

2 Am

Slightly Stoopid

Two in the morning, police knockin' at my door, what for?
Never know the reasons they be coming packin'
And then they're coming 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 harassed by the man
Call my girl, baby coming just as quick as she can
With the money for the 'case' we's 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 coming 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 m
y 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 singing, "who the hell is you?"
Oh you comin' through, holdin' up the innocent yeah.