Gone

Wiz Khalifa

Yeah, it's Young, ya know?
Crack that shit down, roll that shit up, light that shit, pass it
Nah, fuck that, face this one, yeuh, this for all my true weed smokers
yeeuh, nigga ask me what's wrong with me...

I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky) [x3]
Purple, purple in my pocket, and my jeans sag low
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky) [x3]
Purple, purple in my pocket, and my jeans sag low

I said I'm gone, off that pound of dank
Ridin' in my ride, so blowed, don't how to think
But I'm stayin' high

I'ma roll me a nice, long Swisher, filled with light green
Oh, I think they like me, let me get a light, B (and then I'm gone)
Off that Cali bud, what the fuck you chokin' on?

Mr. Bud by the Zone, O's like Omarion
And we ain't tuckin' nothin' cousin, what's the hold up?
Keep 'em comin' back to back to back, we roll up ('til it's all gone)

Get a pound, break it down, I ain't stingy, it's enough to go around
And I'm blazin' right now, niggas tellin' me to hold on
Crank it, twist it, light it, take a pull, and hold on (and then, I'm gone)

I gotta have it, gotta have it, that's unheard about
Rollin' up another blunt, before I put the first one out
My eyes low, have me chiefin' 'til I choke
Niggas askin' me what's wrong,
Blew some smoke up out my nose, and said I'm gone

I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky) [x3]
Purple, purple in my pocket, and my jeans sag low
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky) [x3]
Purple, purple in my pocket, and my jeans sag low

I said I'm gone, off that brownish drank
Niggas know how I roll, it look like my eyes closed
Hennesey and Hydro, rhyme slow

Nigga, I'm on a different type of a vibe
This a different type of weed, and I'm a different type a high (my nigga, I'm gone)
To a place that you probably never been in life

Smokin' Purple Kryptonite, make sure you curl that Swisher right
'Cause I ain't tryna have this home-grown runnin',
Homie thinkin' he gon' smoke for free, I duck 'em, roll somethin' (then, I'm gone)

In my ride, doin' 80 in a 45 Zone, half a zone
Got me blown, I get more than high

Fresh off of the plane
Head start into my hotel
Weedman in every city, yeah I smoke well (even when I'm gone)

I ain't the only one, all my niggas puff pounds
Swingin' blunts 'round, sun up 'till sun down
My eyes low, and my words are getting slow
Niggas askin' me whats wrong,
I blew some smoke up out my nose, and said I'm gone

I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky) [x3]
Purple, purple in my pocket, and my jeans sag low
I said, I'm gone off that pound of dank (that sticky, that icky) [x3]
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