  
They move keys and had skis makin' drops on  
snowmobiles  
The plan was to expand, catch seven figures, release  
triggers  
And live large and bigger than my nigga

Who promised his moms a mansion with mad room  
She died and still put a hundred grand in her tomb  
Open wounds, he hid behind closed doors  
And still organized his crime and drug wars

Fiends ain't comin' fast enough  
There is no cut that's full enough  
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload  
Product must be sold to you

No neighborhood is rough enough  
There is no clips that's full enough

I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload  
Product must be sold to you

The peers that come is tight enough  
There is no niggaz that's fuckin' up  
I can't fold, I need gold, I re-up and reload  
Product must be sold to you

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