

# 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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We gonna be all the way gone

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!