

Cantatonia

"Thought Train"

Visit "[Thought Train](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chocclair] {Solitair} (Niya Melodie)
Yo, yeah
All aboard, hop aboard
{One stop} one, two all aboard!
(One stop) one, two yeah
Grey clouds don't follow no more
No low and high pressures, no perfect storm
No monkeys on the back
Eased off the liquor, give my liver a dap
And eased off these niggaz that talking that shat
Cuz nuff cats pack then they die by gats
Is that self defense, or Common Sense
Kids with the dreams of a life sentence
No food or rent, but the shoes are sick
And chicks with six kids from six dicks
It's like equilibrium shifts (nah nah), horizontally
walking
Spending there days fucking and skylarking
What the fuck are you hearing in your walkman?
Chiznock man, yo, he soft man
Don't hate homie, I'm just like you
I hustled my shit dog, just like you
Not on the corner
From an office on the corner with a window looking out
on Toronto
Yeah I built my wealth, don't hate on me homie
I built myself, now I'm on the top of Greanhouse
Lamped out, treed out
Sometimes its even hard to get theses words out
Yo, pass the muchies and leave out, on my train

CHORUS x2

[Solitair]

Night train, one stop

Hold your ground, never be first to back down

{Nya Melodie}

Night train, one stop

Hold your ground, never be first to back down

[Chocclair]

Now when good things come to an end

What you learn you take
Then you learn to make
Those moves in this world of cake
Five layer stack, with your bill fold fat
Now you own the place
Number one every summer, never runner up
Cuz you always up one (one)
Don't try to calculate what you can't done
Get over, before you get crushed over
It's like the world's on my shoulders
And I won't buckle, I got miles to go
But if my tank hits low (hits low)
Yo I call in the squad
That comes through like Bush on Saddam
And it ain't the same
Greenhouse battleships leathered out with wood grain
And I changed the game
Shit stain protect the mic for when you came
So you don't salt the next man's name
So grab your wings and fly
Grab your ice and whips
And your hoes and clique, and just get
Cuz coming against Chox is just brainless
Big cat I'll box cut your main with, John Dears
So you better write a Dear John, your career's gone
See I prolonged, watching niggaz getting hauled off in
cop cars (yeah)
I don't claim King, I claim Circle
T-dot-O, anything 49 parallel and North
Anyting that you want, Chocclair you got
Niggaz bitching, but the yipping is the sound fo they
bark
Throw you taughtt the Dogg Pound, let Kurupt go
smack you around
The boss back in town
Get my chair, where's my liquor
Bitch don't lecture me bout my state and my mind
Cuz my minds on my money and my monies on my
mind
Yeah, all aboard... my train of thoughts

CHORUS x2

Visit [Cantatonia](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.