

Intro

[Abk](#)

[Intro (Gotye - Eyes Wide Open)]

So this is the end of the story

[Verse 1:]

Started selling weed from my brother, the age was eleven
Thirty off a hundred dollars he working the shipments
Seventh grade Christmas time, momma gave me a fifty
I spent that fifty with the dope man, he gave me two fifties
I owed a fifty but I trapped and I paid him so quickly
I had them dimes so big junkies callin me biggie
I moved out, paying rent was such a good feeling
I hit a lick, thirty grams fell out of the ceiling
I'm in Savannah and my nigga like king of the city
In Alabama with them hammers they plotting to get me
These suckers tried to take my life on a couple of occasions
They grinded hard, thirty years, never took a vacation
And ever since seventeen, been stuck on probation
I chased a nigga, stabbed his ass now they calling me Jason
I fell out with my homeboy, I swear it was crazy
And we don't really know each other, but he having a baby
I travelled all around the world been plenty of places
I'm Gucci, trashbag cash got plenty of faces
In Sun Valley, trapping hard like back in the Eighties
I left with eighty, spent at least thirty grand in the station
I lost my nigga Dunk and no one will ever replace him
In Gucci's eyes he will always be one of the greatest
I lost my nigga Dunk and no one will ever replace him
In Gucci's eyes he will always be one of the greatest

[Outro (Gotye - Eyes Wide Open)]

So this is the end of the story

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