

# I'm Gone

Starlito

Everything

Haha

On everything

Let the Band Play

I'm telling ya, don't get this shit fucked

These streets ain't nothing

To get up out this shit, was our only mission

From counting up in homie's kitchen

Four deep, four loaded pistols

High speed, throw them bitches

Momma always told me, 'better watch them niggas you rolling with'

Had to grow up with him, just to find out I don't know this nigga

Artificial

Probably pull up to the party in that car he rented

And that broad he with, yeah he bought that bitch

Holla after karma catch up with ya

Yeen ain't even swiping, you on that fraud shit, ahh shit

Too many missed calls, shit I can't call it quits

Never sipped no qualitest, Hi-tech had a tolerance

No I'm poppin seals to bust 'em down, I'm selling it

And I think my smartphone way to intelligent

I bet you ain't never been in the cell with it

What they call that, contraband

Hell nah I made bail to quick

Waitin on the mail to hit

Niggas make a statement, seeking payment on a settlement

First 10k came off the pavement

I was raised up not regretting shit

Nah I ain't regretting shit

Riding behind tint, with this lil bitch who claim she celibate

I can go for hours, if I take some of this medicine

I keep telling Star he fucked up riding with all that weaponry

I'm all about my celery

Two felonies, and I keep telling dukes I might stop selling that

Hard you make eighteen racks, the next day that they mail you that

This sack chasing ass bitch, seem like this hoe right here just smell the sack

I hope she know she won't get not a thing, now go and tell her that

I bet my racks on six and eight, Renzo might can tell you that DA say the DEA been on my ass, I'm telling facts

I'm stashing racks, my Louie bag smell like half a P in that

If I don't pick up my phone, off top then I'll call you back I'  
m gone