

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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