

# J. Cole

## "I'm Gone"

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[J Cole - Verse 1]

I hit the weed I told myself the last time would be my last  
I don't trust my own n-ggas now my mind racing fast  
got my foot up on the gas, got a hundred on the dash  
if the police run up on me I aint stopping for their ass  
boy you know my L's dirty if they stop me I'm goin to jail surely  
I'll be next to my brother in the cell no bail for me  
man let me out send me back to bitches that smell  
Purdy (pretty)  
and all I gotta do is call once and she'll be all ready  
yeah buddy cant you tell im goin thru hell  
I don't even open my mail  
I'm in the shower with soap on the towel  
I need cleansing  
bad bitches all on the prowl they need Benzes  
p-ssy n-ggas running they mouth but we aint flinching  
they names aint even mentioned  
I got dreams bigger then your whole team  
You n-ggas so broke but yet somehow you seem so green  
I guess its envy, started with a penny now i'm getting plenty money

one time for the city, yea  
two times for you  
hey  
and one time for the city, hey  
two times for you  
hey

[J Cole - Verse 2]

Look kid, its raining outside boy  
f-ck an umbrella, n-ggas banging outside boy  
they guns dumb bell a n-gga  
tired of telling n-ggas thats a cease rest in peace  
we tired of only having just a peace  
and f-ck policing, they killing n-ggas whats the reason  
his daughter starving and she f-cking freezing  
so no wonder why he f-cking squeezing  
they out here bussin' leavin' n-ggas stuck in bleedin' on

the flo'  
bullets wet you like a semen on a hoe  
breathing slow man I inhale  
one day you tryna make rent, next day you in jail  
lord knows he meant well  
so I take the pencil and write like a pen pal  
Some shit that's darker than the tints up on the  
windshield

welcome to sinville where n-ggas on base  
sh-t is looking like an infield  
high as a Sprint bill  
what you think, thats the reason why this ink in my pen  
kills  
phoney n-ggas until they are extinct, b-tch I've been  
real

one time for the city, yea  
two times for you  
hey  
and one time for the city, hey  
two times for you  
hey

[Verse 3]

The more n-ggas sayin'  
Cole the wrong one bringin' the city shine  
All he ever doin' is paintin' pictures of crime  
Tellin' stories of pain, paintin' pictures of dope  
Bitch if you listen I'm paintin' pictures of hope  
That boy in class embarrassed because he broke  
Hopin' the day he won't be the butt of somebody's  
jokes  
See me; I lived it all from dirt-poorin' and trailer  
Worried about my mother and never trustin' my  
neighbors  
To middle-class with a backyard and my own room  
To bein' the only black kid in my homeroom  
academically gifted and followed my own rules  
Was runnin' the streets hey ma I'll be home soon  
Was out chasin' ho's, was out hoopin'  
Them n-ggas wasn't ballin' but yet they was foul  
shootin'  
So meet the newest role model who don't know how to  
fake this sh-t  
Never sold a rock and look I made it bitch

[Hook]

One time for the city, yea  
two times for you  
hey

and one time for the city, hey  
and two times for you  
hey

[Outro]

Girl it's been so long, I've been gone from you  
But you ain't gotta worry 'bout the thangs I do  
It's hard but the thought of you would ease my pain  
Girl I promise they gon' know our name  
Ain't seen you smile in awhile  
But I been dreamin' 'bout you

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