

# 2 AM

## Slightly Stoopid

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 head  
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 and I'm, "Who the hell is you?"  
Still they comin' through, holdin' up the innocent, yeah  
Three 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 tonight  
And 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, yeah  
Four 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 head  
And 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

Songwriters

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