

## Fools Gold

Andy Mineo

You need something real, baby that ain't never gon last  
That's just fool's gold that ain't treasure that's trash  
And I - I know it look nice, I know it look nice  
But that's a rip off for that price  
That ain't treasure that's trash 'cause it ain't never gon last

You spend your time tryna get your claws on  
That stuff when we get to heaven we gon walk on  
A problem baby our heart is never satisfied  
Clothed to righteousness and still have a naked eye  
I struggle my heart always wants more  
The only Christ they see on me is Christian Dior  
I was a slave to fashion, see my chains  
Ralph Lauren and Ed Hardy were my masters' names  
Washed by the Father stay clean  
I can still be tight without the skinny jeans  
I got eternal swag that's the new fashion  
I see clearly now through my Son-glasses  
I know some sisters who stay shining  
You can ask pearl or ask diamond  
The real treasure I'm filled with  
I know it's deep I hope you can dig this

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You say it's Louis on my two feet  
It's ooh ee when I'm through the streets  
The cuties say "cute sneaks" and them shoes sweet when the dudes speak  
Nothing under a hundred stutting on 'em mean nothing  
I'm frontin' but oh they love it  
I'm ahead of my class and passing  
Got a passion for flashing satisfactions and fashion  
Yeah homie I'm a tag popper  
Makin' you sick call a swag doctor  
These threads is concealing my flaws  
For I am fulfilled by applause  
I guess pride is my idol now  
What Imma do when these items go out of style?  
This ain't treasure it's trash  
I know this pleasure won't last  
I need that real

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I can't front I like nice kicks and new clothes  
I like givin' old school records new flows  
I like money that I make when I do shows  
But when I abuse those they fool's gold

Now now let me tell you what I mean  
I could make something good a God thing  
Turn all my wants into needs  
Holdin' on to perishing means as supreme  
It seems, people want pleasure for a season  
Instead of seeking the God who's eternally pleasing  
For some reason I thought that I wouldn't be lonely  
If I had women all on me  
I couldn't buy joy with the paper  
My good deeds never bought God's favor  
Find my currency faulty  
I'm so glad that the Christ came and bought me  
Livin' that

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