

# Gone

Juelz Santana

God will never put you in a situation that you can't handle  
But you can definitely put ya self in a situation you can't handle  
And some situations end in death  
And death is a mothafucka ya dig

Old timer want the block back, stop that  
You been gone too long the young nigga said  
Lord knows, whats goin through this young niggaz head  
As the old timer stood and grilled him  
Pissed off, shorty looked at his man  
Touched his burner like I shoulda killed him  
Shorty in deep, but hew don't care  
But he don't know, these old timers don't play fair  
There he go, postin on his strip again  
Toast on him, niggaz wit 'em, posted on his shit again  
(Uh-Oh) He actin like it can't and it won't happen  
Old timer bout to blow dust off that old cabinet  
(Thats,Thats,Thats) Where dem guns is kept  
These young niggaz better show some respect (respect)  
I'll Teach 'em a lesson, he said to his self  
As he proceeded to pull the lead from his shelf  
Now he headed towards shorty block, forty cocked  
On his zip, on his shit, like he don't care who shorty wit  
But somebody saw him, before he go to shorty  
Shorty phone ring, somebody called him  
Somebody warned him, he's comin he's comin  
Shorty replied, somebody stall him  
Then he crept up wit his goons and guns  
Whispered in to old timers ear, death is soon to come

They say hell is hot, but is heaven cold  
Know one ever knows til you Gone, gone, gone

And when you gone does ya soul drift off to a better place  
Or do you jus float up and fade  
Away, away, away, away, like a bird when its headed towards the sky (huh, huh)  
Or do you just die (huh huh)  
Or do you just perish from the earth and its over

Baddest bitch up on the block  
Prolly make a nigga cum when as soon as she get up on the cock  
She fuck wit Tony don't she (don't she)  
Oh he's, not ya average drug dealer, fa sho he's  
Bien watched by police, feds  
Investigators, oh, can't forget the haters  
Home girl ain't got a clue what he do for a livin  
She jus think she got a dude wit a pension  
She don't know dis dude is a henchman  
And he move on dudes wit the cruelest intensions  
All she know she got a brand new benz  
And its big enough for her and all her brand new friends (Damn)  
There she go, all through the street wit it  
Dude in and outta town, she all through the street wit it  
We all know the street talk, we all know the street missin  
Next thing she's missin....(music stops, phone rings twice)  
"Hello", "Ay nigga I got yo bitch, have a million sent up or she dead"  
Damn, she in deep shit, and she did nothin

I betchu she ain't see dis comin, but he did  
Cause he did nothin, he ain't pay (pay)  
He told 'em keep dat bitch, he okay  
He got a wife and a kid, back home  
And he don't care about the life that she live (Damn)  
Now thats wrong (wrong)  
But the story ain't over it drags on (aw man what happened next)  
They wind up beating her down  
Breathless, he winds up fleein the town (til the next bitch)

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And um, I say that to say this, alotta people don't appreciate life til thei  
r gone  
I mean, alotta situations can be avoided, you just gotta avoid it ya dig  
jus don't be one of them people I'm talkin bout, ya know....