

2 Am

Black Mustang

Two in the mornin', police knockin' at my door, what for?

Never know the reasons they be comin' packin'

And then they're comin' through

I tell them he just kick down my door

Even though I'm on the floor with a gun to my headAll the reason that I'm holdin' all the trees

And I gotta a lot a weed, they be spottin' me with infa-red

In the mood and I'm, "Who the hell is you?"

Still they comin' through, holdin' up the innocent, yeahThree in the mornin' in the cell, you'll get harrassed by
the man

Call my girl, baby comin' just as quick as she can

With the money for the case, we're gonna make it alright

Even though my weed and money could afford it tonightAnd leave the case to detonate inside the place when
I'm gone

Tellin' all the places, yo, I ought to handle all this alone

I say somethin' wrong? Wait, who the hell is you?

Aw, you comin' through, holdin' up them innocent, yeahFour in the mornin', police knockin' at my door, what
for?

Bet I know the reasons he comin' back and

And then they comin' through

I tell them, "He just kicked down my door"

Even though I'm on the floor with a gun to my headAnd all the reason that I'm holdin' all the trees

And I gotta a lot a weed, they be spottin' me with infa-red

In the mood singin', "Who the hell is you?"

Oh, you comin' through, holdin' up the innocent, yeah

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