

All the Way Gone

The Game

She leave her hair in the sink
She leave her hair on the floor
Her hair all over the bed, that make me love her more
She wear a scarf, Louis V the big sack
It's a wrap, messing up her wrap, blowing out her back
Never let another rat hit it from back or the front
On my mama nigga, I be gone for months
I come back

And it's still tight, I like when it's real tight

I'm a lick in circles now...

Tell me what that feel like

Feels like when you try them red bottoms on
It feels like the song cause we all the way gone...
Between me and you, do anything for old girl
Like hit it in the morning, yeah, cold world

Baby you're the one
You ain't gotta hit the club no more
Sweeter than that
Tryna find the one
But you been looking for love in all the wrong places
Every day's a movie, girl, you make the scene
They gonna keep on watching
We gonna be all the way gone
We gonna be all the way gone

She call me all the time, I ain't no regular Joe
I be staying at the Roosevelt more than Marilyn goes
I met some bitches with Chuck, but I was wearing some foam
Shorty been fly forever, these bitch's parachutes broke
CC's is on her purse so I'm aware that she know
And you know the flow, they jack it, I'm apparently cold ya know
Life's limits is bitter, I need another fruit
She know we can't elope, look at what honey do
Straight G thing, double M G thing
Weed, they can't fuck wit em puffin AC green
When I peep in the public, bet I'm leaving with something
And I'm so fly I make some homebodies liable to love it
Shout out diamond supply
Shout out Bobby on hundreds
Not too many is touching
Double M G this summer
The RED album, little red shortie, you can't touch him
I know Mario's on the hook, but I was playing Duck Hunt

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Yeah, he blowing up your cell phone
Send him the voice mail cause we all the way gone
And you ain't doing nothing wrong
But killing the competition in that Cosabella thong
Turn to the side, let me see them thighs
Profile, man I'm digging your style, we can start slow now
Then speed it up, this playing in the background
While I beat it up - I beat it up...

Baby soon as we get home, it won't take us too long
We gonna make it to the bedroom, I like the guest room
You can pick the next room
Put the camera on the tripod, got me playing on your iPod
I know you feeling me on my job: Director

Cut!