

# MC Hammer, Somethin' 'Bout The Goldie In Me

[Chorus 2x]

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 2x

[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 knuckleheads 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 2x