

# Gone

## Wiz Khalifa

Yeah, it's Young, ya know?  
Crack that shit down, roll that shit up, light that shit, pass it  
Nah, fuck that, face this one, yeah, this for all my true weed smokers  
Yeah, nigga ask me what's wrong with me I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
Purple, purple in my pocket, and my jeans sag low  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
Purple, purple in my pocket, and my jeans sag low I said I'm gone, off that pound of dank  
Ridin' in my ride, so blowed, don't know how to think  
But I'm stayin' high I'ma roll me a nice, long Swisher, filled with light green  
Oh, I think they like me, let me get a light, B (and then I'm gone)  
Off that Cali bud, what the fuck you chokin' on? Mr. Bud by the Zone, O's like Omarion  
And we ain't tuckin' nothin' cousin, what's the hold up?  
Keep 'em comin' back to back to back, we roll up ('til it's all gone) Get a pound, break it down, I ain't stingy,  
it's enough to go around  
And I'm blazin' right now, niggas tellin' me to hold on  
Crank it, twist it, light it, take a pull, and hold on (and then, I'm gone) I gotta have it, gotta have it, that's  
unheard about  
Rollin' up another blunt, before I put the first one out  
My eyes low, have me chiefin' 'til I choke  
Niggas askin' me what's wrong,  
Blew some smoke up out my nose, and said I'm gone I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that  
icky)  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
Purple, purple in my pocket, and my jeans sag low  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
Purple, purple in my pocket, and my jeans sag low I said I'm gone, off that brownish drank  
Niggas know how I roll, it look like my eyes closed  
Hennesey and Hydro, rhyme slow Nigga, I'm on a different type of a vibe  
This a different type of weed,  
And I'm a different type a high (my nigga, I'm gone)  
To a place that you probably never been in life Smokin' Purple Kryptonite, make sure you curl that Swisher right  
'Cause I ain't tryna have this home-grown runnin',

Homie thinkin' he gon' smoke for free,  
I duck 'em, roll somethin' (then, I'm gone) In my ride, doin' 80 in a 45 Zone, half a zone  
Got me blown, I get more than high Fresh off of the plane  
Head straight into my hotel  
Weed man in every city, yeah I smoke well (even when I'm gone) I ain't the only one, all my niggas puff pounds  
Swingin' blunts 'round, sun up 'till sun down  
My eyes low, and my words are getting slow  
Niggas askin' me whats wrong,  
I blew some smoke up out my nose, and said I'm gone I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that  
icky)  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
Purple, purple in my pocket, and my jeans sag low  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky)  
Purple, purple in my pocket, and my jeans sag low

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>