

Fat Joe "I'm Gone"

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[Intro: Fat Joe]

Yeah!

This is it y'all (Darkside), Darkside Volume One

Hope you enjoyed

We had to take you out classic status, you feel me?

We had to touch it (Darkside) - Yeah!

So I say

[Chorus (sample)]

Peace God I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm on my way

Peace God I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm on my way

Peace God (peace God!) I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm on my way

Darkside, Darkside, Darkside

[DJ Premier scratches over fourth line] ("Listen to the situation my son")

[Fat Joe]

Premo on the beat, yeah I know it sounds different

But his man's just passed, yeah his soul's just risen

Cold, cold, world is the word that was given

As he see me fifteen with the burner out of prison

Gangster - fuck that, I'm (GangStarr)

Tell Nas (hip-hop's dead) now, my man's gone

As I rise to the top, knee-deep in the game I survived every shot

Back to life like (Thriller), back to reality

Flipped the light scoop, got everybody mad at me

Uhh, don't let nobody put the battery

'Cause those things'll go 'pop pop' through your anatomy

I'm hungry nigga, I'll eat your flesh

I'm a butcher, chainsaw through your spleen and chest

There's a darkside of Texas too, word to syndicate

No matter how intricate shit gets, the hit you get

Joe Crack, yeah man on fire

Conversatin with the devil, rockin diamond messiahs

Uhh, I seek the truth while the streets admire me

Killers across the world say it's me they inspire to be

Feds on my back from my ties to criminology

Can't look back now, tomorrow's never promised B

Where I'm from, for (president) we voted Eric B

Joe been crack way before my philosophy
Banned from TV, BET won't play me
Still we do it B.I.G. it's all gravy
It's our reality, you call it crazy
But it's a darkside, it's what you made me
No more Mr. Nice Guy - pay me
What you niggaz owe before I come for your babies?
[DJ Premier scratches] "Listen to the situation my son"
So I say

[Chorus]

[Outro: Fat Joe]

Yeah! Been in this game for a minute man - seen a lot
of shit man

Shout out Forrest Projects man, Diggin' in the Crates
Crew
Went to the Amateur Night at the Apollo, won four
weeks in a row
That nigga Chris Lighty came and signed me, nigga I
had like ten cars
Medallions down to my dick nigga, Davader suits on -
haha!
Saved my life nigga, I took a motherfuckin pay cut to
do this shit right hereman
All these rappin niggaz talkin about they dope boys,
they real niggaz man
I don't know - I don't see these niggaz, feel me?
So I wanted a lil bit more than that underground shit
Had that army fatigue, the Chuckers
I signed a nigga by the name of Big Pun
That nigga went double plat on niggaz
We was at the Grammy's with motherfuckin fo' fifths in
our waist nigga
Hahahaha!
So you know Pun passed, I had to carry on tradition
nigga
Don Cartagena had to rise to the occasion
All by myself nigga!
Linked up with the R, linked up with Ashanti - the rest
was history nigga
Platinum plaques man
We been rollin ever since man, we been bank rollin
ever since man
You feel me? That Lean Back was number one song of
the fuckin decade
Check the fuckin Billboard nigga!
Shit! Niggaz wanna sleep on Crack
Niggaz wanna front onCrack, I said, "Fuck y'all niggaz,
I'm goin independent man!"

Make it Rain, threemillion iTunes sold man
I don't give a fuck nigga!
Fight for my life, this is the resurrection nigga!
Hop out the motherfuckin casket - brush the
motherfuckin dust off my shouldersnigga!
Yeah - see what you don't understand is that I eat,
sleep, drink music man
Nobody knows music like me man - this is what I do
man!
All these miserable fucks man - e'rybody got they
fuckin hand out
E'rybody want you to just come, give 'em money
Go across the world nigga, go earn, come back and
give 'em money for free man
Tell them niggaz get a life, get a job, suck a dick nigga
It's Crack bitch!
Welcome to the Darkside - a.k.a. "I Don't Give a Fuck
Music" nigga
A.k.a. "I Will Kill You Niggaz Music" - haha!
Seen that nigga Puff surf in on the hood nigga
You killed that Harlem shit bruh - HA!
Yeah, Darkside nigga [echoes]
Azariah I love you baby - that's my little Queen
Ryan what up? Junito what up?
Chu-Chu what up? John-John what up?
Gianni what up nigga? - HA! [echoes]
Little Joe rock on, Little Joe rest in peace
Big Fred rest in peace
Guru [echoes] rest in peace nigga
Now I can officially say hip-hop is dead nigga
Crack nigga

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