

Gone For The Winter

Fabolous

Blunts full of smoke, clips in the ashtray
Reminiscing on our past days
Back before a nigga went cold
Back before a nigga sold his soul
The grass is way greener, on the other side
The cash is way greener, over here where I reside
Soon as the summer come around I'm gon' make sure you see me
Said I'ma make sure you see me
But for now

Shouldn't you be
Gone
Gone for the winter
Gone for the winter

Ain't that what the words do
(The summers ours and the winter too)
They told me love don'y cost a thing
Bitch I'm heading to the bank
(That's that's that's just what it feels like)

Hit the scene sippin' lean, Give a fuck 'bout what you

Straight up shit is real and any day could be your last in the jungle
My ears to the streets, I hear your ass when you mumble
They say you can't do it cause the last nigga fumble
As soon as you make it out, you get asked to be humble, waah
Head high, middle finger higher
My youngin' don't rap but that little nigga fire
Like Ray Allen in game 6, when James missed
Then Bosh tapped it to him
You know what had happened to 'em, swish
It's all about a swish
Know a nigga who would, you ain't even gotta wish
It's more in the sea and I done had a lot of fish
How she act when you ain't up will tell a lot about a bitch
Cause eagles don't fly with pigeons, they way higher
All wings flap but you gotta stay flyer
Niggas broke as a joke, sitting laughin' together
I started cheasin' after I turned my craft into cheddar
I ran from the worst, chasing after the better
Life is a bitch, I knew right after I met her
So what you have-nots know about having knots?
Love for a hater only thing I haven't got

You know I get around baby, that's just how the life be
I like a couple towns but you know my city wifey
And I ain't spent a month at home, still be in my comfort zone
Fuck asking for a seat, you gotta come for thrones
Kings don't speak English we speak Kinglish
I scoop a chick from Queensbridge, she coming back a Queen bitch
Think big and Kim, not think bigger than them
Everybody wanna shine, gotta give these niggas a gym
Never stressed of lil' things, like a hater
That's something that comes when you eatin', like a waiter

Live from the 718

It's the kid that always get the shoes early, I never run late
You see I big up the flows, everyword is capital
I killed all them hoes, I'm the murder capital
I'm the name they bring up that they think their bird is flappin' to
You the name that usually comes behind, "word what happened to"
Hah, y'all old washed niggas
Was the man now your all no washed nigga
That's why I'm on one like old Goerge Wash nigga
If t's one they gotta chse it like John Walsh nigga
I'm gone

If you [?] that you not getting somebody's [?]
Them say ooh God bless no man never curse
Them say love yourself or you can't love nobody at all
If you ain't a hater, put your hands in the air right now

Represent, represent

Came through in '98, and I've been reppin' since
These cats ain't real, just found out they leopard print
Cause they always talk shit then ask you for peppermints
Well, I can smell a hate on your breath
And I'm all out of tic tacs
All I got is clic clac
Put it to your mouth just like Cutti did to Anthony
I tried to a friend mother fucker, you under handed me
Lucky this is personal and God got a plan for me
Cause I handle my business, never let my business handle me
Saying your name could do more for you than it can for me
You give niggas and they forget your philanthropy
You don't have a penny till your name Anfernee
Don't ever bite the hand that feed you and then stick out your hand for me
We don't base, we throw niggas in the truck for real
Chase you out the hood, make you live with uncle Phil
Champagne every night, I done drunk a mil
Yeah, now that's money wasted
But now it's kinda hard for me to buy Ace
'Specially when I just seen Hov buy Ace
Moves, time to make moves
No more jab steps, those is fake moves
Gotta make it happen, no time for what may work
My plan B's another way to make my plan A work
I dot the job myself and I'm still boss
You was in a win-win and you still lost
From young OG to young o genius
This is vintage shit, I don't think you young hoes seen this
I funeral shit, y'all shoulda brung more Kleenex
Even my junior ballin, yeah my sun so phoenix
Threw stones in the cross, call my young o Jesus
Foreign car work, hope you brung your visas, nigga
I tossed pies, flung those pizzas
My lady a work of art, call her a young Mo Lisa