

Dead and Gone

T.I.

Ayy

Let me kick it to you right quick partner

Now that some gangstas a grown man

What matters more then the mistakes youve made, is what you able to learn from it

Big Phil...

This is for you pimpin'

Ohhhh (eyyy)

I've been travellin' on this road too long (too long)

Just trying to find my way back home (back home)

The old me is dead and gone, dead and gone

And ohhhh (eyyy)

I've been travellin' on this road too long (too long)

Just trying to find my way back home (back home)

The old me is dead and gone, dead and gone, dead and gone

Ever had one of dem days wish woulda stayed home

Run into a group of niggas who gettin' they hate on

You walk by

They get wrong

You reply then shit get blown

Way outta proportion

Way past discussion

Just you against them, pick one then rush 'em

Figure you get your hair that's next

They don't wanna stop there now they bussin'

Now you gushin', ambulance rushin'

You to the hospital with a bad concussion

Plus ya hit 4 times

Plus it hit ya spine

Paralyzed waist down now ya wheel chair bound

Nevermind that now you lucky to be alive

Just think it all started you fussin' with 3 guys

Now ya pride in the way, but ya pride is the way

You could fuck around, get shot, die anyday

Niggas die everyday

All over bull shit, dope money, dice game, ordinary hood shit

Could this be 'cos of hip hop music?

Or did the ones with the good sense not use it?

Usually niggas don't know what to do when their back against the wall so they just start shootin'

For red or for blue or for blo I guess

From Bankhead or from your projects

No more stress, now I'm straight, now I get it, now I take

Time to think, before I make mistakes just for my family's sake

That part of me left yesterday

The heart of me is strong today

No regrets I'm blessed to say

The old me dead and gone away

Ohhhh (eyyy)

I've been travellin' on this road too long (too long)

Just tryna find my way back home

(Back home)

The old me is dead and gone, dead and gone

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Just tryna find my way back home
(Back home)
The old me is dead and gone, dead and gone, dead and gone

I aint never been scared, I lived through tragedy
Situation coulda been dead lookin' back at it
Most of that shit didn't even have to happen
But you don't think about it when you out there trappin'
In apartments, hangin', smokin', and rappin'
Niggas start shit, next thing ya know we cappin'
Get locked up then didn't even get mad
Now think about damn what a life I had
Most of that shit, look back, just laugh
Some shit still look back get sad
Maybe my homboy still be around
Had I not hit the nigga in the mouth that time
I won that fight
I lost that war
I can still see my nigga walkin' out that door
Who'da thought I'd never see Philant no more?
Got enough dead homies I don't want no more
Cost a nigga his job
Cost me more
I'da took that ass-whoopin now for sure
Now think before I risk my life
Take them chances to get my stripe
A nigga put his hands on me alright
Otherwise stand there talk shit all night
'Cos I hit you, you sue me,
I shoot you, get locked up, who me?
No more stress, now I'm straight, now I get it, now I take
Time to think, before I make mistakes just for my family's sake
That part of me left yesterday
The heart of me is strong today
No regrets I'm blessed to say
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The old me is dead and gone, dead and gone

I turn my head to the East
I don't see nobody by my side
I turn my head to the West
Still nobody in sight
So I turn my head to the North
Swallow that pill that they call pride
That old me is dead and gone
But that new me will be alright

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The old me is dead and gone, dead and gone, dead...

Prison gates closing sound...