

Drake f/ Elzhi, Phonte

"Think Good Thoughts"

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[Drake] Yeah, 9th Wonder! Don't judge me man They tend to say that us rappers are materialistic They say we lack substance Me, 'Te and El' bout to prove 'em wrong though [Chorus: Drake] Uh, we know what you're thinking love You think we out smoking and drinking love Pushing big whips, chains clinking love But y'all don't really know me like you think you know me We know how you speculate Thinking we gon' hit your friend if you object to date Claim we're early and be showing up extra late love But y'all don't really know me like you think you know me [Drake] Uh, El' be saying that I'm humble, I'm hella nice For that I've been approached to sign to Roc-A-Fella twice Haters tell you all the rumors they heard and we laugh soon as you come and tell me like I'm Ellen Brice My groove theory is that when you too cheery they try to bring you down to the level they at Well when they are all unhappy, then it gets a little sticky That's why I am Little Nicky to these devils in rap But, uh, they ain't thinking Drake get smart girl Nah, they probably think I'll break your heart girl Haha, I can't lie, you probably right about it and if you give me the ass quick, I'll probably write about it But I hate it when they judge me on how I sound I mean I spit that influential shit from my town I don't know why you sitting on the couch when you see I got a bed, bring your ass here and lie down You think taking your purse off will lead to me, you taking shirts off and then your skirt off At least I got status because I could've been a local emcee and you probably would've been worse off So I'ma take this hat off, and I'ma hit it till I backs off and then I'm back sorrowful Cause you thinking you can predict what happen You the reason I'm thinking I'm getting sick of rapping [Chorus] [Phonte] You probably think I walk around with my gun tucked and swang dick to these hoes like nunchucks Well, you can think what you want but I think you've been watching too much BET: Uncut You need to get real and check out my real life I ain't a tip-trail, don't care what it smell like But if you feel like putting all your notions aside and talking to a real nigga, I'd gladly oblige First name Phonte, I'd be pleased to date ya College educated,

got degrees in papers But I'm from the South where if
you ain't snapping or rapping bout trapping youse a
freak of nature Such an anomaly, speak so well and
talk so collegy, such an astonishing contrast to all the
bullshit you've been following On behalf of them, I offer
my apologies Maybe with me you'll unlearn Putting all
niggas in a box of concerns me, cause I ain't dumb,
shit I'm well reared/red like sunburn And after me you'll
never leave no stone unturned, uh, c'mon [Chorus]
[Elzhi] They say you never judge a book by its cover
Though you appear as materialistic, just like the others
So I followed your words to take 'em in and I don't see
what you saying so they coming off paper thin That's
when I felt that I would need to do more than just look
you up and down to see if I could read you And try to
get inside your head only Not just stick my fingers in
your middle to get you to spread for me So what I
learned on my path to discover? Your story took one
ugly turn after another I saw we wasn't on the same
page I would've gave you strong play but your words
rubbed me the wrong way So now I'm closing the case
You only out for the paperback that's written all over
your face No El' will never judge a book by its cover
until he seen what was in between and looked at what
lies are under [Chorus]

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