I'm Gone

Chris Webby

Refrain:
There's a lotta people talkin' to me,
I don't hear nothin'
Pop the pill how I'm rollin'
My head hears the repercussion
I'm gone, I'm gone
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone
Driftin' to another world, losin' touch with gravity
Losin' touch with everything, even my own reality
I'm gone, I'm gone,
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gas
to buy the whisky when am goneGot my unusual pharmaceuticals, everyone is edible
Barely sensible, but I'm feelin' f*ckin' incredible
Like Bruce Banner changin' the standard
And bein' lifted, got another Dutchie twisted, the size of a f*ckin' midget
I rhyme and they f*ckin' wit us, so why would I f*ckin' quit it?
So I tap my blunt ashes on these liars and f*ckin' critics designed to just be your menace
Let me pop a pill and witness me defy the laws of physics, tell Newton I really did it
No losin', so let me get it, maneuverin' with the quickness, I'm the reason that my local pharmacy is still in business
I'm the illest sucka to step out the clinic with bad news, now they see me as more than a gimic with tattoos
They hatin' and f*ck you. Yo , f*ck it, where's my medicine, I think I got another doctor's appointment to pencil in
Almost at an Atteral, pop another Ambien, buckled in on whatever shuttle they try to land me in
Refrain.
I'll be poppin' G ladies until I'm at least 80
Unable to see straightly, wherever the E takes me, I'm there
Poppin' stars until I'm rollin' insane, even if the doctor says I'll get a hole in my brain
I got that mental Novacain, palms sweaty, it's alright though
Molly and some acid tabs, yep, that is the right dose
I'm bad news, you want different then go to Geico
Drug induced animal, postin' up with the lights low
Brim to my eyebrows, higher than the sky's clouds. I'm Mike Vick and b*tches refusin' to lie down
Greater than Alexander, I'm searchin' for my crown
Ounces don't do it no more, I gotta buy pounds
Break it down, then I roll it up quick and light that sh*t, ain't nobody messin' with the flow now, better slow down,
You ain't rippin' mics like this, you don't live a life like this, so go and shut your lips
Pass the f*ckin' joint, man, I need another hit

Refrain.
La, la, la, la.....

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