

# Gone

## Havoc

Yeah, this is what they want, right?  
Give 'em what they want, right?  
Yeah, yeah, thirteen2013, funny how time flyin'  
It ain't a thing changed in regard to the iron  
Hit you motherfuckers, go push it to the essence  
Hollow-tip slugs that'll pierce through the vests  
Anybody could get it, I send a clear message  
I ain't talkin' bout textin', I get down in the trenches  
Hang 'em like Texans, give 'em just enough rope  
To do it on his own, after that, I'm ghost  
Posted up back at the crib, gettin' top  
Guap over hoes, get your hands out the pot  
Fuck a #1 spot, and your little rap favorites  
Young, rich and famous, I'm amongst the hood's greatest  
All will salute to the criminal element  
Run up in your residence, catch him in his sleep  
Niggas so shook they wanna turn a new leaf  
Cryin' like a bitch when they see the blood leak  
When it's on, we ain't soppin' 'til somebody's gone  
Keep thinkin' it's a game, get your life gone  
Your whole team a bunch of cowards  
Where they at? Gone  
Give a nigga gun showers then I'm out, gone  
When it's on, we ain't stoppin' 'til somebody's gone  
Keep thinkin' it's a game, get your life gone  
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Where they at? Gone  
Give a nigga gun showers then I'm out, gone  
I been gettin' paper early, that hustler's ambition  
Killer instinct, body anything flinchin'  
Put niggas on mute, use the .9 like a remote  
An end to the fuckery you tryin' to promote  
We was in the same boat 'til I threw 'em overboard  
Fed 'em to the sharks, give you what your hand called  
Fall - know I keep the goons on call  
Ball 'til I fall, hope you niggas all crawl  
Fuck your life - I ain't never gave two fucks  
Ain't nothin' to us to have that ass tied up in the trunk  
In the middle of nowhere, they probably won't find you  
Do a nigga dirty, you don't wanna be my rival  
Now you caught up in the mix, in some real deep shit

I can spot a mile away, niggas never peep shit  
It's all about bein' on point and never slippin'  
Niggas spread they business talkin' like little bitches  
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They asked me what's good, I tell 'em I can't call it  
Plottin' on the law, if I tell you, I might spoil it  
Same shit, different toilet, niggas know my resume  
Have you bleedin' like a pig outside of Heaven's Gate  
QB mafia, la Costra Nostra  
Whole team in the precinct on wanted posters  
Already on the run, so don't give a fuck  
And if we don't like you, fuckin' get rid of ya  
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