I'm Gone

DJ Kayslay

KaySlay, yeah, yo
Drama King, yeah
Check it out, check it out, O.Trice
Shady Records nigga, it's goin' down once again' boy
It's just a scratch man, let's go EmI murder this inc as soon as I touch the page
You ain't gon' have no other choice but to rush the stage
And charge the mic, and I hope you got the heart to fight
'Cause you gon' have to, 'cause you ain't got the smarts to writeSomethin' that good, to try to come back at me with
What you gon' do, try to out-rap me with that happy shit?
You motherfuckers crack me up
Talkin' bout you gonna smack me up, y'all won't even back me upThrow up your paws, you pussies can't even scratch me hard
It's like fuckin' Castor Claw tryna jack me off
You think I'm afraid? What you tryna throw some fear in me?
You think I'm dumb enough to roll with no security?I'm doin' my best to try to show maturity
But don't sit there and stare at me like hoes and sneer at me
Like it's supposed to be scarin' me
Like I won't leap clean over this fuckin' V.I.P. rope and throw this chair
At anyone close or near me tryna approach me physically
'Cause he don't spit lyricallyAnd he knows that my flow's so sick, this hoe's on my dick
And he's so sick of hearin' me, my posters is starin' at him
But I don't think he knows the severity
Of what it could escalate to or that it could grow so seriously
If I go hysterically'Cause I guarantee there's no one in here
That would resort like a childhood
Any quicker than I would, or hit you with plywood
Especially when I'm sippin' on this liquor and tonicOne swig of this bottle I'ma go upside your head so hard with it
The mark from it'll be so dark that it'll leave a scar so big
You'll be able to read a label from the motherfuckin'
Sticker that's on it; I'm sick of the nonsense
Shit is ridiculous and I refuse to let it get to this point
Where I'ma let you sit on my conscience, I'm gone bitch, yeahI'm gone bitch
Shady Records motherfucker, we gone bitch
I said we gone bitch, so long bitch
Catch up if you can, we movin' on bitchNow who you know been to Kyoto, Tokyo
Off of one debut, screamin', "I'm in Janai yo"
Obie Trice, sho' you right

He done seen overseas, he's not a prototypeNobody's protege, Em only showed O. the way
Fuck what the media say
If you listen to music then you should know that O. Trice fused it
In a matter where he speaks how the streets views itChoose, to translate it through the art of music
And started usin' it reachin' the youth influenced by the truth in it
And as a boy, a man, I ran from boys in vans
Do the knowledge, acknowledge and try to comprehend
Hand full of contrabandA product of my environment, narcotics and violence
Inspires the content, but my intent is
To retire these tired-ass writers in silence
'Cause haters they hate us 'cause Shady became famous
And claimed the rap game when they thought he'd be nameless
But racist accusations won't change us
Let the truth be told, you think O will be over hereLike, "Massa, show 'em you got soul", no
Anybody knows us know this not how we roll
So, I still push the bucket
If I ain't trust it I wouldn't fuck with it
But fuck it, I'm gone bitch

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