

Donna Summer

"Stolen Moments Pt. II"

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Black Thought:

It's a frantic situation(x7)

Common:

Extra salty cuz 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
Cuz 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

Cuz 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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