

# MACKLEMORE & RYAN LEWIS, Gold

Everything is gold, everything is equal  
Posted on the porch just chillin', me and my people  
Eyelids closed, gold sun shines on  
The world's coated in the gold Krylon  
Yea, and these days days days  
They never run away  
Gold tints, shades, that block out that golden haze  
Take all the gold from the pawnshop that lives behind the case  
And g-g-give it away

When gold erupted from volcanoes in the heavens  
And every shrine that existed in time melted  
Tombs open, Dookie Ropes on the pharaohs  
When everything is gold, who cares about the carats?  
They say that gold's the skin of the gods  
You can't take the band-aid when you're gone  
Now I, now I-I-I, I'll tip over that kiosk in the mall  
As the sunset falls into tomorrow

Today we're feeling like gold, five hundred thousand sold  
Slick Rick Gold, rope on, hella cold  
And we stay fresh, so fresh head to toes  
Goldschläger faded, 14 carat plated  
So we're feeling like gold

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So we're feeling like gold

Alright now we open up that car door  
Hop out, hope they notice us  
Throughout society we been locked in that cobra clutch  
More gold bottles, gold bottles, never sober up  
Ditch Jesus, In Gold I Trust  
I solemnly swear to wear my cross and stunt  
Separate myself by sticking out just because  
That's how you illustrate power and who you're above  
But nah, tonight we take it, take it, giving it back  
Crack open the vault, let everyone mob in the bank  
Take whatever they want, we party and give thanks  
I've been rocking gold chains since P was in the tank  
You only live once, you only live once  
Watch Rick Ross give his Jesus piece to a bum  
'Cause tonight we ball, we ball, we comin' up  
Paintin' the globe gold, two steppin' on the sun

Like gold, five hundred thousand sold  
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Oh oh oh oh oh  
Today we're feeling like gold  
Oh oh oh oh oh

Gold coins, gold phone, gold car  
Costs at least 10 racks to get 16 gold bars  
Gold rush, suck on my gold dust stunting  
Under these gold trunks, that's two golden nugget, uh  
Flyin' on the gold eagle, flier than the rest of 'em

Pass the space needle, golden shower on pedestrians  
Excuse me, that's my bad, that's my eagle and he shouldn't have  
My eagle got hair, that motherfucker got a mullet bruh  
And it's gold, two girls gold brass  
Lounging on the water, feet in the gold sand  
Sipping on Orangina, arms around them both pants  
They're sipping Olde English right out of a gold can  
Two girls, gold spandex so pretty  
That girl ain't even gold, she just got golden girl titties  
I'm kidding, everyone is gold in my city  
You paint Betty White gold, even Betty White can get it  
Get it get it get it

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