

# Lost in Thought

## Retrospek

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 got 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, funk doobiest  
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 remember 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 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 essence  
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 shoulders 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)

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