Gone

æœ¨ä½•é‡Žä½³å-•

Wished I had told
Ooh was the only one
But it's too late, too late
She's gone
You sweat her, and I ain't talkin' 'bout a Coogi
You a big L, and I ain't talkin' 'bout Cool J
See me at the airport, at least 20 Louis
Treat me like the prince and this my sweet brother Numpsay
Brother Numpsay, groupies say I'm too choosy
Take 'em to the show and talk all through the movies
Says, she want diamonds, I took her to Ruby Tuesdays
If we up in Friday's, I still have it my way
Gone, we strivin' home
Gone, we ride on chrome
It's too late
Y'all don't want no prob from me
What you rappers could get is a job from me
Maybe you could be my intern, and in turn
I'll show you how I cook up summer, in the win-turr
Aaron love the raw dog, when will he learn?
Caught somethin' on the Usher tour he had to let it burn
Plus he already got three chil'run
Arguin' over babysitters like, ""*****, it's yo' turn"
Damn 'Ye, it'd be stupid to ditch you
Even your superficial raps is super official
R-R-Roc Pastille with Gucci on
With TV's in the ride, throw a movie on
Said he couldn't rap now
He at the top with doobie long
'Cause the dookie's on any song
That they threw me on
Gone, we strivin' home
Gone, I ride on chrome
Gone, we strivin' home
We strivin' home
Gone, I ride on chrome
Knock knock, who's there? Killa Cam, Killa who?
Killa Cam, hustler, grinder, gorilla true
Oh, my chinchilla blue, blue you ever dealt with a dealer?

Well here's the deal ma we goin' to the dealer booth
No concealin', no ceiling I don't need a roof
Act up, get out, I don't need you, poof
Poof, be gone, damn tough luck dag
Dag, ****** still doin' puff puff pass
Pull the truck up fast and I tell 'em
Hey, back in a touched up Jag, Jag
Y'all *****z want Killa Cam, cerebellum
An old man just gon' tell 'em
Then I see how y'all gonna react when I'm gone
My last girl want me back then I'm on
Fine stay, you got the grind hey
Came back, read what the sign say
Yes, I know you wanna see my demise
Yeah, you church boy actin' like a thief in disguise
Ain't leavin' my side, see the greed in my eyes
Ask Abby y'all hustle for a week to the Chi
And that ain't leavin' alive, please believe me
Gave Weezy a piece of the pie, and
You can ask Georgia or Regina
The whole West side I explore with the Beamer now
We strivin' home
I ride on chrome
Listen homeboy, move on
That's your best bet, why's that?
'Cause
Uhh, uhh, yo, yo
I been pourin' out some liquor for the fact that my pal's gone
And tryin' to help his momma with the fact that her child gone
And since we used to bubble like a tub full of Calgon
Guess it's only right that I should help her from now on
But since they got a foul on, what coulda gone wrong
Now they askin' Cons, how long has this gone on?
And maybe all this money mighta gone to my head
'Cause they got me thinkin' money mighta gone to the feds
So I ain't goin' to the dread, but he'll go on up to bed
And when I came the next mornin' he was gone with my bread
And with that bein' said, I had gone on my instincts
And gone to the spots where they go to get mixed drinks
But lookin' back now shoulda gone to the crib
And rented 'Gone with the Wind', 'cause I'da gone about 10
But I had gone with my friend, and we had gone to the bar
And heard a ***** talkin' ***t so I had gone to the car
And now the judge is tellin' me that I had gone too far
And now we gone for 20 years, doin' time behind bars

And since I gone to a cell for some petty crimes
I guess I gone to the well one too many times, 'cause I'm gone
Uh uh uh
Uh uh uh uh, uh onn, uh uh uh onn
Uh uh onn, uh uh uh I'mmm
Ahead of my time, sometimes years out
So the powers that be won't let me get my ideas out
And that make me wanna get my advance out
And move to Oklahoma and just live at my Aunt's house
Yeah, I romance the thought of leavin' it all behind
Kanye step away from the lime
Light, like, when I was on the grind
In the one, nine, nine, nine
Before model chicks was bendin' over or
Dealerships asked me Benz or Rover, man
If I could just get one beat on Hova
We could get up off this cheap-a** sofa
What the summer of the Chi got to offer a 18 year old?
Sell drugs or get a job, you gotta play gyro
My dawg worked at Taco Bell, hooked us up plural
Fired a week later, the manager count the churros
Sometimes I can't believe it when I look up in the mirror
How we out in Europe, spendin' Euros
They claim you never know what you got 'til it's gone
I know I got it, I don't know what y'all on
I'ma open up a store for aspiring MC's
Won't sell 'em no dream, but the inspiration is free
But if they ever flip sides like Anakin
You'll sell everything includin' the mannequin
They got a new ***ch, now you Jennifer Aniston
Hold on I'll handle it, don't start panickin', stay calm
Shorty's at the door 'cause they need more
Inspiration for they life, they souls, and they songs
They said sorry, Mr. West is gone

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/