

Stolen Moments Pt. II

Common

It's a frantic situation, it's a frantic situation
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Extra salty 'cuz whoever beat me, got me for this 31-inch
And this Alpha Bailey jacket I had just bought me
Out of snappin', my God tried to talk me
But what could get me half way calm was this Donny Hathaway song
The tape that it was on, I had wanted while I was gone
But forgot to pack it, in fact it was in that jacket
This demo, it's time to track it and lay it down
Either it's somebody I know or somebody I stay around
Day before I broke out, niggaz was over my crib gettin' smoked out
No tellin' who had the place scoped out
Donnie brought over some niggaz I didn't know
I'm askin', who are you? They said, I'm with the Mo
If it was them, soon I will collide with them
And they better not be rockin', no new Iversons
Then it could have been this hype that usually shovel my snow
If I'm out of town or not, by my car, he would know
Now it might have been this stripper I met at Pinkhouse party
Thick but my furniture wasn't worth her body
What if it was this nigga I let sleep in my crib?
To have the set of keys but that I wasn't tryin' to believe
But I could have put it past him
Or those other bastards
It would be assed backwards for me to ask if they did it
'Cuz whoever did ain't gon admit it
The blunted dirty dishes is my only exhibit
Wondering if I should give it a rest and through the wind
It might surface 'cuz tellin' Allah, Joe is worthless, uh
Hey, sucka nigga, whoever you are
Hey, sucka nigga, whoever you are
Hey, sucka nigga, whoever you are
Wherever you are, whoever you are
Check it out
Hey, sucka nigga, whoever you are
Hey, sucka nigga, whoever you are
Hey, sucka nigga, whoever you are

Wherever you are, whoever you are
Check it out

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