

# I've Been Thinking

## Levload

[featuring sean lett]Intro: common

Yeah, one two, bless

Yeah yeah, check it

I got my mellow sean lett

He gonna get down for y'all chicago style

Eighty-seven, you know the bidness, check it

Chorus: common, sean lett

After eight years of my life, of smoking and drinking

The world keeps spinning, so lately I've been thinking

After eight years of my life, of smoking and drinking

The world keeps spinning, so lately I've been thinking

Verse one: common

Nearest to the go gothic, a cash flow prophet

Methods of gettin scratch and talkin slick I've adopted

Palms in the lock with stunts whose hearts be game

Hoes in the stable, none do I claim

Niggaz with nothin to shoot for, at they only aim

Gramps in the choir singin it's gonna rain

In the midst of precipitation, I make the power

Manipulations, so my offspring'll be straight for generations

Got connections in the nation

To incarceration, to general population

More lyrics than jason, look me in the face when you speak to me

You got a tattoo? bitch youse a freak to me

Seeking the, good sess material

Asking when's my next video

Bitch get a job and get your ass in somebody's university

Enroll your youngun in a nursery

And cleam him up, comb his hair, cover yourself

You want a man to love you you ain't loving yourself

I'm discovering wealth watches wisdom in ways

To make it in the last days, now bring it on

Chorus

Verse two: sean lett

I feel blessed I survived two decades in this world

Then ninety slid in naked now I got a baby girl

Ain't this a bitch, myself still a child

I want to hang on eighty-seven corners act wild on stoney isle

Better school her, so presence is your seed in society  
Parks of envy jealous niggaz crack fiends yes indeed  
I won't mislead and you can best believe  
I'm just a blink away shorty anytime that you need  
See I know right now, you're just too young to understand  
Asking questions, why pops and moms don't be holding hands  
Don't you worry about it yet, in due time we'll explain  
Why having you, created just an everlasting shame  
Bringing joy witcha smiles, tripping when you first walked  
Knowing somebody's child is gettin outlined in chalk  
Just relieved it ain't you, I got much love for you boo  
Cause it ain't nuthin that these skanless niggaz in these streets  
Won't do  
Stop me if I'm lying, see my race is steady dying  
Short methods to making cream, bullets sprays and shatters dreams  
See basically, chi-town's game-related and designed  
Niggaz store up theirs and down opposite signs  
Chorus  
Outro: sean lett, common  
It's like that y'all (yeah yeah)  
Common sense and dirty mizer on the set y'all  
Sean lett  
We gonna get down like that  
My man eddie c on the board  
We coming through y'all for eighty-seventh street  
Seventy-first and everybody in south show  
We coming through for niggaz on the west side  
Down in the ickies, all up and down state  
We gonna keep it straight like that  
We straight out for gold  
You call it chi-town it's still our town  
Holding it down like this with that eighty-seven sound  
We talking about rocking niggaz state to state nationwide  
On the real it's like that  
Straight up south side is where we loaf  
Shit be real around these parts, I'm serious  
Youknowhati'msayin? hear me  
You know what? we out though