

# What Was I Thinkin'

Starlito

[Intro]

I just want to unite the negroes, I went to college for fun. A mind is a terrible thing to waste  
The school of hard knocks grindin 101, I learned that time is a terrible thing to waste, higher earning

[Verse 1]

Look at me I done recaptured my buzz  
Because for a minute there I wasn't half the rapper I was  
I fell back, relapsed, I was back with a plug  
Takin' the chance of a lifetime traffickin' drugs  
Trash Bag that's us, no class, that's them  
180 on the dash, paper tag, that's him  
Lito-guap-a-lot-I-get seven snuffaluffagus  
The same one the Joker had, you don't want to fuck with this  
Long nose strap like Pinnochio lining  
If you ever see it well you know we gonna fire it  
Peeped you staring at my chain, I hope you don't try it  
Or you'll be tomorrow's hood story, so and so died  
What was he thinkin'?

[Hook]

I be thinkin' out loud  
Matter of fact I can't stop thinkin'  
I don't think I know how  
Think I'm playin'? Run off  
You know I got my gun dog  
You might think that you're tough, but I don't think that's what you want doing  
What was I thinkin'? What was I thinkin'? What was I thinkin'?  
I wasn't thinkin' at all  
What was I thinkin'? What was I thinkin'?  
I know what I was thinkin'  
At least I was thinkin'

[Verse 2]

You know me I'm on some fly shit  
You ain't got half the keys, nokia, I'm a sidekick  
I'm no kia, uh uh, look at my whip  
Car serviced for no reason, low mileage  
Packages you never had, you just be rapping bout them slabs  
What you know about tipping a driver and trapping out a cab?  
Or going to play pick and serve 'em out the center  
Niggas ordering quarter pounders but you serve 'em at Mrs. Winner's  
When I was just beginner I played on expert  
And players kept it trill because I had the best work  
And I always had the best price, but guess what? Guess who got the work, Uncle Sam nephew, Lito!  
And I ain't even taxing but when the girl come in I'm like sorry Ms. Jackson  
I'm for real, I'm gonna be on some Tiger shit, I'm talkin' white chicks on the side, bricks in my ride  
Livin' in the past, yeah different times  
And I don't trust girls that Twitter all the time  
I use it to cure boredom or for an alibi  
Or when I'm satellite high, smokin' on that Madeline  
Red haired dro, Lito is real, they're Palestine  
That's why some of my raps come across as battle rhymes

That's because it make me mad when they braid the line  
I lapped 'em like Santa Claus, that means I passed 'em by  
You don't grind like me dog, grind like Dale Jr. last half of his last name  
With the T off, T off like G off, should've hollered at me for the pound I w  
ould've took a G off

[Hook]

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