

Kany García

"Gone Featuring Consequence & Cam'Ron"

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We stride and told
Wasn't the only ones
But it's too late, it's too late
Keep, goin

(Kanye West)
You sweat her, and I ain't talkin 'bout a Coogi
You a big L, and I ain't talkin 'bout Cool J
See me at the airport, at least 20 Louis
Treat me like the Prince and this my sweet brother
Numpsay
BROTHER NUMPSAY! Groupies say I'm too choosy
Take 'em to the show and talk all through the movies
Says she want diamonds, I took her to Ruby Tuesdays
If we up in Friday's, I still have it my way, gone

(Chorus 1)
We strivin home, we strivin
[Cam] We strive at home, I ride on chrome
Too late, keep, goin - we strivin home
[Cam] I ride on chrome
It's too late

(Kanye West)
Y'all don't want no prob from me
What you rappers could get is a job from me
Maybe you could be my intern, and in turn
I'll show you how I cook up summer, in the win-turr
Aaron love the raw dog, when will he learn
Caught somethin on the Usher tour he had to "Let it
Burn"
Plus he already got three chil'run
Arguin over babysitters like, "Bitch - it's yo' turn!"
Damn 'Ye, it'd be stupid to diss you
Even your superficial raps is super official
R-R-R-Roc pastel with Gucci on
With TV's in the ride, throw a movie on
Said he couldn't rap now he at the top with doobie long
Cause a duke he don on any song that they threw me
on, gone

(Chorus 2)

We strivin home, gone

[Cam] We strivin home, I ride on chrome...

We strivin home, gone

[Cam] We strivin home, I ride on chrome

(Cam'Ron)

Knock knock, who's there? Killa Cam, Killa who?

Killa Cam, hustler, grinder, gorilla true

Oh my chinchilla blue, blue you ever dealt with a dealer

Well here's the deal ma we goin to the DEALER WHOOP

No concealin, no ceiling I don't need a roof

Act up, get out, I don't need you poof

Poof, be gone, damn tough luck dag

Dag, niggaz still doin puff puff pass

Pull the truck up fast and I tell 'em

Hey, back in a touched up Jag, shit

Y'all niggaz wanna get at Cam's, cerebellum

An old man just gon' tell 'em (too late, keep, gone)

Then I see how y'all gonna react when I'm (gone)

My last girl want me back then I'm gone

Fine stay, you got the grind hey

Came back, read what the sign say (too late, keep
gone)

Yes I know you wanna see my demise

Yeah you church boy actin like a thief in disguise

Ain't leavin my side, see the greed in my eyes

Ask Abby I'll hustle for a week to the Chi, shit

And that ain't leavin alive, please believe me

Gave Weezy a piece of the pie, and

You can ask George or Regina

The whole Westside I explore with the Beemer now

(Chorus 3)

(Cam'ron)

We strivin home, I ride on chrome

Listen homeboy move on

That's your best bet, why's that?

Cause

(Consequence)

Uhh, uhh, yo, yo

I been pourin out some liquor for the fact that my pal's
gone

And tryin to help his momma with the fact that her child
gone

And since we used to bubble like a tub full of Calgon

Guess it's only right that I should help her from now on

But since they got a foul on, what coulda gone wrong

Now they askin Cons, how long has this gone on

And maybe all this money mighta gone to my head

Cause it got me thinkin money mighta gone to the feds
So I ain't goin to the dread, but he'll go on up to bed
And when I came the next mornin he was gone with my
bread
And with that bein said, I had gone wit my instincts
And gone to the spots where they go to get mixed
drinks
But lookin back now shoulda gone to the crib
And rented "Gone With the Wind," cause I'da gone
about 10
But I had gone with my friend, and we had gone to the
bar
And heard a nigga talkin shit so I had gone to the car
And now the judge is tellin me that I had gone too far
And now we gone for 20 years, doin time behind bars
And since I gone to a cell for some petty crimes
I guess I've gone to the well one too many times, cause
I'm gone

(Musical Interlude)

(Kanye West)

Uh-uh-uh

Uh-uh-uh uh uh onnn, uh uh-uh onnn

Uh-uh onnn, uh uh-uh I'mmmm

Ah-head of my time, sometimes years out

So the powers that be won't let me get my ideas out

And that make me wanna get my advance out

And move to Oklahoma and just live at my Aunt's house

Yeah, I romance the thought of leavin it all behind

Kanye step away from the lime-

-light, like, when I was on the grind

In the "One, Nine, Nine, Nine"

Before, model chicks was bendin over or

Dealerships asked me Benz or Rover, man

If I could just get one beat on Hova

We could get up off this cheap-ass sofa

What the summer of the Chi got to offer an 18-year-old

Sell drugs or get a job, you gotta play gyro

My dawg worked at Taco Bell, hooked us up plural-fied

A week later the manager count the churros

Sometimes I can't believe it when I look up in the
mirrow

How we out in Europe, spendin Euros

They claim you never know what you got 'til it's GONE

I know I got it, I don't know what y'all on

I'ma open up a store for aspiring MC's

Won't sell 'em no dream, but the inspiration is free

But if they ever flip sides like Anakin

You will sell everything includin the mannequin

They got a new bitch now you Jennifer Aniston

Hold on I'll handle it, don't start panickin, stay calm
Shorty's at the door cause they need more
Inspiration for they life, they souls, and they songs
They say sorry Mr. West is gone!

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