

## Wife Beater Gang "I'm Gone"

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[Chorus x2 - Alamo]

I'm gone, I'm gone

I can't see you haters with these dark shades on

I'm gone, I'm gone

I'm leaving feel free to get your hate on

I'm gone, I'm gone

Phone on silent ain't nobody calling

I'm gone, I'm gone

Sorry girl you won't see me in the morning

[Alamo - Verse 1]

Birds eye view and I ain't seeing from a distance

In fact I got bad vision, everything different

This shit sounding good this is a star track

I'm light years ahead, this is a star track

I don't see captain kirk where the \*\*\*\* is Mr Spock?

Alamo your a jerk, all eyes on me like 2Pac

Money in my tube sock, I get numbers do the math

5 minutes pass, she in the bag, now she drunk call a cab

God bless the child, that can rhyme a gift at gab

And my rapping skills will bring me everything you neva had

Shout out to New York, the hood say I'm outta reach

On sum Lebron \*\*\*\*, I'm my talents to South Beach

I got money on my mind don't mean to ignoring

But my girl keeps on callin, and everything you say sounds boring

Like many money say me say mang mang mang

In New England singing I'm gone, like Go N-E

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[Jeff Li - Verse 2]

Yo I'm tryna get this paper but these \*\*\*\*\* hatin

I'm gone off that kush, yeah I'm high to the ceiling

Ya crew a bunch of weirdos go to court and start

singing

And you the type of \*\*\*\*\* sell white and start sniffing  
I stay fresh to death in the Louie Vuitton lenin  
Fresh pair of tims my jeans are true religion  
Ya time is running out like a rapper who style bitten  
I'm above the competition just call me Blake Griffin  
We the big three ain't lying no fiction

If you can't stand the head get the \*\*\*\* up out the  
kitchen

I'm rockstar living my swag is authentic  
Crisco smooth \*\*\*\*\* I been slick  
Sleep with one eye open, Slick Rick  
I'm taking over the game dog, Michael Vick  
Who are you? where i'm at? I'm Jason Bourne  
I \*\*\*\*\* your \*\*\*\*\*, disappeared... Poof I'm gone  
[Chorus x2 - Alamo]

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[Ballestplaya - Verse 3]

Superstar that's me, yes my life a movie  
Super fly head to toe, everything is Louis  
Tearing up terrain like a steel grain battle axe  
My battle raps rattle cats-like vicious dogs I'm barking  
back

Swiftest, yes my gift is, spitting til' my kidney cracks  
My brain leavels maxed out, blood flow like tampax  
Houston, Atlanta, Vegas yes I fly out on the regular  
Always gone never home call my schedule irregular  
We sitting on the thrown, ya'll ain't even second best  
Your fame got a second left, RIP type to rest  
This the new generation, WBG be the team  
Alamo, BP, Jeff Li, holding down the scene  
Unique as random chance, you lames don't stand a  
chance

Compete against us? Take your L, you won't advance  
They just mad cuz we took their place  
Let em hate, I'm gone out of space

[Chorus x2 - Alamo]

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