

Havoc

"Gone"

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[Intro]

Yeah! this is what they want, right?

Give 'em what they want, right?

Yeah, yeah! thirteen

[Verse 1]

2013, funny how time flyin'

It ain't a thing changed in regard to the iron

Hit you motherfuckers, go push it to the essence

Hollow-tip slugs that'll pierce through the vests

Anybody could get it, I send a clear message

I ain't talkin' bout textin', I get down in the trenches

Hang 'em like Texans, give 'em just enough rope

To do it on his own, after that, I'm ghost

Posted up back at the crib, gettin' top

Guap over hoes, get your hands out the pot

Fuck a #1 spot, and your little rap favorites

Young, rich and famous, I'm amongst the hood's

greatest

All will salute to the criminal element

Run up in your residence, catch him in his sleep

Niggas so shook they wanna turn a new leaf

Cryin' like a bitch when they see the blood leak

[Hook]

When it's on, we ain't soppin' 'til somebody's gone

Keep thinkin' it's a game, get your life gone

Your whole team a bunch of cowards

Where they at? Gone

Give a nigga gun showers then I'm out, gone

When it's on, we ain't stoppin' 'til somebody's gone

Keep thinkin' it's a game, get your life gone

Your whole team a bunch of cowards

Where they at? Gone

Give a nigga gun showers then I'm out, gone

[Verse 2]

I been gettin' paper early, that hustler's ambition

Killer instinct, body anything flinchin'

Put niggas on mute, use the .9 like a remote

An end to the fuckery you tryin' to promote

We was in the same boat 'til I threw 'em overboard
Fed 'em to the sharks, give you what your hand called
Fall - know I keep the goons on call
Ball 'til I fall, hope you niggas all crawl
Fuck your life - I ain't never gave two fucks
Ain't nothin' to us to have that ass tied up in the trunk
In the middle of nowhere, they probably won't find you
Do a nigga dirty, you don't wanna be my rival
Now you caught up in the mix, in some real deep shit
I can spot a mile away, niggas never peep shit
It's all about bein' on point and never slippin'
Niggas spread they business talkin' like little bitches

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

They asked me what's good, I tell 'em I can't call it
Plottin' on the law, if I tell you, I might spoil it
Same shit, different toilet - niggas know my resume
Have you bleedin' like a pig outside of Heaven's Gate
QB mafia, la Costra Nostra
Whole team in the precinct on wanted posters
Already on the run, so don't give a fuck
And we don't like you, fuckin' get rid of ya

[Hook]

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