

# Gone

Juelz Santana

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

God will never put you in a situation that you can't handle  
But you can definitely put ya self in a situation that you can't handle  
And some situations end in death  
And death is a mothafucka, ya digOld timer want the block back, stop that  
You been gone too long the young nigga said  
Lord knows, what's goin' through this young niggaz head  
As the old timer stood and grilled himPissed off, shorty looked at his man  
Touched his burner like I shoulda killed him  
Shorty in deep but he don't care  
But he don't know these old timers don't play fairThere he go, posted on his strip again  
Toast on him, niggaz with 'em, posted on his shit again  
He actin' like it can't and it won't happen  
Old timer 'bout to blow dust off that old cabinetThat's, that's, that's, where dem guns was kept  
These young niggaz better show some respect  
"I'll teach 'em a lesson", he said to his self  
As he proceeded to pull the lead from his shelfNow he headed towards shorty block, forty cocked  
On his zip, on his shit, like he don't care who shorty with  
But somebody saw him, before he go to shorty  
Shorty phone ring, somebody called himSomebody warned him, "He's comin', he's comin'"  
Shorty replied, "Somebody stall him"  
Then he crept up wit his goons and guns  
Whispered in to old timers ear, death is soon to comeThey say hell is hot but is heaven cold  
Know one ever knows till you gone, gone, gone  
And when you gone does ya soul drift off to a better place  
Or do you just forever fade away, away, away, awayLike a bird when it's headed towards the sky  
Or do you just die  
Or do you just perish from the earth and if so why, whyBaddest bitch up on the block  
Prolly make a nigga cum when as soon as she get up on the cock  
She fuck with Tony don't she  
Oh he's, not ya average drug dealer, fa sho he'sBeing watched by police, feds  
Investigators, oh, can't forget the haters  
Home girl ain't got a clue what he do for a livin'

She just think she got a dude with a pension  
She don't know dis dude is a henchman  
And he move on dudes with the cruelest intensions  
All she know she got a brand new Benz  
And it's big enough for her and all her brand new friends  
There she go all through the street with it  
Dude in and outta town, she all through the street with it  
We all know the street talk, we all know the street listen  
Next thing she's missin' Hello, ay nigga I got yo bitch, have a million sent up or she dead  
Damn, she in deep shit and she did nothin'  
I betchu she ain't see dis comin' but he did  
'Cause he did nothin', he ain't pay He told 'em keep dat bitch, he okay  
He got a wife and a kid, back home  
And he don't care about the life that she live Now that's wrong  
But the story ain't over it drags on  
They wind up beating her down  
Breathless, he winds up fleein' the town to the next bitch  
They say hell is hot but is heaven cold  
Know one ever knows till you gone, gone, gone  
And when you gone does ya soul drift off to a better place  
Or do you just forever fade away, away, away, away Like a bird when it's headed towards the sky  
Or do you just die  
Or do you just perish from the earth and if so why, why And um, I say that to say this  
A lotta people don't appreciate life till they gone  
I mean, a lotta situations can be avoided  
You just gotta avoid it, ya dig These are just a few stories  
There's a lot more where that came from  
Just don't be one of them people I'm talkin' 'bout, ya know

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