

Slaughter

"Gone"

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[Intro: DJ Drama]

Truthfully, it's what the game did to us
It's what it made me
Me, myself, I'm just tried to get my name on the flyer
That's it, we look back, like damn I did it
It came with a price though
At some point we all gone

[Hook: K-Young]

The room is spinnin'
My mind is running around in circles
I can't even hear the thoughts I'm thinkin'
Cause I'm gone, I'm gone, gone, gone
Cause I'm gone, I'm gone, gone, gone

[Verse 1: Crooked I]

Talkin' to myself, I tell me "Crooked is real as this"
Life is a bitch and death wanna steal a kiss
Slap you when you're born, when you're gone they feel
your wrist
To see if your pulse still exist
Living in the belly, of the beast is a real abyss
Walk in a straight line is what you entertain
Then you slang to pay your bills, that's your ying and
yang
The daily challenge to find balance within your brain
There's something else, living inside your heart other
than your pain
I look at life as a lesson
For me to change is like a Rolex for a gift
No better time than the present
If not, I'ma be smokin' chronic
Drinkin' on vodka till I choke on my own vomit cause
life's a broken promise

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Royce Da 5'9"]

When that Slaughterhouse album comin'? What's the
ETA?
Where that good music at? Where that beat from 'Ye?

Is Crooked and Yaowa were only in that group to keep
From being in the streets to distribute yay
Is Royce and Marshall 'bout to link and go their secret
way

Is Joe gonna start a show with all his hoes
Like he the prot?g? of Stevie J for easy pay
Before y'all become a memory

Would y'all please do a song with Kendrick, Young
Money, and MMG?

These questions and suggestions they hard to
maintain

When you fuck with Flex but you worry what
Charlemagne think?

Cause you from the D and don't get no radio play in ya
own home

Long as y'all playing Sean I'm good, I'm grown
Nigga I'm gone

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Joell Ortiz]

Have you ever tried to stop crying but couldn't?

Them shots fly in my hood and

Sometimes it'll force a guy to say bye bye to a good
one

Dust some slacks from in the back of that closet and
button up

Don't crumble up, when you approaching his mother
that hug is tough

It'll make you asthmatic, some can't hack it but look at
me

I wear my hat backwards and rap fantastic cuz I'm a G
Royce, pause that block, I ride past that for them beats
But my niggas mathematics? Bad traffic, still in the
streets

As long as they there, I'm there survivin' for them ones
But they won't stay there, I swear

I'mma write 'em out the slums

So when a gun is drawn in the hood, man they good, on
my tour bus

Puffing bumping this song, fucking fans feeling lucky
we gone

[Hook]

[Verse 4: Joe Budden]

Thought we were defying the odds, I thought that we
weathered the storm

I thought that we'd travel the same road, I thought that
we'd never conform

Don't tell me you bastards tricked me, don't tell me that

I was just wrong
Cause now I'm masked and it gets to me, whenever
we're about to perform
Thought it was about to heat up, it's taking a while to
get warm
If not for the fact that I love you niggas, and we all get
along
I swear we'd been got
Thought we could all see the writing on the wall
Now after chivalry we was rebels and exciting as
before
Or Maybe the fact I've been solo so long
It's kinda spoilt me or when I'm annoyed and try to
avoid
Becoming a victim of loyalty
We was so cuttin' edge
My address is the fucking ledge
Won't be unhappy, I know how I get one in this state
If I let them fuck me this time, it'll be considered rape
We were saviours on our own terms
I've learned if any three of you have wavered
Let me know so I can wave good... Nah

[Hook]

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