

Paranoid

Afroman

Teaspoon! Come here, come here, hey, hey, hey look
Hey go get me two pounds of bud and two ounces of yay
Muthafuckaz at mah house waitin' right now 'cuz
AiightHow long can sell?
(You see life is like football, you know what I'm saying?)
Before I have to go to jail
(You gotta hike the ball and just make something happen man)Can I possibly get real?
(I mean you know you might get tackled, you know what I'm saying?)
Before somebody go and snitch
(Then again, you might fuck around and make a touch down)I'm so paranoid, stressed, stressed, paranoid,
paranoid
One false move, I can be destroyed
I avoid the cops, I use a decoy
See my motherfuckin' driver, he's a white boyI'm so paranoid, stressed, stressed, paranoid, paranoid
One false move, I can be destroyed
To avoid the cops, I use a decoy
You see my motherfuckin' driver, he's a white boyAll my life I did nothin' but dealin'
Learned to rely on my gut feelin'
Yo name is what? What? I know you from where? Where?
I don't mean to seem vicious but you look suspiciousStop talking 'bout drugs on the telephone
Stop walking with a bunch of thugs to my home
Stop fuckin' up, call me before you come
Stop telling these bitches where you got it fromHow long can I sell?
The Sheriff departments right down the block
Before I have to go to jail
Pass my beer so I can swallow this rockCan I possibly get real?
Pass the tabs the turnakit and syringes
Before somebody go snitch
Before the DEA kick the door of the hingesI'm so paranoid, stressed, stressed, paranoid, paranoid
One false move I can be destroyed
I avoid the cops I use a decoy
You see my motherfuckin' driver, he's a white boyI'm so paranoid, stressed, stressed, paranoid, paranoid
One false move, I can be destroyed
I avoid the cops, I use a decoy
You see my motherfuckin' driver, he's a white boyAs I bail down the street with my khakis creased
Everybody looking at me look like the police
Havin' conversations with my gang assailants
Do you think, we under police surveillance?Asking questions giving suggestions
Pulling Smith an' Wessons on strange pedestrians

Cookin' crack up, dollar bills stacked up
Hope the cops don't backup, here they come man
How long, stop runnin', stop runnin', can I sell?
The Sheriff department's right down the block
Before I have to go to jail
Pass my beer so I can swallow this rock
Can I possibly get real?
Hurry up, pass the tabs, turnakit and syringes
Before somebody go and snitch
Before the DEA kick the door off the hinges
Maybe I oughta stop sellin' water
Spend more time with my son and my daughter
But my drug life drug me away from my wife
She couldn't deal with the stress and the strife
The cocaine rockin' and the hood rats jockin'
The late night knockin' the drive way blockin'
Late at night I fantasize 'bout rappin'
But I gotta sell dope till it happen
For how long? Hey, who is that, who is that man?
See you all fuckin' up, I got these looks
Yo man little rich kids comin' over here
That's what I'm saying now
You know they gonna snitch, they can't even lie to their parents
What the fuck you think they gonna do when the police pressure 'em?
Get to crying and shit, Afroman sold it to me mommy
He stays over there
How long can I sell?
The Sheriff departments right down the block
Before I have to go to jail
Pass my beer so I can swallow this rock
Can I possibly get real?
Pass the tabs the turnakit and syringes
Before somebody go snitch
Before the DEA kick the door of the hinges
I'm so paranoid, now God lay me down to sleep
Before the cops rape, please give me a beat
If they accidentally kill me and I don't escape
Pray some white person, gotta video tape
Twinkle twinkle little little star
That looks like a police car
Shining on my dope spot
A police raid
I hope not
Little little homie hold my gun
I'm gonna fuckin' run
Where I run, I don't care
Throw that dope, anywhere
Cops chase me, through the hood
Straight in to the woods camera
Fly like lepard's
I hear, German Shepards
Freeze, hold it right there
Drug dealers, nightmare
Busted crack, criminal court
No black support
Handcuffs very tight, Baptist jury all white
They could never be my peers, sentence me twenty years
This rap so damn real, I'm glad I gotta record deal

If I don't sell a mill, this could, could happen still
What a predicament

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