

Stolen Moments, Pt. 3

Common

Down da-down-da-down-down-down, what (3x)
Down-da-down, check it, check it
There was a Hardy boy mystery I was tryin to solve
Can't understand who the fuck was involved
Back from a show I had came, hopped off the plane
In my mind home was pictured and rest was the frame
My God came and grabbed in something less than a Caddy
Go buy them gas and food was less than a cabby
As we approach my tilt, paranoia in my bones had built
By the lock on the door, a hole was drilled
I opened it to the kitchen floor my heart nailed
In my shit, somebody had broke in like a mitt
My mind started swingin and who I thought the glove fit
As usual, niggaz is suspects
Who did I tell I was going out of town
Not too many people, I guess the word got around
The people upstairs should have been disturbed by the sound
Must have came during the day when at work, they was found
At the mount I stand folded than tie
Askin who done it
Fuck Hitchcock, I got the fifth cocked
About to go wild hunted
Whoever did it had the nerve to chill and get blunted
And left a roach in the ash tray, I had cleaned out the last da
y
Before I left, this thief decided to play chef
With the beef in the fridge to cook chicken breast
I'm kickin what shit was left all around the house
Thinkin whoever came in on me is out

It's a frantic situation
It's a frantic situation, yes it is
(What can I do?)
It's a frantic situation
It's a frantic situation, hear me now
(What can I do?)
It's a frantic situation
It's a frantic situation, yes it is
(What can I do?)
It's a frantic situation
It's a frantic situation, hear me y'all
(What can I do?)