

## Golden Ones

E-dubblе

On my way to Fishtown headed back from Ambler  
(in the system) I can see they hands up  
This could be they anthem, this could be a go to  
Boom bat rap with a knack for a boat shoe  
Approach you, they goat you to poach you  
And joke you, jerk you  
Six ways to Sunday then Monday they merk you  
Don't buy this you should stick to yourself  
Even dreams get hustled so be good to your health  
All you have when the chips are low  
An it can show, I'm back stage but I'm fit to blow  
Top shelf when I spit my flow, be it fast or slow  
It's two tones but I bet you know  
I get it in like a hole-in-one  
And it's been fun, but my shit's like a stolen gun  
Hot n' dirty, sippin' some vodka early  
(Fuck rules here's the Golden One)

(One) Never live my life like a chump does  
That's something that I just don't like  
(Two) Never bring a knife to a gun fight  
They got guns so they probably won't fight  
(Three) Always take no for an answer  
The yes' will come in due time  
(Four) Always give a nice firm handshake  
A dead fish simply can't be ignored

Paisley tattoo on her butt cheek  
Cheeky little lady if you ask me  
And if you ask me 'bout them ass cheeks  
I can verify them jawns is real  
And if you got a problem with the BP  
You can always come and just see me  
I got an attitude like C3-PO meets the G called OG

Up goes Fraiser, Two Tone Rebel, misspell 'til you make it  
Like dying Mike never thought that he could dance right  
Then I saw the power of the rhythm of a past life  
Figured take a few thwacks at it, I always loved third base  
I-I-I-I never knew about collagen, but I could always save face  
Hey, I sit in bed and pump the breaks before I start to feel drummin'  
Different strokes, different folks, listen to the drummin'  
85 back beat bumpin' in the stomach  
Got that one, two, three, four, fuck it who's comin'?  
Got that East Coast slang that's plain to see  
I'm the two one fist spitter (I'm the D-U-B)  
But back back then man, go ATs, be B.I.G, Tu P-A-C  
No O-P-P, I was K-I-D, no 40 40 tub, no H-O-V, no M-O-B, no crude up love  
The hellа big fella mellow 'til they all gun bug and then it's on  
([[?]]) All the boppers want they numbers in my cellular phone  
Who can blame 'em know we're shammin' it's a hell of a tone  
And if they meet Lewis the dog then I throw 'em a bone  
I'm talkin'

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