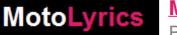
MotoLyrics.com



Biggest, regularly updated and free lyrics database

## Kelis

## "Thought Process"

Visit "Thought Process" on MotoLyrics.com

Let me get a chop at this lumber niggas From da down underground are hangin' around the A-Town Lookin' for a come up, workin' from 9 to 5 Just to get some change so T-Mo can stay alive Not greedy or living' lavish yet but you can bet that when I do Nobody from my crew will I forget And if I start to get large and come up on some change I won't change, everybody know they down It's not the same, everyday life can be different These laws got me ready to ball Cause I fall a victim so I still be slanging them fat pillows To make 'em meet, each and every day as I comb my city streets Sometimes I wish I never had been apart of this mess Cause the system got us fucked up It put us to the test, women and men if you black you in Food for the soul listen to what I tell you it don't matter Young or old it's time we loc' up and do like we suppose We killin' each other over this bullshit and some clothes We're trapped off in this world and society with no place else to go So how U feel??? Frustrated, irritated, sometimes I don't know myself I be too numb To feel something sometimes so I dig deep, get in the Cherokee Let my mind fly free into the wilderness so I can get this shit off my mind That's why I be smokin' that dank sometimes, it keeps me from snappin' Keeps me calm, keeps my mind open, keeps me fond of what I gots to do Off in the studio to get my old burd back on her feet, and my little bro'

In Statesboro and my little cuz Mark Twain, all my Folks that hang with me when I was out in the trap or when I was goin' Thru one of our episodes, only god knows, whut I go thru so I get down On my knees, sometimes I come home too high to pray, but I get on my bed Lay on my back and meditate, anyway, in the ceilings, the four walls, it's Like cell therapy I got nothing to do but write about my L-I-F-E, put it Down on paper...So whut chu feel? I live for today, motherfuck another hour, it might be sour Never know my day, so I'm prayin' in the shower Look up and thank the Lord for forgiveness, a witness to bad I'm lookin' for good in the Southwest, God bless my neighborhood It's people killin' in da street to eat Surviving the day is the only goat that I set Just to make it home, I'm not alone Someone's out to get me when I haven't done shit wrong My head felt swoll, mista couldn't see past my mouth What route did you take man Caught me by that loops of my pants Got me on the curb lettin' tha traffic pass me by No questions I said nothing Lookin' for tha mutant to be buckin' Tha law naw, man Gipp show him my shit Close my mouth then I dip See to me G is a person who understand tha plan Can't make no moves when you in tha hands of tha man They got some new suites down Peachtree Left wing for tha Feds, right wing for tha hardheads Makin' more deals than Buddy Folks made with Hartsfield Somebody don't want my face in tha place, for 96 shit's slick Got me clean, lookin' fresh, dogs be scratchin' at my chest Under the order of who? Guess who ain't non-iller than miller Wanna 1, 2 your ass no more life what you gave was tha past Cuz ain't no future wanna millicamp your case

Disgrace your face, make it seem to be safe But ain't no place to run...

Sometimes I don't even know how I'm gon' eat 'Bout twenty dollars away from being on the street Shit, you might see a nigga on tv But hell it's almost like I'm rappin' for free That little money be gone...got dammit, I'm grown Gotta help keep the heat and tights on It would be nice to have mo' but I kinda like being po' At least I know what my friends here fo' I wanna lie to you sometimes, but I can't I wanna tell you that it's all good, but it ain't It's nigga's hurtin' and uncertain 'bout if they gon' make it or not That's why we got nigga's killing Feelin like they coming up off a little dope they sold You can get some gold but we won't make it as a whole Cause without you there'd be no me And without no unity there will never be any happiness You could smoke a pound of sess and it still won't relieve yo' stress

God bless my...thought process

The thought process...

Now as an Outkast I was born, wasn't warned of the harm

That would come to meet me like Met Life, but yet life Done sent me through a lot of up's and down like it ain't nothing'

Like elevators but I ain't the one that's pushin' the buttons

I got off at the 13th floor, when they told me that it wasn't one

They said it skipped from 12 to 14

Still smoking, still drinking, no I'm sittin' on the Lincoln 4 A.M. thinkin' that in reality the world is like a ball full of playas

We trapped off in this maze with walls made of layers And only prayers is the tightest game that you can have

The devil's takin' a swing that might explain the broken glass

But my crystal ball see the pistol fall to the wayside Nobody would die in cops and robbers when we used to play right

Huh, the only thang we feared was Williams, Wayne Never though about hittin' licks or slangin' caine Didn't think I'd be the one to give in to abortion Label me murder because my ass is scorchin'

## Hot from the glock that sits under my seat Yeah, it's real fucked up that my floks come to get me And it's like dat, yeah...and it's like dem!

Visit Kelis page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.