

# Gone

Ocean Wisdom

Look, they told me stay sane  
Don't smoke your soul away  
I get four wheels  
That's a feat, not a rollerblade  
I want four meals in a day  
Like I'm overweight  
I am for real  
Not a fake  
There ain't no debate  
I see some guys iPods  
And it's loads of Drake  
I play my song  
Why not listen to O today?  
You want the big bars  
Me, I want the Oz of haze  
Let's make an exchange  
Like best mates with SNES games  
I don't play no shit my homie  
Fuck about a rappin' phony  
Only real ones get the dokey  
O's inside like macaroni  
Swear I got the batest flows  
Plus I got some sicker ones  
Catch me watching snuff films  
I don't watch no Chicken Run  
I don't pick no daffodils  
Catch me picking sticky punk  
Dynamo's a pal still  
He knows that I'm a tricky cunt  
I swear I think I'm Ong-Bak  
It hurts when I diminish 'em  
I swear its Mortal Kombat  
It's perfect when I finish em!

So watch me go  
And watch me go  
Until I'm gone!  
I know you'll miss me  
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Look I turned up in a top hat  
Like I ain't heard about WhatsApp

Like don't tell me I'm old fashioned  
Like don't tell me I ain't got swag  
Like mans about it  
I'm certified  
And I'm rolling round with this Dirty Dike  
Swear down the way  
That man draws the crowd  
Its like they should give me the Turner Prize  
So don't stop me baby  
Like spermicide  
Watching like you ain't heard a rhyme  
Me and my mandem got chips  
You man sucking on curly fries!  
Allow this rap pattern  
Back track and slow it down  
I'm back slanging raps  
So I can churn it out  
That's word to wise  
I'm known for tryna sing a couple bar  
Get my Rag 'n' Bone on like Lah-de-dah-de-dah  
But every time I sing they really wish that I would go  
And so I start to cry "They only love me for my flow!"  
So I'ma be giving them more of that more of that  
Tell me my singing is poor and that poor and that  
So I be giving them flow and they loving the way that I'm fully performing t  
hat, oh  
Syllables falling  
I'm fully enthralling 'em  
I make em reciprocate  
Give em a call and  
They give a response  
Wizzy the don  
I'm on the road  
I'm going I'm gone!

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They told me stop getting high  
Focus on your songs  
I said why, Dirty Dike's the man  
And Ocean is a Don  
Watch me go until I'm gone  
I know you'll miss me  
They said I'm not the second coming but they won't convince me!

I'm squeezing titties like I'm holding stress balls  
She's pussy-popping like a blow up sex-doll!  
While you stitch up yourself  
The police don't need to interrogate  
Cause your album sounds more like a fucking confession tape!  
I woke up to two bitches sharing my cock  
Got straight back on canon  
Hair of the dog  
Never hungover  
Get a steamer in my cupholder  
Bout to give these fat asses a once over  
I go out and get drunk til its daytime  
At the bar chatting up girls looking disabled  
If I'm lucky my brain might think of something to say  
Like "Pull my fly down and drink me under the table!"

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