(Silver and gold) (Silver and gold) (Silver and gold)

All of this silver and gold Still I'm not selling my soul All of this silver and gold Still I'm not selling my soul All of this silver and gold Still I'm not selling my soul All of this silver and gold Still I'm not selling my soul

Real niggas left, there ain't many bruh
Secretly the plans to get rid of us
Look at how they hide it in the media
Look at how they doin' me in the back room
I don't answer no questions
I ain't really with the trivia
She wanna ride me like giddy up
I just wanna build my city up
I see all this

Silver and gold
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All of this silver and gold
Still I'm not selling my soul
All of this silver and gold
Still I'm not selling my soul
(hah, look)

(I say) World tour is to the hood
My soul already [?], I'm good
Keep my prayers up like I should
I rep the city like I should
Money don't impress, I don't hear it
I need something better for my spirit
Whatchu got that's gon' feed my spirit
I ain't think so

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Why the same ones you grow up with
Be the same ones when they see you do bad
They using their control through they TV screens
And if it ain't that, it's YouTube ads
First it's too soft, then they say it's too trap
They want boom-bap, then it's too too rap
The old niggas always hate the new-school cats

When they come up with the facts Fuck your contract and all that

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Still I'm not selling my soul

Yeah, your heart is empty, I'ma pray for you
The fake ones never stay for you
They see you shake and run away from you
I know the feeling, yeah I know the feeling
I can still look myself in the eyes
I can still look myself in the eyes
You can't do that and I'm not surprised
Just a word to the wise, listen

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Don't let them tell you that the apple good, when it ain't
Gotta watch out for the Eve's and the snakes
I still buy your EBT no debate
I might Mr. GVT with the bait
I hit the thrift store spend it all in a day
Just to show you I ain't worried about you all in my way
Fuck a brand, fuck a Xan, I'ma come and say what they all scared to say
In fear that they'll spend a day without

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Still I'm not selling my soul

Alright, we was doin' this and had nothing Took that and finally got something Flipped that, really got it jumpin' Not attached 'cause it don't come with me Hard fool, labels can't pimp me Rode up, chillin', sippin' simply I pray and hope God forgive me So don't try it, devils can't buy it

The silver and gold
Still I'm not selling my soul
All of this silver and gold
Still I'm not selling my soul
All of this silver and gold
Still I'm not selling my soul

All of this silver and gold Still I'm not selling my soul

Fuck that top of the charts

It's full of rap but ain't no rappers really droppin' no bars

The labels got your back if you talkin' 'bout poppin' a bar

Killin' your plug, fuckin', erections or coppin' a car

I ain't judging anybody that's turning their life into art

But half you niggas is fufu, you know that life don't suit you

On the west side where these screws is too loose

You get set up by your girl or your dawg might shoot you for that

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