

Slightly Stoopid

"Thinkin Bout Cops"

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As the sun going down I'm thinking to myself*
If this life is my heaven, why am I going through hell?
And if there's nothing at all then only time will tell,
So I try to make money with these drugs that I sell.
They try to put me in jail and police fine me,
Can't smoke (something), you know i gotta be free,
I know that drinking and driving lead to DUI,
So I try to stay sober I'm driving this high?
Thinking bout cops and then one passes by,

Don't mean I got some fuckin' psychic mind,
When the time comes I will be ready to die,
And I won't love them once more, they try to kill you,
Thinking of shit, you know they cannot refuse,
They mark up on letters to inscribe me
The girls that you know I will never find,
Girls on the street ain't like the ones in my mind,
And now I speak to my brother cause he speak the
truth,
When I like it girl, I'll fuckin' bust in two?

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