

Gone

Juelz Santana

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 dig
Old 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 him
Pissed 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 fair
There 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 cabinet
That'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 shelf
Now 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 him
Somebody 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 come
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
Baddest 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's
Being 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 payHe 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 liveNow 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 bitchThey 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, whyAnd 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 digThese 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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