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 'emI'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 meSon'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 ancientsThe 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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