

# Kurupt, R.O.C. , Phats Bossi, RZA, Dr. Dre, Warren G

## "Gone With The Wind"

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Intro:

\*coughing\* Damn!

Standing here brings back a gang of memories, man

Sitting on this old block

All the violence and drugs you know

But I lived through it

Get this shit on, yeah nigga, you and them  
motherfuckers

Rest in player pieces my niggas

Blaaow!

Innocent bystanders be laying up in the streets

In the concrete jungle where real niggas be packing  
heat

Leaving your insides exposed to the witnesses walking  
by

Here today and gone tomorrow my nigga, we born to  
die

Keep your eyes open partner, ain't no rules in this shit  
My nigga died with three kids and a wife, ain't that a  
bitch

I can't go clubbing because I'm thugging with some G's  
for real

I see some niggas at the party, then I'm subject to kill  
Keep my head over the water, uzi in the stash  
Niggas try to wet me up that's why I dumped on they  
ass

I had a homey named 'Money' now he's R.I.P

Niggas set him and killed him for some key's and g's  
I don't know why they fuck did it, niggas plotting and  
scheme

That's why you can never be blind to a broke man's  
dream

Because see I'm losing it. I can't take it. I miss my peers  
Talk to my nigga, Makaveli. He's been dead for two  
years

Episodes of divine intervention, invade my mind  
Got me thinking, 'Damn I could've been dead, a couple  
times'

Killer pits and extra clips, around my bed when I sleep  
Stash my glock under my pillow, twenty gauge by my  
feet  
Sitting on my old block reminiscing again  
For my homies dead and gone in the wind  
Gone with the wind, gone with the wind  
Gone with the wind, gone with the wind

Chorus:

Sitting on my old block reminiscing again  
Put the fire to the blunt, take a sip of the Hen  
Sitting on my old block reminiscing again  
On my homies dead, gone with the wind  
Gone with the wind  
(2X)

Too many niggas smile in my face and back stab  
I'm left throwing niggas in the trunk and kidnap  
Thugging and loving bitches obsessed with this mob  
shit  
Niggas thinking they moving  
and bailing out the cut with the quickness  
Suckers be blind to this real shit, we bring the pain  
Bossalini, Fetty Chico, Shiznilti still in the game  
Immortalized forever, having my homies up in the  
grave  
Thinking back on when I used to drank yac in my  
younger days  
Bust the twelve gauge shotty, too young to buy liquor  
Little bad ass niggas grew up to be mob figures  
Living life on a razor; cars, money and bitches  
Niggas plotting to kill us, coming in coupes in a milli's  
We go to war 'til they feel us, bury they ass on the  
realest  
(not sure what is said) eliminate you for scrilla  
Niggas dying on the frontline  
Spending most of they life ducking the one time, no  
sunshine  
In the world of sin, from the gutter to the pen  
Got me swimming in the game with a brim on my  
shark's fin  
Sitting on my old block reminiscing again  
For my homies dead and gone in the wind  
Gone with the wind

Chorus

I ain't no bitch but if you bone me I'm coming  
Running double trying to murder something  
Eyes red and heart pumping  
Serving niggas out the back of the Caddy

Hitting corners,  
ain't no love for you snitch ass niggas in California  
Ducking suckers and shady bitches, scheming to gaffle  
riches  
Niggas living fictitious, running game and selling  
fishes  
Paranoia of surveillance vans watching me close  
Nigga (?) dreams died back in '94  
Suckers laid down my homey, I just had to get off  
Can't be acting like no bitch nigga, because war is raw  
They say nice guys finish last and the good die young  
Too many real niggas put to death by the hand of the  
gun  
Sitting on my old block reminiscing again  
On my homies dead and gone in the wind  
Gone with the wind, Gone with the wind  
Gone with the wind, gone with the wind  
Gone with the wind

Chorus (3X)

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