

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