

Gone

Grace

(Never get the chance again to touch on me
Love on me, all you do is smoke my fuckin' weed)

Swear you'll never get the chance again to touch on me
Love on me, all you do is smoke my fuckin' weed
Matter of fact, I need 'em ones off your fuckin' feet
Tony Braxton, singin', "Boy ain't man enough for me" (He ain't man enough for me)
To be honest, you ain't never did shit for me
Flip on me, never would commit to me

So I threw your clothes on the block, yeah-yeah
They on the corner in a box, yeah-yeah
And now I'm changing all the locks, yeah-yeah
They say you don't know what you got, yeah-yeah, no

Till it's gone, gone, gone
Gone, gone, gone
Till it's gone, gone, gone
Gone, gone, gone
And I'm gone
Oh, gone, gone
And I'm gone

Mmh, I'm deletin' all the pictures and the texts from my phone
Go home and tell your mother she can leave me alone
You got big dick energy, but, really, it's small
You the type to wear a 'fit and take it back to the mall
And I'ma celebrate and take a shot at the bar
Cuffin' season, chillin' like a cop in the car
I got a six-figure papi wanna take me to France
You wanna act like a dog, then you can stay in the yard

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Gone, gone, gone
Till it's gone, gone, gone
(Till it's) gone, gone, gone
Till I'm gone

You'd be lyin' if you say you ain't need me now
Playin' with my heart, boy, I'll never come back around
Cease and desist, I have made my decision
I understand my power and I know my position
Come gather round, we can light a fire
Have you ever seen a grown man cry?
Ran up all his credit, gotta pay the price
Can you lift your head up, look me in the eyes?

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Till it's gone, gone, gone
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Till I'm gone