

## Thought Process

Goodie Mob

Let me get a chop at this lumber niggas  
From da down underground are hangin' around the A-Town  
Lookin' for a come up, workin' from 9 to 5  
Just to get some change so T-Mo can stay alive  
Not greedy or living' lavish yet but you can bet that when I do  
Nobody from my crew will I forget  
And if I start to get large and come up on some change  
I won't change, everybody know they down

It's not the same, everyday life can be different  
These laws got me ready to ball  
'Cause I fall a victim so I still be slinging them fat pillows  
To make 'em meet, each and every day as I comb my city streets  
Sometimes I wish I never had been apart of this mess  
'Cause the system got us fucked up

It put us to the test, women and men if you black you in  
Food for the soul listen to what I tell you it don't matter  
Young or old it's time we loc' up and do like we suppose  
We killin' each other over this bullshit and some clothes  
We're trapped off in this world and society with no place else to go  
So how you feel?

Frustrated, irritated, sometimes I don't know myself I be too numb  
To feel something sometimes, so I dig deep, get in the Cherokee  
Let my mind fly free into the wilderness so I can get this shit  
Off my mind, that's why I be smokin' that dank sometimes  
It keeps me from snappin', keeps me calm, keeps my mind open  
Keeps me firm of what I gots to do off in the studio  
To get my old burd back on her feet

And my little bro' in Statesboro and my little cuz Mark Twain, all my  
Folks that hang with me when I was out in the trap or when I was goin'  
Through one of our episodes, only God knows, what I go through  
So I get down on my knees, sometimes I come home  
Too high to pray, but I get on my bed lay on my back and meditate  
Anyway, in the ceilings, the four walls, it's like cell therapy  
I got nothing to do but write about my L I F E, put it down on paper  
So what you feel?

I live for today, mother fuck another hour, it might be sour  
Never know my day, so I'm prayin' in the shower  
Look up and thank the Lord for forgiveness, a witness to bad  
I'm lookin' for good in the Southwest, God bless my neighborhood  
It's people killin' in da street to eat surviving the day  
Is the only goat that I set just to make it home, I'm not alone  
Someone's out to get me when I haven't done shit wrong

My head felt swoll, mist couldn't see past my mouth  
What route did you take man caught me by that loops of my pants  
Got me on the curb lettin' tha traffic pass me by  
No questions I said nothing lookin' for tha mutant to be buckin'  
Tha law naw, man Gipp show him my shit close my mouth then I dip  
See to me G is a person who understand tha plan  
Can't make no moves when you in tha hands of tha man  
They got some new suites down Peachtree

Left wing for tha Feds, right wing for tha hard heads  
Makin' more deals than Buddy Folks made with Harts field  
Somebody don't want my face in tha place, for 96 shits slick  
Got me clean, lookin' fresh, dogs be scratchin' at my chest  
Under the order of who? Guess who ain't non-iller than miller  
Wanna 1, 2 your ass no more life what you gave was tha past  
'Cause ain't no future wanna milliamp your case  
Disgrace your face, make it seem to be safe ain't no place to run

Sometimes I don't even know how I'm gonna eat  
'Bout twenty dollars away from being on the street  
Shit, you might see a nigga on TV but hell it's almost like  
I'm rappin' for free that little money be gone, got dammit, I'm grown  
Gotta help keep the heat and lights on  
It would be nice to have mo' but I kinda like being po'  
At least I know what my friends here fo'

I wanna lie to you sometimes, but I can't  
I wanna tell you that it's all good, but it ain't  
It's nigga's hurtin' and uncertain 'bout if they gon' make it or not  
That's why we got nigga's killing, feelin like they coming up  
Off a little dope they sold you can get some gold  
But we won't make it as a whole 'cause without you there'd be no me  
And without no unity there will never be any happiness  
You could smoke a pound of sess and it still won't relieve yo' stress  
God bless my thought process

The thought process  
Now, now as an Outkast I was born, wasn't warned of the harm  
That would come to meet me like Met Life, but yet life done  
Sent me through a lot of ups and down like it ain't nothing'  
Like elevators but I ain't the one that's pushin' the buttons  
I got off at the 13th floor, when they told me that it wasn't one  
They said it skipped from 12 to 14

Still smoking, still drinking, no I'm sittin' on the Lincoln 4 A.M.  
Thinkin' that in reality the world is like a ball full of playas  
We trapped off in this maze with walls made of layers  
And only prayers is the tightest game that you can have  
The devil's takin' a swing that might explain the broken glass  
But my crystal ball see the pistol fall to the wayside  
Nobody would die in cops and robbers when we used to play right

Huh, the only thang we feared was Williams, Wayne  
Never though about hittin' licks or slangin' caine  
Didn't think I'd be the one to give in to abortion  
Label me murder because my ass is scorchin'  
Hot from the Glock that sits under my seat  
Yeah, it's real fucked up that my folks come to get me  
And it's like dat, yeah, and it's like dem