

I'm So Gone (Patron) (Feat. Bobby Valentino)

Chamillionaire

[Chorus:]

You ever try me you know you will get dealt
I know that I'm the best that's why I'm feeling myself
Competition I be giving em hell I'm focused, I'm focused yea
Close the coffin and just put in the nail
And if ya up against me you know then ya gonna need help
You can run and hide but who ya gon tell I'm focused, I'm focused yea

[Verse:]

See I ain't have no money I ain't even have no cable
I had to get up on the grind get my own label
I had some patnas doing crime on that old table
Alot of em would say you can but with no able
Ya'll don't even know what it's like to feel gold
Ya'll kick it but never witness the field goal
The maybac, I'm layed flat, my wheels thowed
Look at that it's all black like real coal
I know ya'll don't see the drink and catch me with the kush
I'm not a saint I never could play like reggie bush
Stop acting like a punani ain't with the petty looks
I put the heat to ya belly and you'll be gettin douched
The shoes rims I call it football
Let's get paid no college football
Some sold pot like college cook offs
I sold bars to the block and hood pause
In the suburbs they was lookin fo they fix
So I gave em the type of fix that became dis
Then I added a couple watts and became mix
Then distrubuted to the blocks an became rich
We in the building yep that's what I thought
I heard em say that's why the building is just what I bought
I'm michael jordan your tiger woods and that's not smart
Both did the same crime you the one got caught
Dikembe mutumbo you dun know my gun blow turn dumbo to gumbo
I breathe death, I leave death from one flow
An emcee that gun tote become smoke
Ya woman pissin in her pants till she wet her shoe
Cheer leading on the side thicker than a betty boop
Garage lookin like an nfl locker do, 26's, 24's and 22's
Dion sandes high stepping on your canvas

Small talk ya'll suckin on ant dick
I turn ya'll to prey the way I attack it
Ya'll better hide and pray like a praying mantis
Male groupies say why your crew lef
Au revoir I'll speak ta you with the deuce best
See me and yell ey it's like you cleff
Apologise to my male groupies I'm too deaf
Pain is the movement if this whatchu rep
We revolve so no shells it ain't one clue left
We don't dance I just do my 1, 2 step
Super sober like I'm daring someone to step, yup
[Chorus]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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