

# Gone (Ft. Consequence & Cam'Ron)

Kanye West

But it's too late, it's too late  
He gone You sweat her, and I ain't talkin' 'bout a Coogi  
You a big L, and I ain't talkin' 'bout Cool J  
See me at the airport, at least 20 Louis  
Treat me like the Prince and this my sweet brother Numpsay  
Brother Numpsay! Groupies sound too choosy  
Take 'em to the show and talk all through the movies  
Says she want diamonds, I took her to Ruby Tuesdays  
If we up in Friday's, I still have it my way Too late, we gone, we strivin' home  
Gone, we ride on chrome  
It's too late Y'all don't want no prob from me  
What you rappers could get is a job from me  
Maybe you could be my intern, and in turn  
I'll show you how I cook up summer, in the winter  
Aaron love the raw dog, when will he learn  
Caught somethin' on the Usher tour he had to "Let it Burn"  
Plus he already got three chil'run  
Arguin' over babysitters like, "Bitch, it's yo' turn!"  
Damn 'Ye, it'd be stupid to ditch you  
Even your superficial raps is super official  
Are-are-are-Roc pastel with Gucci on  
With TV's in the ride, throw a movie on  
Said he couldn't rap now he at the top with doobie long  
Cause the dookie's on any song that they threw me on, gone We strivin home, gone  
I ride on chrome  
We strivin' home, gone  
Killa, I ride on chrome Knock knock, who's there  
Killa Cam, Killa who  
Killa Cam, hustler, grinder, gorilla true  
Oh my chinchilla blue, blue you ever dealt with a dealer  
Well here's the deal ma we goin' to the dealer  
No concealin', no ceiling I don't need a roof  
Act up, get out, I don't need you poof  
Poof, be gone, damn tough luck dag  
Dag, niggas still doin' puff puff pass  
Pull the truck up fast and I tell 'em  
Hey, back in a touched up Jag, shit  
Y'all niggas want Killa Cam, cerebellum  
An old man just goin' tell 'em (Too late, he, gone)

Then I see how y'all gonna react when I'm (Gone)  
My last girl want me back then I'm on  
Fine stay, you got the grind hey  
Came back, read what the sign say (Too late, he, gone)  
Yes I know you want to see my demise  
Yeah you church boy actin' like a thief in disguise  
Ain't leavin' my side, see the greed in my eyes  
Ask Abby y'all hustle for a week to the Chi, shit  
And that ain't leavin' alive, please believe me  
Gave Weezy a piece of the pie, and  
You can ask George or Regina  
The whole Westside I explore with the Beemer now We strivin' home, I ride on chrome  
Listen homeboy move on  
That's your best bet, why's that  
Cause I been pourin' out some liquor for the fact that my pal's gone  
And tryin' to help his momma with the fact that her child gone  
And since we used to bubble like a tub full of Calgon  
Guess it's only right that I should help her from now on  
But since they got a foul on, what coulda' gone wrong  
Now they askin' Cons, how long has this gone on  
And maybe all this money mighta' gone to my head  
Cause they got me thinkin' money mighta' gone to the feds  
So I ain't goin' to the dread, but he'll go on up to bed  
And when I came the next mornin' he was gone with my bread  
And with that bein' said, I had gone on my instincts  
And gone to the spots where they go to get mixed drinks  
But lookin' back now shoulda' gone to the crib  
And rented "Gone With the Wind," cause I'da gone about 10  
But I had gone with my friend, and we had gone to the bar  
And heard a nigga talkin shit so I had gone to the car  
And now the judge is tellin' me that I had gone too far  
And now we gone for 20 years, doin' time behind bars  
And since I gone to a cell for some petty crimes  
I guess I gone to the well one too many times, cause I'm gone I'm  
Ahead of my time, sometimes years out  
So the powers that be won't let me get my ideas out  
And that make me want to get my advance out  
And move to Oklahoma and just live at my Aunt's house  
Yeah, I romance the thought of leavin' it all behind  
Kanye step away from the limelight, like, when I was on the grind  
In the "One, Nine, Nine, Nine"  
Before, model chicks was bendin' over or  
Dealerships asked me Benz or Rover, man  
If I could just get one beat on Hova  
We could get up off this cheap-ass sofa

What the summer of the Chi got to offer an 18 year old  
Sell drugs or get a job, you gotta play gyro  
My dog worked at Taco Bell, hooked us up plural-fied  
A week later the manager count the churros  
Sometimes I can't believe it when I look up in the mirror  
How we out in Europe, spendin' Euros  
They claim you never know what you got 'til it's gone  
I know I got it, I don't know what y'all on  
I'ma open up a store for aspiring MC's  
Won't sell 'em no dream, but the inspiration is free  
But if they ever flip sides like Anakin  
You'll sell everything includin' the mannequin  
They got a new bitch now you Jennifer Aniston  
Hold on I'll handle it, don't start panickin', stay calm  
Shorty's at the door cause they need more  
Inspiration for they life, they souls, and they songs  
They said sorry Mr. West is gone

Songwriters

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