

## WHEN I'M GONE

I TRY TO LIVE MY LIFE, TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY,  
TRYING TO BE A FRIEND, BUT I HAVE MORE ENEMIES.

TRIED TO ACCOMPLISH MY GOALS, AND MY DUTY AS A MAN,  
BEING A RESPONSIBLE DAD, AND FINALLY HOLD MY SON'S HAND.

WOULD ANYBODY REMEMBER ME, I DON'T HEAR MY NAME TOO OFTEN,  
AM I STILL AN ENEMY, WILL SOMEONE SPIT ON MY COFFIN?

WHEN I'M DEAD AND GONE, WILL MY HOUSE BE IN ORDER?  
OR SCATTERED ABOUT LIKE MEXICANS, RUNNING FOR THE BORDER?

WHEN I'M GONE WILL PEOPLE CRY? OR STILL JUST RUN THEIR MOUTH?  
WHEN I'M DEAD AND GONE, WILL PEOPLE CRY, OR BE QUIET AS A MOUSE?

I'M TRYING TO BE SOMEBODY, SO MY SON COULD MAKE IT,  
IF HE GROW UP LIKE I DID POOR, I KNOW HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE IT.

KIND WORDS AND SMILE, WILL PEOPLE REMEMBER THAT?  
OR WILL THEY REMEMBER MY PRISON LIFE, AND HOW THEY WOULDN'T WRITE ME BACK?

WHEN I'M GONE, I KNOW THEY'LL REMEMBER THE BAD THAT I'VE DONE,  
JUST LIKE GOING TO PRISON, AND LEAVING BEHIND MY SON.

WHEN I'M GONE WILL PEOPLE SPEAK BAD, OR SPEAK ON THE DOWN LOW?  
THEY WON'T TELL ANYBODY ABOUT IT, SO NOBODY WILL NEVER KNOW.

RUMORS AND GOSSIP ABOUT ME, THAT'S ALL THEY'LL HEAR,  
WHEN I'M DEAD AND GONE, I'LL FINALLY FACE MY FEAR.

BEFORE I GO I MUST HAVE SUCCESS BEFORE I DIE,  
SO MY SON COULD SHINE, AS I LOOK DOWN ON HIM FROM THE SKY.

I KNOW I MUST DIE ONE DAY, AND LEAVE MY SON ALL ALONE,  
BUT WOULD HE CONTINUE MY LEGACY, WHEN I'M DEAD AND GONE?