

Voice Of The Beehive

"You Gotta Stop"

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Maaan, you got a problem Nick
(Nah you got a problem Oak)

[Chorus 1: repeat 2X]

You gotta stop smokin weed in the morning Nick
You really gotta stop doin that shit (that shit)
Because you're always talkin bout how you gonna quit
Well now you gotta deal with it

[Verse One]

Check it out

The alarm went off, around a quarter to nine
My eyes were stuck shut so I was pretty much blind
But my nose was workin so it was already defeat
See I was sellin some herb, to make ends meet
And the smell was sweet (sweet) so so sweet
I'll just take a little hit to put some movement in my feet
Slow movement, slowly got me out of bed
And quickly put me in the kitchen fryin eggs and bread
Watchin "Divorce Court" instead of class at ten
But I knew I wouldn't make it before class'd begin
Hopped in the shower and (yeah) after a half an hour
of deep concentration and my own meditation
it was time for motivation the way Cali knows how
Again it's the third time in three hours
And the phone rings, and it was my man Raoul
He said he wanna smoke a blunt before school, I said,
"Cool"

Swooped through the spot I don't got class 'til two
where I wasted my time but I slept for a few
My next, I think that I slept right through
And I was still feelin sleepy skipped the last one too
Then I snapped at my girl, forgot to call my mother
Started actin like a dick and really pissed off my
brother
(then it's) home by three wantin my MTV
Sayin I'm stoppin this shit, startin next week

[Interlude]

Man (f'real) you're not gonna stop
(Aw c'mon man you're one to talk, look at you, cause

you, y-you)

[Chorus 2: repeat 2X]

You gotta stop havin sex with your ex Big Oak
You gotta really stop doin that shit (that shit)
Cause you're always talkin bout how you gonna quit
Well now you gotta deal with it

[Verse Two]

Yeah I know but see it's easier, and I'm a lazy guy
So I'd rather sit at home and touch my ex-girl's thigh
Shit, she's hella cute and the sex is great
So there's no reason to go out and make my next
mistake
with some girl that's probably gonna shoot me down
anyway
We all know how it goes in L.A. don't we fellas?
So my choice is the booty call, don't be jealous
And don't pretend like you haven't done the same thing
Get with the same ring on your phone after you broke
up
It was your ex-girl and now she wants to hook up
If you said you didn't do it then you lied
No guy has that much willpower in his mind
I know I don't, I'm a sucker for it
And now she's got me callin her when I need a good hit
She pulls right up to my place lookin sexy and shit
But then right after we're done I'm always regrettin it
So how'm I gonna quit? I'm a picky man
At least I don't hit on my cousin like Steely Dan
{*phone*} Aiiyyo wait, hold up, let me check the caller
ID
Yep it's her, I'll be back in about twenty
(Hahhhhhhh! I'll be back in about twenty. Go hit that!)

{*arguing ad libs fade*}

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