

It's like golddust, you hear me coming through your speakers
You see me blocking off your airwaves
I know you can't get enough of my sound
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I'm blasting all in your system, your new single, I missed it
I ride the beat like a disk jokey
I'm winning the race like I fixed it
I'm the main course and the fixings
Bitch, listen!
(I know you can't get enough of my sound)

Wait a minute, bitch! hold up, hold up, who you're talking to?
I get several thousand dollars everytime I'm walking through
And the fireworks here they come too
The waitress bought a light show is like
(Gold Dust You Here Me Coming Thru Your...)

Gold hoops and my gold chain
Gold medals, no second place, that silver shit just don't fit
And that bronze shit, just ain't my taste!
Talking bad about you, well make sense
Cause you way up under my rank
Write these dope bars in my verses turn into gold bars in my bank

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