

Kanye West, Gone (Ft. Cam'ron & Consequ

[Intro: Otis Redding and Kanye West]
Wished I had told ooh was (the) only one (uh oh)
But it's too late
It's too late
He's gone

[Verse 1: Kanye West]
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 twenty 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
Say she want diamonds, I took her to Ruby Tuesdays
If we up in Fridays, I still have it my way, gone!

[Hook 1: Kanye West and Cam'ron]

Gone
We striving home
Gone
I ride on chrome

[Verse 2: Kanye West]
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 winter
Aaron love the raw dog, when will he learn
Caught something on the Usher tour, he had to let it burn
Plus, he already got three chil'r'n
Arguin' over babysitters like, "Bitch, it's your turn"
&"Damn, Ye, it'd be stupid to diss you
Even your superficial raps is super-official"
R-R-R-Roc Pastelle with Gucci on
With TVs in the ride, throw a movie on
Said he couldn't rap, now he at the top with Doobie Long
'Cause I dookied on any song that they threw me on, gone

[Hook 2: Cam'ron and Otis Redding]

We striving home, gone
I ride on chrome, gone
We striving home
We striving home, gone (Killa)
I ride on chrome

[Verse 3: Cam'ron]
Knock knock, who's there? Killa Cam, Killa who?
Killa Cam, hustler, grinder, guerilla troop
Oh my chinchilla blue, blue, you ever dealt with a dealer
Well here's the deal, ma we going to the dealer, woo
No concealing, 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)
Niggas still doing puff-puff-pass (Puff, pass)
Pull the truck up fast and I tell 'em
Hey, back in a touched-up Jag, shit
Y'all niggas wanna get in Cam's cerebellum
An old man just gon' tell 'em too late
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 (Too late, he's gone)
Yes, I know you wanna see my demise
Yeah, you church, boy, acting like a thief in disguise
Ain't even my size, see the greed in my eyes

Ask Abby, I hustle, brought weed to the Chi, chyeah
And that ain't even a lie, please believe me
Gave Weezie a piece of the pie and
You can ask George or Regina
The whole West Side I explore with the Bimmer now
[Hook 3: Cam'ron]
We striving home
I ride on chrome
Listen, homeboy, move on
That's your best bet, why's that, Cons'?

[Verse 4: Consequence]

I been pouring out some liquor for the fact that my pal's gone
And trying 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 afoul on what could've gone wrong
Now they asking "Cons, how long has this gone on?"
And maybe all this money might have gone to my head
'Cause they got me thinking money might have gone to the Feds
So I had gone to the dread, but he had gone up to bed
And when I came the next morning he was gone with my bread
And with that being said I had gone on my instincts
And gone to the spots where they go to get mixed drinks
But looking back now, I should've gone to the crib
And rented Gone With the Wind, 'cause I'da gone in by ten
But I had gone with my friend, and we had gone to the bar
And heard a nigga talking shit so I had gone to the car
And now the judge is telling me that I had gone too far
And now we gone for twenty years doing 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

[Break: Kanye West]

Uh-uh-uh, uh-uh-uh uh uh onnn, uh uh-uh onnn
Uh-uh onnn, uh uh-uh

[Verse 5: Kanye West]

I'm 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 leaving it all behind
Kanye step away from the lime
Light like when I was on the grind
In the 1-9-9-9
Before model chicks was bending 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-ass sofa
What the summer of the Chi got to offer an eighteen-year-old?
Sell drugs or get a job, you gotta play your role
My dog 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 mirro'
How we out in Europe, spending 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 MCs
Won't sell 'em no dream, but the inspiration is free
But if they ever flip sides like Anakin
You'll sell everything including the mannequin
They got a new bitch, now you Jennifer Aniston
Hold on I'll handle it, don't start panickin', stay calm
Shorties at the door 'cause they need more

Inspiration for they life, they souls, and they songs
They said, "Sorry, Mr. West is gone"