

Way Too Gone

Young Jeezy

What the fuck am I doing
Wake up in the morning who the fuck am I screwing
My partner on brown and you know I'm on white
You know its going down, I can do this all night
Gotta get to the paper one time for the haters
Money over bitches two times for the fakers
'Cause even in the dark, baby I'mma shine bright
I'm way too gone, the best night of my life

Look, yeah, I said g-g-go DJ
See you got the Jizzle on replay
Just keep that Jizzle on repeat
It's about the time everybody screams "Free Meech!"
Let's take your bitch ass back to o five,
Close your eyes, take a rough nigga look, Atlanta lights
Club vision, PJ in my hand, I'm on the couch
Man this nigga Meech just blew a quarter mil, he bought a house
Man you niggas gonna lace up your sneaks? It's time to ball
Presidential at the Swiss Hotel, makin' come alls
Posted up, all black in the back, a hundred deep
A hundred coupes posted up in the front, two-hundred seats
Man somebody call the IRS, too many lambos
I'm talking bottles and blunts, all you can handle
Them other niggas fakin and flaugin'
Man them real niggas do real things, let's drink to that!

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I said I'm gone! I'm going going gone!
Way this night going, man I won't make it home
I'mma wake up in the room, wake up with a hangover
What I spent last night I could've bought a Range Rover
Got my Ray-bans on, yeah I see you haters
Keep doing what you doing, cause I need you haters
Say whats up to long stick, you can call it strong
If I had to name my money baby, I would call it long
Said I'm way too gone, I don't see nobody
I ain't even on the bill, I'm acting like it's my party
Smell like I'm on fire, oh I'm just that hot
If I smoke another blunt, yeah I swear I'm gonna die
You can call the weed man, tell him bring another six
Yeah I know he just left, he gotta make another trip
So hot in here, feel like I'm gon' faint
Even though I'm past my limit, still think I'm gonna drink

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I woke up early this morning
With three white girls wanna keep bonin'
I'm blowing money fast, so caught up in the moment
One time for the marks, two times for my homies
I'm a rock star every night, I'm a astronaut outta sight
Put Codeine in my Sprite, my wrist is full of ice
Don't even know her name, just so caught in the hype
It's OK baby, 'cause I'm a millionaire for life
I got bitches on my payroll, they come like Vanna White
On my Ethiopia, we in Vegas so icy
Got a girl at home, I know I'm wrong it feels so right
On the first road, young i hope I roll on the second
We in the club with thugs, this must be heaven

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