Goner

Dr. Dog

This gonna be one of them shits right here, boy Yeah baby, let's do it Oh shit, look at miss thing, you done grew into a stallion Girl and still don't got no ring? Back then, you was a lot younger, now you older Broke my heart on what you had in the stroller On the low, that could of been me, huggie down Fly and handsome, talk about little Starsky With little Barkley's, little car seat Two years later here comes little Sharneese I'm saying, are you involved, what's up with you? And where homeboy at? Oh word, ya'll through? Eff him, you know how I do, when I come through Shut the whole block down like I got something to prove But um, besides the lane, you look the same Still blowing beauty marks, sitting under your bang Ankle bracelets that Donna Kay shit I saw one rope for your throat, yo, it cost about 8 chips Hoodrats, they be wearing that fake shit Like her, she wear the same bag, like it ain't shit Pardon me, excuse my French Just read my lips, girl, everything's me He's a goner, hey, you just say the word, baby girl, I'm on that Hey, anything you need, anything you want, want, hey, hey 'Cause he don't know I gotcha, anything you need, I gotcha Ooh, baby girl, I gotcha He's a goner, hey, you just say the word, baby girl, I'm on that Hey, anything you need, anything you want, want, hey, hey 'Cause he don't know I gotcha, anything you need, I gotcha Ooh, baby girl, I gotcha

He's a goner

Look around everybody sipping on rosette
All in our business they wanna be nosey
He's with her, gonna be all in the streets like a Jeep tomorrow
Don't worry, let's breeze the bar
And in case I ain't tell you those jeans is hard

And those is the snitches, mean mugging, can't fight Run into the police, fuck them niggas

I pull out like a tooth when the back is rotten Finish 'em off like your menstrual after you spotting Ghost can't complain, 5'6", swinging those hips And my miss got me wanting to sing Walking down the street, watching ladies I go by watching you, watching you I want you like if I ain't got nothing to do

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Somebody better call the cops 'Cause if that thing cock back it's gon' pop Once me stop moving it ain't gon' stop Whatever that girl wants you know she got shopping Somebody better check the swag We rack up and never check the tags We just stuffed it all in the bag Oh, you mad? Well, too bad

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