

Trae Tha Truth

"All Gold Everything Freestyle"

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[Intro: Trinidad James]

This shit sound like 007 on N64 and shit

[Verse 1: Trae The Truth]

Young Truth James all gold soldier
Black ice you aint seen shit colder
Â...through a price nigga everything gold
IÂ'm the man ask about me errrbody know
All gold coupe all gold chains on me
In the hood stuntin with this change all on me
Nigga feel like snow blow game like Sony
Dome shot a bitch leave her brains all on me
Louie got these racks on hostage trying to get out
Ceiling on my whip too cocky I made em sit out
You can find me in the hood like I never been out
Johnny got a spot for a nigga IÂ'm bout to rent out
Diamonds in my grill got that work off in the locker
Fly across a hater with that all gold chopper
Haters on my dick IÂ'd rather try a to bopa
Green lighter light up like can't stop ya
Nigga nigga nigga

[Hook: Trinidad James]

Gold all in my chain, gold all in my ring
Gold all in my watch
DonÂ't believe me, just watch

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