

All The Way Gone

The Game

Just me and you girl

Mars

Baby you're the one

Oh

Let it rock, yeah yeah

She leave her hair in the sink

She leave her hair on the floor

Her hair all over the bed, that make me love her more

She wear a scarf, Louis V to be exact

It's a wrap, messing up her wrap, blowing out her back

Never let another rap nigga hit it from the back or the front

On my mama nigga, I be gone for months, come back

And it's still tight, I like when it's real tight

I'mma lick in circles now

Tell me what that feel like

Feels like when you try them red bottoms on

It feels like the song 'cause we all the way gone

Between me and you, do anything for old girl

Like hit it in the morning, yeah, cold world

[Chorus]

Baby you're the one

You ain't gotta hit the club no more

'Cause we done did that

Tryin' to find the one

But you been looking for love in all the wrong places

Every day's a movie, girl, you make the scene

They gon' keep on watching, give 'em something to see

We gonna be all the way gone

We gonna be all the way gone

She call me all the time, I ain't no regular Joe

I be staying at the Roosevelt more than Marilyn goes

I'm messing bitches with Chuck, but I was wearing some foams

Shorty been fly forever, these bitch's parachutes broke

TC's is on her person I'm aware that you know

And you know the flow, they jack it, I'm apparently cold, you know

Life's lemons is bitter, I need another fruit
She know we can't elope, look at what honey do
Straight G thing, double M G thing
Weed they can't fuck with, I'm puffin A.C. Green
When I peep in the public, bet I'm leaving with something
And I'm so fly I make some homebodies leave the luggage
Shout out Donny Sublime
Shout out Bobby on Hundreds
Not too many is touching, double M G this summer
The Red album, lil' red shorty, you can't touch her
I know Mario's on the hook, but I was playing Duck Hunt

[Chorus]

Yeah, he blowing up your cell phone
Send him the voice mail cause we all the way gone
And you ain't doing nothing wrong
But killing the competition in that Cosabella thong
Turn to the side, let me see them thighs
Profile, damn I'm digging your style, we can start slow now
Then speed it up, this playing in the background
While I beat it up, I beat it up

Baby soon as we get home, it won't take us too long
We gon' make it to the bedroom, I like the guest room
You can pick the next room
Put the camera on the tripod, got me playing on your iPod
I know you feeling me on my job, director
Cut

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written by CANNON, DONALD E./AKINTIMEHIN, OLUBOWALE VICTOR/EDWARDS, LAMAR
DAUNTE/BARRETT, MOSES III/TAYLOR, JAYCEON TERRELL/DOPSON, LARRANCE LEVAR
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