

Afroman, Paranoid

TEASPOON! come here come here, hey, hey, hey look
hey go get me two pounds of bud and two ounces of yay
muthafuckaz at mah house waitin right now cuz
aiight

how long can sell?
(you see life is like football you know what im saying)
before I have to go to jail
(you gotta hike the ball and just make something happen man)
can I possibly get real?
(I mean you know you might get tackeded you know what im saying)
before somebody go and snitch
(then again you might fuck around and make a touch down)
I'm so paranoid stressed stressed paranoid paranoid
one false move I can be destroyed (echo)
I avoid the cops I use a decoy
see my mother fuckin driver he's a white boy
I'm so paranoid stressed stressed paranoid paranoid one false move
I can be destroyed to avoid the cops I use a decoy
You see my mother fuckin driver he's a white boy
all my life I did nothin' but dealin'
learned to rely on my gut feelin'
yo name is what? what? I know you from where? where?
I dont meen to seem vicious but you look suspicious
stop talking bout drugs on the telephone
stop walking with a bunch of thugs to my home
stop fuckin up, call me before you come
stop telling these bitches where you got it from

how long can I sell
the sheriff departments right down the block
before I have to go to jail
pass my beer so I can swallow this rock
can I possibly get real
pass the tabs the turnakit and syringes
before somebody go snitch
before the DEA kick the door of the hinges
I'm so paranoid stressed stressed paranoid pranoird
One false move I can be destroyed (echo)
I avoid the cops I use a decoy
you see my mother fuckin driver he's a white boy
I'm so paranoid stressed stressed paranoid paranoid
one false move I can be destroyed (echo)
I avoid the cops I use a decoy
you see my mother fuckin driver he's a white boy

as I bail down the street with my khakis creased
everybody looking at me look like the police
havin conversations with my gang asailants
do you think we under police surveillance
asking questions giving suggestions
pulling smith an wessons on strange pedestrians
cookin crack up, dolla bills stacked up
hope the cops dont backup here they come man

how long
stop runnin stop runnin
can I sell
the sheriff departments right down the block
before I have to go to jail
pass my beer so I can swallow this rock
can I possibly get real
hurry up pass the tabs turnakit and syringes
before somebody go and snitch

before the DEA kick the door off the hinges
maybe I otta stop sellin water
spend more time with my son and my daughter
but my drug life drug me away from my wife
she couldn't deal with the stress and the strife
the cocaine rockin' and the hood rats jockin'
the late night knockin' the drive way blockin'
late at night I fantasize bout rappin
but I gotta sell dope till it happen
for how long

hey who is that who is that man?
see you all fuckin up
I got these looks
yo man little rich kids comin over here
thats what I'm saying now
you know the gonna snitch
they cant even lie to there parents
what the fuck you think they gonna do when the police presure em?
get to crying and shit..afroman sold it to me mommy
he stays over there

how long can I sell
the sheriff departments right down the block
before I have to got to jail
pass my beer so il can swallow this rock
can I possibly get real
pass the tabs turnakit and syringes
before somebody go and snitch
before the DEA kick the door of the hinges
I'm so paranoid
now god lay me down to sleep
before the cops rape
please give me a beat
If they accidently kill me
and I dont escape
pray some white person
gotta video tape

twinkle twinkle little little star (echo)
that looks like a police car (echo)
shining on my dope spot (echo)
a police raid (echo)
I hope not (echo)
little little homie hold my gun (echo)
im gonna fuckin run (echo)
where I run, I dont care
throw that dope, anywhere (echo)
cops chase me, through the hood
straight in to the woods camera
fly like leapords
i hear, german sheapards
freeze, hold It right there
drug dealers, nightmare
busted crack, criminal court
no black support
handcuffs very tight, baptist jury all white
they could never, be my peers, sentence me twenty years
this rap so damn real, Im glad I gotta record deal
If I don't sell a mill
this could could happen still
what a predicament