

## **Common Sense "Stolen Moments Pt. I"**

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Common:

Down da-down-da-down-down-down, what(x3)

Down-da-down, check it, check it

There was a Hardy boy mystery I was tryin to solve

Can't understand who the fuck was involved

Back from a show I had came, hopped off the plane

In my mind home was pictured and rest was the frame

My God came and grabbed in something less than a  
Caddy

Go buy them gas and food was less than a cabby

As we approach my tilt, paranoia in my bones had built

By the lock on the door, a hole was drilled

I opened it to the kitchen floor my heart nailed

In my shit, somebody had broke in like a mitt

My mind started swingin and who I thought the glove fit

As usual, niggaz is suspects

Who did I tell I was going out of town

Not too many people, I guess the word got around

The people upstairs should have been disturbed by the  
sound

Must have came during the day when at work, they was  
found

At the mount I stand folded than tie

Askin who done it

Fuck Hitchcock, I got the fifth cocked

About to go wild hunted

Whoever did it had the nerve to chill and get blunted

And left a roach in the ash tray, I had cleaned out the  
last day

Before I left, this thief decided to play chef

With the beef in the fridge to cook chicken breast

I'm kickin what shit was left all around the house

Thinkin whoever came in on me is out

chorus

It's a frantic situation

It's a frantic situation, yes it is

(What can I do?)

It's a frantic situation

It's a frantic situation, hear me now

(What can I do?)

It's a frantic situation

It's a frantic situation, yes it is

(What can I do?)  
It's a frantic situation  
It's a frantic situation, hear me y'all  
(What can I do?)

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