

Fat Gold Chain

Def Squad

Whoo! uhh, ah ah, ayahhh, ahh ahh ahh
And you don't stop, ahh ahh, word is bond, word is bond
Now introduc'in the sound from the ghetto
E double and too \$hort, what the fuck you thought?
I come with the ruckus, it's my thing when I swing
I'm born to mack, always strapped, with the black gat
Who out there I swear boy wanna get touched
Roll up, and catch a slug to the chest, so duck
I talk the talk, walk the walk, now nigga
Five hundred s drivin with hand on trigger
Crazy lestat, check my track record
Everything I touch is gold since eighteen years old
So what that mean? I rolled the blunt
And puff the indo smoke in it, I trip in a minute
Crazy holy doctor holdin me 'cause I be rockin b
Sewin up like monopoly, nobody's stoppin me
Dig it, funkdaified like brat, how's that?
I stick and move on tracks while I smoke a twenty sack
Who said the e can't rock? that's bullshit
Suck my dick and get a big fat lick of my balls
You wanna brawl? punk I thought not
You might get beat down and stomped like sasquatch
Your girl, like keith sweat, I wanna fuck her
Psych, I already stuck her
Huh, I got rhymes to make your whole head swell up
Here's an icepack - homeboy shut the hell up
I rock the mic with too \$hort, y'all niggaz know what's happenin
Everything he touch goes platinum
Eyeeaaaah!

I made a half a million in a week
And every nigga on the street got a tape playin me
You can't believe it? erick sermon, rollin with \$hort
Rolled from california all the way to new york
In big benzes, g hooked it up
Now we trying to squash all that east/west stuff
We spent years in the studio makin funky tracks
Signed a bunch of niggaz with some tight ass raps
It's like father dom, it's like keith murray
Makin millionaires but it ain't no hurry
Cause we all in it for the long run
I won't leave the studio until a song's done
And ain't nuthin really hard about gettin my cash
A big fat house with a million stashed
You other niggaz got this rap game distorted
Givin dat's to the label, straight gettin shorted
Claim you gettin paid, but I can't tell
You keep rappin in my ear and got me mad as hell
You talk a good game but I don't believe in you
You smoked a lotta blunts but I got mo' weed than you
I guess I see you on the charts in the meanwhile
Another face in the crowd bustin freestyles
Wishin you could be in the light
Promoters pay me ten g's just to breathe on the mic
Bitch! \$hort dawg putt'in it down with the e double

Shhhhh! you remind me of my fat gold chain

Some of y'all are just small change
Be a boss with true true game
Yeah yeah
Dig this y'all, my music is dangerous
Atomic dog, coming through the smog with \$hort dawg
Ahhh! quick with the trig jack be nimble
I shoot like g mob goes liftin through my window
Chik chik pow! how you like me now?
The man in the mirror it don't get no clearer
\$hort dawg, the e double, and breed we roll thick
Like girls in c.a.u. with the good power-u
Owww! money is the key to fame
So I can live it up with the girls on soul train
The impact, major league dough like dave justice
Yo breed, \$hort dawg, show em how we bust this

Like some true pioneers, don't forget it some nigga