

Tyga

"I'm Gone"

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Looking around glass, my future is in the past
I'm re-arranging my life, I'm single and now I laugh
All of the moments we had, beginning and just the end
At the end, still ain't friends, heard I was on your hit list
Damn, now I'm driving Ferraris fucking random
bitches
People saying I made it but I don't feel too different
Wayne told me, "Close your eyes, they'll never see
your vision"
So I stay ready to die behind these Biggie lenses
Reinventing Audemars/Breguet shit
Just left the hood, word to the 5th Dist
Bout to cop a G, tear the roof like Diddy
And my city color purple nigga, no Celie
It takes time when you plotting on the beat
I kill it, I bet I kill it, producer witness to see
Bitches stand on their feet, handicap get out your seat
Got that buzz: Lil B, sting a bitch: Ali
Comparing tighter rappers, but my songs greater
Just compare me to dope dealers and ballplayers
Cause I'm a dope ass nigga and I ball, player
Never save a ho, can't even get a Life Saver
We gon fuck our way to the top and fall later
So I'mma fuck her, never call her later
Skinny nigga got my weight up
Middle finger to my haters, why you chasing? We erase
em
Mufucka I'm gone!

Middle finger to my haters, mufucka why you hating?
I'm gone
I ain't really wanna do it but I did it to em, nigga I'm
gone
Leave the beat shit alone, leave the bullshit at home,
I'm gone
Even though I'm out of here, nigga gotta keep it real,
I'm gone

She fuckin with me, these niggas ain't fuckin with me
Got my mind on my money, my money piling up
hundreds
You say you did it, I done it

You old nigga, I'm younger
You fold up under pressure
I'm good straight in the stretches
Bitches pecking my wood: wood chuckka chuckka
Never gave 2 fucks: double rubbers
Now your color turn your face to a red gusher
And your girl stick it to me like a car bumper
Never depended on anyone co-dependent
Kept my thoughts to myself, I don't need opinions
No middle mans, in the middle of my sands
Niggas thing they sweet, they can't even pay their
incidentals
I'm detrimental on any instrumental
I ain't pulling teeth, nigga better hide your pillow
Chew these rappers to the fucking grizzle
Bad to the bone, red zippers, Mike Jizzle, I'm gone

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Finally Famous in this..
I say, fuck sleep stayed up
Fuck you, pay up
Always got the paycheck
Never took a pay cut
Payday will be worth all the broke nights I stayed up
So in my cup I'm mixing up whatever dreams are made
of
Not too many young G's made of what I am
So I was waiting on a doctor man, patient as I am
I guess a young D-boy made it into a man
With girls half-naked around like we finna land the
sand
Red-eyes to Rome and they connecting to France
With some bomb-ass pussy, that bitch came straight
from Iran

My jewelry made in Japan, I'm off California drugs
And where I made my money? Nigga, all of the above
I could count my inner circle on my hands and my feet
Passing joints long as a branch cause it's family tree
Doing "kush-ups" man cause the weed too strong
I'm a G + 1 what's that muthafuck? That's gone
I'm a G + 1 what's that muthafuck? That's gone
Bitch!

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