Hammer, Somethin' 'Bout The Goldie In Me

[Chorus x2]
Somethin bout the goldie in me
Somethin bout an oakland mack
When I hear this song
It makes an o.g. feel phat

[Verse 1; Hammer]
Somethin bout the goldie in me
That makes me laugh at these wannabes
Cause they been watchin too much tv
Rambo and clint eastwood got ya trippin
But the goldie in me, Keeps me thinkin bout my group and never slippin
In that played out tread, Cause most o.g.'s are in the pen or fresh out
And when I hear rappers like you call me wack
I laugh and just say over twenty million sold, Can you buy that?
Yeah, Fake rappers are surreal
You don't hear me though, I thought ya knew
I'm a certified player, You see
Cause of the girls, The girls, They love me
And no matter what my critics say
They all know that I'm mackin this fame
Cause fools can't recognize game
I refuse to be a wannabe
Somethin bout the goldie in me, Yeah

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2; Hammer]
Somethin bout the goldie in me, See I'm a g
Hangin wit fools like Big loose, Crossecuse, And killa week
Just some hard knunkleheads from the eastside
Where we used to squab, Shoot em down, Collect ends, And high side and rise
And get between thighs on the day to day
Craps, Big bank take little bank, Were games we like to play
Rollin down east 14, The brothers be trippin, They hear the cats be slippin
Cause the moves be quick to zippin
Pickin up freaks every other block, Wherever the ride stop
The girls flock, And all the homies jock, Sock
Bustas makin smart remarks, I'm quick to bust ya
Never worry about my back, Because I'm rollin wit some hustlas
And we don't sell, We bail
Creep through the hood wit pockets fatter than the goodyear blimp
Yeah, An oaktown player, G
It's got to be the goldie in me

[Chorus x2]