

T.I., Dead and Gone (feat. Justin Timberlake)

[Justin]

I've been travelin on this road too long,
Just tryin find my way back home,
But the old mes dead and gone,
Dead and Gone,
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[T.I.]

Every had one of them days wish you would have stayed home,
Run into a group of niggas who gettin their hate on,
You walk by - they get wrong,
You reply then shit get blown,
Way out of proportion way bad discussion,
Just you against them pick one then rush them,
Figure you get jumped here thats next,
They dont wanna stop there now they bustin,
Now you gushin ambulance rushin,
You to the hospital with a bad concussion,
Plus you hit four times but it hit yo spine,
Paralyzed waist down and ya wheelchair bound,
Never mind that now you lucky to be alive,
Just thinkin it all started fussin wit three guys,
Nigga pride in the way but your pride is the way you can f**k
around get shot down anyday,
Niggas die everyday,
All little bullshit, dope money, dice games, for their hood shit,
Could this be cuz of hip-hop music,
Or did the ones with the good sense not use it,
Usually niggas dont know what to do when they back against the wall,
So they just start shootin,
For red or for blue or for blow I guess,
From Bankhead at the old projects,
No more stress now Im straight,
Now I get it now I take time to think before I make mistake just for my
family stake,
That part of me left yesterday
The harder me is strong today,
No regrets Im blessed to say the old me dead and gon away,

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[T.I.]

I aint neva been scared I live through tragic,
Situations could been dead lookin back at it,
Most of that shit didnt even have to happen,
But you think about it when you out there trappin,
In the appartments hangin, smokin and rappin,
Niggas start shit next thing we know we cappin,
Get locked up then didnt even get mad,
Now I think about that what a life I had,
Most of that shit look back just laugh,
Some shit still look back get sad,
Thinkin my home boy still be around had I not hit the nigga in the mouth that time,
I won that fight I lost that war,
I could still see my nigga walkin out that door,
Who would of thought Id never see Philant no more,

Got enough dead homies I dont want no more,
Cuz a nigga his jump cost me more,
Id a took that ass whoppin out for sure,
Now think before I risk my life,
Take them chances to get my stripes,
A nigga put his hands on me alright,
Otherwise stand there talk shit all night,
Cuz I hit you and you sue me,
I shoot you get locked up poor me,
No more stress now Im straight,
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[Justin]
I turn my head to the east I 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 and think alright,
That old me dead and gone what that mean Im gon be alright,
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