

# Magno, So Gone Flow

(Magno)

I admit, I've been gone for a while  
Out of town, trying to make my paper long as the Nile  
But if I don't pick up the phone, when you dial  
That don't mean, I'm on the other end  
With friends, getting dome with a smile naw  
It's true, a lot of ladies wanna flow me  
Like wick in the ghetto, a lot of baby mamas want me  
But I don't trip, on them boppers and such  
I'm trying to take you flying, in them helicopters and such  
You just make sure, you watch these fellas  
Looking flashy, on Bellas  
Telling you I'm out of town, fucking these yellows  
You know, my only love is you  
Them niggaz, trying to be my substitute  
But ask yourself who love is true, who is so ghetto  
Still fuck you hard, on top of rose pedals  
Lights off clothes off, candles lit  
Hot wax on your back, Magno handle shit  
I treat you, like a human banana split  
But I don't think, that you can handle this  
I came up hard, cause the hood is scurr'  
These girls ain't got pussy, that's as good as yours  
If all was money don't be concerned, I cop the plane  
It really ain't a thang, I got G's to burn uh  
When I first met you, lust was strong  
Now we need to make sure, that trust is just as strong

(\*Monica\*)

You make, me feel  
So-ooo-oooo gone

(Mike Jones)

Girl you listening, to your family and your friends  
Tal'n bout, don't call me no mo' ever again  
Well that's cool, now that we through let me loose  
To pursue another girl, with a wet pussy ooh  
I love to fuck, I love getting my dick sucked  
While you at home acting stuck up, what the fuck  
Girl you wrong, your actions gon have you sleeping alone  
I stay so gone, so my money can stay long  
I'm Mike Jones (Who), Mike Jones that'll hit the road  
Not for hoes, but hit it for bank rolls  
My album "Who Is Mike Jones", coming soon  
My album "Who Is Mike Jones", coming soon  
My solo underground, called "Runnin Tha Game";  
So y'all can see, how I'm running the game  
Stop complaining and whining, cause I'm out late grinding  
I'm grinding, so me and you both will be shining  
But all that fussin and fightin, gon have you stuck home alone  
Keep on, and I swear I'ma be so gone  
Mike Jones (Who), Mike Jones (Who)  
Mike Jones (Who), Mike Jones-Jones

(\*Monica\*)

You make, me feel  
So-ooo-oooo gone

(Magno)

Hold up, what's this talk of you being so gone  
With no wheels on your Coupe, is so chrome  
I've been on the scoop, for so long  
It's time, for me to venture out  
If I make it, I'ma get you out

Come on and you know this, I got enough bank  
Flows hot as the block, of Antoine and Gulfbank  
See I don't fuck skanks, I get paper and leave  
Me and Mike, pull capers for G's  
We sorta like Batman and Robin, I'm a black man with problems  
I'm trying to stack grands, for rocking the mic at them shows  
I might, do a air of new flows  
How you think, you got them Parasuko's fa real

(\*Monica\*)  
You make, me feel  
So-ooo-oooo gone - 2x