

# Gone

## Slaughterhouse

Truthfully, it's what the game did to us  
It's what it made me  
Me, myself, I'm just tried to get my name on the flyer  
Thats it, we look back, like damn I did it  
It came with a price though  
At some point we all gone

The room is spinnin'  
My mind is running around in circles  
I can't even hear the thoughts I'm thinkin'  
Cause I'm gone, I'm gone, gone, gone  
Cause I'm gone, I'm gone, gone, gone

Talkin' to myself, I tell me "Crooked is real as this"  
Life is a bitch and death wanna steal a kiss  
Slap you when you're born, when you're gone they feel your wrist  
To see if your pulse still exist  
Living in the belly, of the beast is a real abyss  
Walk in a straight line is what you entertain  
Then you slang to pay your bills, that's your ying and yang  
The daily challenge to find balance within your brain  
There's something else, living inside your heart other than your pain  
I look at life as a lesson  
For me to change is like a Rolex for a gift  
No better time than the present  
If not, I'ma be smokin' chronic  
Drinkin' on vodka till I choke on my own vomit cause life's a broken promise

When that Slaughterhouse album comin'? What's the ETA?  
Where that good music at? Where that beat from 'Ye?  
Is Crooked and Yaowa were only in that group to keep  
From being in the streets to distribute yay  
Is Royce and Marshall 'bout to link and go their secret way  
Is Joe gonna start a show with all his hoes  
Like he the protégé of Stevie J for easy pay  
Before y'all become a memory  
Would y'all please do a song with Kendrick, Young Money, and MMG?  
These questions and suggestions they hard to maintain  
When you fuck with Flex but you worry what Charlemagne think?  
Cause you from the D and don't get no radio play in ya own home  
Long as y'all playing Sean I'm good, I'm grown  
Nigga I'm gone

Have you ever tried to stop crying but couldn't?  
Them shots fly in my hood and  
Sometimes it'll force a guy to say bye bye to a good one  
Dust some slacks from in the back of that closet and button up  
Don't crumble up, when you approaching his mother that hug is tough  
It'll make you asthmatic, some can't hack it but look at me  
I wear my hat backwards and rap fantastic cuz I'm a G  
Royce, pause that block, I ride past that for them beats  
But my niggas mathematics? Bad traffic, still in the streets  
As long as they there, I'm there survivin' for them ones  
But they won't stay there, I swear  
I'mma write 'em out the slums

So when a gun is drawn in the hood, man they good, on my tour bus  
Puffing bumping this song, fucking fans feeling lucky we gone

Thought we were defying the odds, I thought that we weathered the storm  
I thought that we'd travel the same road, I thought that we'd never conform  
Don't tell me you bastards tricked me, don't tell me that I was just wrong  
Cause now I'm masked and it gets to me, whenever we're about to perform  
Thought it was about to heat up, it's taking a while to get warm  
If not for the fact that I love you niggas, and we all get along  
I swear we'd been got  
Thought we could all see the writing on the wall  
Now after chivalry we was rebels and exciting as before  
Or Maybe the fact I've been solo so long  
It's kinda spoilt me or when I'm annoyed and try to avoid  
Becoming a victim of loyalty  
We was so cuttin' edge  
My address is the fucking ledge  
Won't be unhappy, I know how I get one in this state  
If I let them fuck me this time, it'll be considered rape  
We were saviours on our own terms  
I've learned if any three of you have wavered  
Let me know so I can wave good.. Nah