

Fabulous "Goner"

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This gonna be one of them shits right here, boy
Yeah baby, let's do it

Oh shit, look at miss thing, you done grew into a
stallion
Girl and still don't got no ring?
Back then, you was a lot younger, now you older
Broke my heart on what you had in the stroller

On the low, that could of been me, huggie down
Fly and handsome, talk about little Starsky
With little Barkley's, little car seat
Two years later here comes little Sharneese

I'm saying, are you involved, what's up with you?
And where homeboy at? Oh word, ya'll through?
Eff him, you know how I do, when I come through
Shut the whole block down like I got something to prove

But um, besides the lane, you look the same
Still blowing beauty marks, sitting under your bang
Ankle bracelets that Donna Kay shit
I saw one rope for your throat, yo, it cost about 8 chips

Hoodrats, they be wearing that fake shit
Like her, she wear the same bag, like it ain't shit
Pardon me, excuse my French
Just read my lips, girl, everything's me

He's a goner, hey, you just say the word, baby girl, I'm
on that
Hey, anything you need, anything you want, want, hey,
hey
'Cause he don't know I gotcha, anything you need, I
gotcha
Ooh, baby girl, I gotcha

He's a goner, hey, you just say the word, baby girl, I'm
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Ooh, baby girl, I gotcha
He's a goner

Look around everybody sipping on rosette
All in our business they wanna be nosey
He's with her, gonna be all in the streets like a Jeep
tomorrow
Don't worry, let's breeze the bar
And in case I ain't tell you those jeans is hard

And those is the snitches, mean mugging, can't fight
Run into the police, fuck them niggas
I pull out like a tooth when the back is rotten
Finish 'em off like your menstrual after you spotting

Ghost can't complain, 5'6", swinging those hips
And my miss got me wanting to sing
Walking down the street, watching ladies
I go by watching you, watching you
I want you like if I ain't got nothing to do

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Ooh, baby girl, I gotcha
He's a goner

Somebody better call the cops
'Cause if that thing cock back it's gon' pop
Once me stop moving it ain't gon' stop
Whatever that girl wants you know she got shopping

Somebody better check the swag
We rack up and never check the tags
We just stuffed it all in the bag
Oh, you mad? Well, too bad

He's a goner, hey, you just say the word, baby girl, I'm

on that
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