

Lost in Thought

Ingo Vogelmann

I can feel the pressure
I take drastic measures
That sex on my mind
And the black tie on my dresser
 Fills to the A.M.
 I'm gonna pay 'em
 I could pack a nine
Play the ghetto, really play 'em I'm just waitin' for the Libra
 Judges, don't ya see one
Real nigga here, I ain't gots to porno freak one
 Can't inhale my doobie
 Ain't it kinda groovy
 You'll be shinin' like a ruby
It ain't nuttin' to me Son'll make it happen
 I'm out like the phantom
Disappear, reappear, yet I'm breakin' adams
 Enter the mind, not many make it out
'Cuz even real niggas don't know what I'm about
 I'll drink my liquor, the world's gettin' sicker
Crooked is the eye, watch you die, get the picture? I'm lost in thought
 (I'm lost in thought)
 I'm lost in thought
 (I'm lost in thought) I'm lost in thought
 (I'm lost in thought)
 I'm lost in thought
 (I'm lost in thought) I wake up cold sweatin'
 I hear the gats wettin'
Niggas in the alleys lettin' off, what they gettin' is
 Hell on a platter
 Too much for your data
Add shit to my skit, hoochie, what's the matter? Robbin' me softly
 Bitch, back up off me
I'll crack your lip, trip, then spit in your coffee
 Ain't got the patience
 Blowin' up your stations
Stay out my way, or go back to the ancients The funk, funk, funkdoobiest
 Tomorrow I'll be vibin'
 To see a different aura
 It'll flow jamma

Slim, let it simmer

In the doobie, as it dries, open eyes, now rememberI'm lost in thought
(I'm lost in thought)

I'm lost in thought

(I'm lost in thought)I'm lost in thought
(I'm lost in thought)

I'm lost in thought

(I'm lost in thought)I don't need the drama

All these mack mamas wanna freak a nigga down
And take his black toma

I'm tired of the plottin', my hood smells rotten
Tell all these niggas that son ain't forgotten
Thank you for the memories

And you know you can't get to me 'cuz I'm drinkin' Hennessey
Relieve that stressin', back to the essense

I rest with the best, I won't leave you guessin'Fear is surrounded
The molar gets pounded

I doubt if these celts know I'm out with the ounces
On the double, stumble into trouble

The bums in the slums feelin' dumb, walk humble
I hold my composure takin' out these soldiers

Cold wet my stroll and I'm lookin' over shouldersI'm lost in thought
(I'm lost in thought)

I'm lost in thought

(I'm lost in thought)I'm lost in thought
(I'm lost in thought)

I'm lost in thought

(I'm lost in thought)

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