

Roots, The

"Stolen Moments Pt. II"

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Black Thought:

It's a frantic situation(x7)

Common:

Extra salty 'cause whoever beat me, got me for this 31-inch

And this Alpha Bailey jacket I had just bought me

Out of snappin, my God tried to talk me

But what could get me half way calm was this Donny Hathaway song

The tape that it was on I had wanted while I was gone

But forgot to pack it, in fact it was in that jacket

This demo, it's time to track it and lay it down

Either it's somebody I know or somebody I stay around

Day before I broke out, niggaz was over my crib gettin smoked out

No tellin who had the place scoped out

Donnie brought over some niggaz I didn't know

I'm askin, who are you, they said I'm with the Mo

If it was them, soon I will collide with them

And they better not be rockin no new Iversons

Then it could have been this hype that usually shovel my snow

If I'm out of town or not, by my car, he would know

Now, it might have been this stripper I met at Pinkhouse party

Thick, but my furniture wasn't worth her body

What if it was this nigga I let sleep in my crib

To have the set of keys but that I wasn't tryin to believe

But I could have put it past him or those other bastards

It would be assed backwards for me to ask if they did it 'cause whoever did ain't gon admit it

The blunted dirty dishes is my only exhibit

Wondering if I should give it a rest and through the wind

It might surface

'cause tellin Allah, Joe is worthless(uh)

chorus(x2): Black Thought

Hey sucka nigga, whoever you are(x3)

Wherever you are, whoever you are

Check it out

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