

## Thinkin Bout Cops

Slightly Stoopid

As the sun going down I'm thinking to myself  
If this life is my heaven, why am I going through hell?  
And if there's nothing at all then only time will tell,  
So I try to make money with these drugs that I sell.  
They try to put me in jail and police fine me,  
Can't smoke (something), you know I gotta be free,  
I know that drinking and driving lead to DUI,  
So I try to stay sober I'm driving this high?

Thinking bout cops and then one passes by,  
Don't mean I got some fuckin' psychic mind,  
Looking for life before it passes by,  
When the time comes I will be ready to die,  
And I won't love them once more, they try to kill you,  
Thinking of shit, you know they cannot refuse,

They mark up on letters to inscribe me  
The girls that you know I will never find,  
Girls on the street ain't like the ones in my mind,  
And now I speak to my brother cause he speak the truth,  
When I like it girl, I'll fuckin' bust in two?