

# I'm Gone

Tyga

Ugh, looking around glass, my future is in the past  
I'm re-arranging my life, I'm single and now I laugh  
All of the moments we had, beginning and just the end  
At the end, still ain't friends, heard I was on your hit list  
Damn, now I'm driving Ferrari fucking random bitches  
People saying I made it but I don't feel too different  
Wayne told me "Close your eyes, they'll never see your Vision"  
So I stay ready to die behind these Biggie lenses  
Reinventing all the Audemars/Breguet shit  
Just left the hood, word to the 5th Dist  
Bout to cop a G to the roof like Diddy  
And my city color purple nigga, no ceiling  
It take time when you plying on the beat  
I kill it, I bet I kill it  
Producer witness to see  
Bitches standing on they feet, handicap get out your seat  
Got that buzz: Lil B, sting a bitch: Ali  
Compare tighter rappers, but my songs greater  
Just compare me to dope dealers and ball players  
Cause I'm a dope ass nigga and I ball player  
Never save a hoe, can't even get a Life Saver  
She gon fuck her way to the top and fall later  
So I'mma fuckin never call her later  
Ugh, Skinny nigga got my weight up  
Middle finger to my haters, why you chasing?  
We ain't racing, Mufucka I'm gone!

Middle finger to my haters, mu-fucka why you hating? I'm gone  
I ain't really wanna do it but I did it to em, nigga, I'm gone  
Leave the beat shit alone, leave the bullshit at home, I'm gone  
Even though I'm out of here, nigga gotta keep it real, I'm gone

She fuckin with me, these niggas ain't fuckin with me  
Got my mind on my money, my money piling up hundreds  
You say you did it, I done it  
You old nigga, I'm younger  
You fold up under pressure  
I'm good straighter then stretchers, Ugh  
Bitches pecking my wood: Wood Chuckka Chuckka  
Never gave 2 fucks: Double Rubbers  
Now your color turn your face to a red Gusher  
And your girl stick it to me like a car bumper  
Never depended on anyone co-dependent  
Kept my thoughts to myself, I don't need opinions  
No middle mans, in the middle of my sands  
Niggas thing they sweet, they can't even pay their incidentals  
I'm detrimental, on any instrumental  
I ain't pullin teeth, nigga better hide your pillow  
To these rappers to the fucking grizzle  
Bad to the bone, Red Zippers, Mike Jizzle, Nigga gone

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B.I.G., Finally Famous in this

I say fuck sleep stayed up, fuck you, pay up  
Always got the paycheck, never took a pay cut  
Payday'll be worth all the broke nights I stayed up  
So in my cup I'm mixing up whatever dreams are made of  
Not too many Young G's made it where I am  
So I was waiting on a doctor man, patient as I am  
I guess the Young D-Boy made it into a man  
With girls half-naked around, like we finna land the sand  
Red-eyes to Rome and they connecting to France  
With some bomb-ass pussy, that bitch came straight from Iran  
My jewelry made in Japan, I'm off California drugs  
And where I made my money? Nigga all of the above  
I could count my inner circle on my hands and my feet  
Passing joints long as a branch cause it's family tree  
Doing "kush-ups" man cause the Weed too strong  
I'm a G + One what's that muthafucka? That's gone