

Golden Era (feat. Joey Bada\$\$)

PRhyme

The golden era of recording took place in 1968 to 1973, is a time when a hard sound was raw and unrefined. This is where you could find the seeds of hip hop Comes back around again

L. Boogie, is you with me?

What goes around comes back around again

Iceberg, is you with me?

What goes around comes back around again

Nasty Nas, is you with me? At this very moment

You 'bout to witness another golden era of recordin'

Let's shine a light on this real shit, real shit

The Lord won't put too much on you than you can deal with

I learned early, why deal drugs when I can deal wit'

Plus I'm down to kill plus switch kills

Kill a friend of yours quick like flippin' the kill switch

Me being the illest, it was written, my lyrics are Illmatic though

Before the skateboarders controlled the genre your favorite rapper was still radical

We came from standstill to Chitlin' circuits to fanbuilt arenas

So flashin' rifles on your Instagram and throwin' bitches off the roof only work if you Dan

Bilzerian

So me on this landscape is like using an ant hill for skiing

I'm like a young MarShon trapped in his dark prime Roamin' the premises with a shopping cart
blind

With carte blanches to chart climb

These rappers are soft, they take L's, embarrassing

Doing light-skin nigga shit so they pale in comparison At this very moment

You 'bout to witness another golden era of recordin'

Lyrics is social commentary, money for your commissary

It's the golden era of recordin'

Where it's cool to battle your demons

It's cool to battle no matter who you are

The golden era of recordin'

It's music out here for everybody no matter who you is

We live in the golden era of recordin' Let's shine a light on this real shit, real quick

I'm a true karma chameleon, I've been through the illest, the ill shit

I believe he who escapes the environment unscathed should have nothing to say

Therefore he shouldn't make it if he never got punched in the face

Let's take it back to the basics

That'll save him from getting punched in the face after he makes it I'm from the Motor City, it
was intended for me to work in factory places

I chose to drink liters of Hennessy with Daiquiri chasers

If everybody around you is the kind that'll take a mile if you give 'em an inch

The time it'll take for you to fall out with all of them niggas, that could mean acres

Plus the time it'll take for you to realize that rappers could be fakers

Hope you can breathe way better in your "he can't breathe" shirts
Mention me or mine in your rhyme, it's gon' look like you around Mayweather in a "he can't
read shirt"

Cause I'm more the riotin' type, nigga At this very moment

You 'bout to witness another golden era of recordin'

Lyrics is social commentary, money for your commissary

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Where it's cool to battle your demons

It's cool to battle no matter who you are

The golden era of recordin'

It's music out here for everybody no matter who you is

We live in the golden era of recordin' And I'm something like a big deal

Need six mil for the deal, check the witty appeal

Throw up New York, York City feel

I'm too real and too gritty I feel

Ready to kill, ready to die

R.I.P to Biggie, rep BK, Bedstuy

Bring your honey to this beehive

We bustin', cousin, fuck a introduction, we live My youngins want it, gunnin' for them hundreds

My niggas is headhuntnin' and it's duck season for assumption

She took her top off, I started dumpin', she was ruthless

She licked the cocka for poppa like she was toothless

You got a different persona from what the truth is

Sucker nigga stuck on stupid, it's nothing new

All these hoes suckin' dick and they get so comfortable up under you

Fake players, and fake gangsters

Sellin' dreams, make-believe schemes, it's San Andreas I take your bitch and slay her

But I don't really like to boast, I know I'm just that dope

I'll take a toast, big l's is getting smoked, yo

To the illest coasters livin', the ghost in the motherfuckin' belly of the coast At this very moment

You 'bout to witness another golden era of recordin'

Lyrics is social commentary, money for your commissary

It's the golden era of recordin'

Where it's cool to battle your demons

It's cool to battle no matter who you are

The golden era of recordin'

It's music out here for everybody no matter who you is

We live in the golden era of recordin' (Golden era) scratching

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>