

# Kanye West, Gone (Ft. Cam'ron & Consequ

[Intro: Otis Redding and Kanye West]  
Wished I had told ooh was (the) only one (uh oh)  
But it's too late  
It's too late  
He's gone

[Verse 1: Kanye West]  
You sweat her, and I ain't talkin 'bout a Coogi  
You a big L, and I ain't talkin 'bout Cool J  
See me at the airport, at least twenty Louis  
Treat me like the Prince and this my sweet brother Numpsay  
(Brother Numpsay!) Groupies say I'm too choosy  
Take 'em to the show and talk all through the movies  
Say she want diamonds, I took her to Ruby Tuesdays  
If we up in Fridays, I still have it my way, gone!

[Hook 1: Kanye West and Cam'ron]

Gone  
We striving home  
Gone  
I ride on chrome

[Verse 2: Kanye West]  
Y'all don't want no prob' from me  
What you rappers could get is a job from me  
Maybe you could be my intern, and in turn  
I'll show you how I cook up summer in the winter  
Aaron love the raw dog, when will he learn  
Caught something on the Usher tour, he had to let it burn  
Plus, he already got three chil'r'n  
Arguin' over babysitters like, "Bitch, it's your turn"  
&"Damn, Ye, it'd be stupid to diss you  
Even your superficial raps is super-official"  
R-R-R-Roc Pastelle with Gucci on  
With TVs in the ride, throw a movie on  
Said he couldn't rap, now he at the top with Doobie Long  
'Cause I dookied on any song that they threw me on, gone

[Hook 2: Cam'ron and Otis Redding]

We striving home, gone  
I ride on chrome, gone  
We striving home  
We striving home, gone (Killa)  
I ride on chrome

[Verse 3: Cam'ron]  
Knock knock, who's there? Killa Cam, Killa who?  
Killa Cam, hustler, grinder, guerilla troop  
Oh my chinchilla blue, blue, you ever dealt with a dealer  
Well here's the deal, ma we going to the dealer, woo  
No concealing, no ceiling I don't need a roof  
Act up, get out, I don't need you, poof!  
Poof, be gone, damn, tough luck, dag (Dag)  
Niggas still doing puff-puff-pass (Puff, pass)  
Pull the truck up fast and I tell 'em  
Hey, back in a touched-up Jag, shit  
Y'all niggas wanna get in Cam's cerebellum  
An old man just gon' tell 'em too late  
Then I see how y'all gonna react when I'm gone  
My last girl want me back then I'm on  
Fine, stay, you got the grind, hey  
Came back, read what the sign say (Too late, he's gone)  
Yes, I know you wanna see my demise  
Yeah, you church, boy, acting like a thief in disguise  
Ain't even my size, see the greed in my eyes

Ask Abby, I hustle, brought weed to the Chi, chyeah  
And that ain't even a lie, please believe me  
Gave Weezie a piece of the pie and  
You can ask George or Regina  
The whole West Side I explore with the Bimmer now  
[Hook 3: Cam'ron]  
We striving home  
I ride on chrome  
Listen, homeboy, move on  
That's your best bet, why's that, Cons'?

[Verse 4: Consequence]

I been pouring out some liquor for the fact that my pal's gone  
And trying to help his Momma with the fact that her child gone  
And since we used to bubble like a tub full of Calgon  
Guess it's only right that I should help her from now on  
But since they got afoul on what could've gone wrong  
Now they asking "Cons, how long has this gone on?"  
And maybe all this money might have gone to my head  
'Cause they got me thinking money might have gone to the Feds  
So I had gone to the dread, but he had gone up to bed  
And when I came the next morning he was gone with my bread  
And with that being said I had gone on my instincts  
And gone to the spots where they go to get mixed drinks  
But looking back now, I should've gone to the crib  
And rented Gone With the Wind, 'cause I'da gone in by ten  
But I had gone with my friend, and we had gone to the bar  
And heard a nigga talking shit so I had gone to the car  
And now the judge is telling me that I had gone too far  
And now we gone for twenty years doing time behind bars  
And since I gone to a cell for some petty crimes  
I guess I gone to the well one too many times, 'cause I'm gone

[Break: Kanye West]

Uh-uh-uh, uh-uh-uh uh uh onnn, uh uh-uh onnn  
Uh-uh onnn, uh uh-uh

[Verse 5: Kanye West]

I'm ahead of my time, sometimes years out  
So the powers that be won't let me get my ideas out  
And that make me wanna get my advance out  
And move to Oklahoma and just live at my aunt's house  
Yeah, I romance the thought of leaving it all behind  
Kanye step away from the lime  
Light like when I was on the grind  
In the 1-9-9-9  
Before model chicks was bending over  
Or dealerships asked me "Benz or Rover?"  
Man, if I could just get one beat on Hova  
We could get up off this cheap-ass sofa  
What the summer of the Chi got to offer an eighteen-year-old?  
Sell drugs or get a job, you gotta play your role  
My dog worked at Taco Bell, hooked us up plural  
Fired a week later, the manager count the churros  
Sometimes I can't believe it when I look up in the mirro'  
How we out in Europe, spending Euros  
They claim you never know what you got 'til it's gone  
I know I got it, I don't know what y'all on  
I'ma open up a store for aspiring MCs  
Won't sell 'em no dream, but the inspiration is free  
But if they ever flip sides like Anakin  
You'll sell everything including the mannequin  
They got a new bitch, now you Jennifer Aniston  
Hold on I'll handle it, don't start panickin', stay calm  
Shorties at the door 'cause they need more

Inspiration for they life, they souls, and they songs  
They said, &quot;Sorry, Mr. West is gone&quot;