

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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