

Gone

Blu

Nothing makes me wanna love
I swear its like everything we had was a drug
I sobered up sitting on the dock of my sanity
I thought about my life in the sense of what I plan to be
Rich with a family, that's pretty much it
I been supposed to got it, felt that I could get it
I printed my ambition in a letter to my better half
I call it rap, just caught up in feelings lost in pads
Pens were needles, heroin in my veins then
Pain in my blood, cause pain had it's ways
And again from day to day
Way more reckless when created Below the Heavens
But it's still praised, blessing of the curse
When friends follow trends to the hearse
Chasing dreams that play out like jeans
We were, wearing hearts on our sleeves like 12th bar
Was out back then, when I was out past 10
Walking home from night school, a kid who knew Ice Cube
Heard me bust and said that I reminded him of them
Except nothings happening now out on the west
Complacency is spreading cause we stopped smoking stress
Niggas stuck in ruts between rocks, and ain't not not turn, shh, I'm shocked
I'm trying to learn you he told me, but I already knew who I was gone be
An og bound to be a g o, d and quit my j o b
And go away to a place these eyes ain't seen
Green hash, green grass, a mean ass to squeeze
And a, smile, for the cameras while the flocks scream

Rap is like, slapboxing with god I catch flack
From mama for not acknowledging god, imagine that

I haven't asked her what she thought about my title track
Yet, prolly haven't had a chance to let it set
Pregnant again, bringing another child into hell , yet again
I just pretend that it's pleasant, you know
Cause you know the gas got niggas miserable
Not to mention prices even rose on cereal
That's why I sit and quote rappers 5 g's
Each syllable I speak and residuals
Capeesh, thanks for letting me out of me onto you onto beats for a fee or fo
r free
Accordingly tossed a fourth of my thoughts onto a notepad
And performed accordingly, each song I recorded my peace on
A track to free on and we gone
Won't be returning until the curtains are drawn
The fat lady sings the Nina part from My Boy Blu
While I stand in a B-Boy stance and serve your crew
The chance to choose the fans, the grands, the boobs, the band
The grand stand up and granted the truth I'd rather
Drop gems than rock jewels anyday
Pick the truth over loot anyway
Many say it's all about the benny franks
But we'll see, what the end of the beginning brings
Church to you, never had to be down to earth
God gave the earth to you
And don't need a church to go through to serve you through
Whether you prefer voodoo or youtube

I urge you to, find a higher place to vibrate
Pronto, I used to bang Time Waits for No Man by Rasco
Now I bang Tom Waits and Thom Yorke
I'm trying to be great but time's short, why wait, go get it