

# Lexicon, You Gotta Stop

Maaan, you got a problem Nick  
(Nah you got a problem Oak)

(Chorus 1: repeat 2X)

You gotta stop smokin weed in the morning Nick  
You really gotta stop doin that shit (that shit)  
Because you're always talkin bout how you gonna quit  
Well now you gotta deal with it

(Verse One)

Check it out

The alarm went off, around a quarter to nine  
My eyes were stuck shut so I was pretty much blind  
But my nose was workin so it was already defeat  
See I was sellin some herb, to make ends meet  
And the smell was sweet (sweet) so so sweet  
I'll just take a little hit to put some movement in my feet  
Slow movement, slowly got me out of bed  
And quickly put me in the kitchen fryin eggs and bread  
Watchin "Divorce Court" instead of class at ten  
But I knew I wouldn't make it before class'd begin  
Hopped in the shower and (yeah) after a half an hour  
of deep concentration and my own meditation  
it was time for motivation the way Cali knows how  
Again it's the third time in three hours  
And the phone rings, and it was my man Raoul  
He said he wanna smoke a blunt before school, I said, "Cool"  
Swooped through the spot I don't got class 'til two  
where I wasted my time but I slept for a few  
My next, I think that I slept right through  
And I was still feelin sleepy skipped the last one too  
Then I snapped at my girl, forgot to call my mother  
Started actin like a dick and really pissed off my brother  
(then it's) home by three wantin my MTV  
Sayin I'm stoppin this shit, startin next week

(Interlude)

Man (f'real) you're not gonna stop  
(Aw c'mon man you're one to talk, look at you, cause you, y-you)

(Chorus 2: repeat 2X)

You gotta stop havin sex with your ex Big Oak  
You gotta really stop doin that shit (that shit)  
Cause you're always talkin bout how you gonna quit  
Well now you gotta deal with it

(Verse Two)

Yeah I know but see it's easier, and I'm a lazy guy  
So I'd rather sit at home and touch my ex-girl's thigh  
Shit, she's hella cute and the sex is great  
So there's no reason to go out and make my next mistake  
with some girl that's probably gonna shoot me down anyway  
We all know how it goes in L.A. don't we fellas?  
So my choice is the booty call, don't be jealous  
And don't pretend like you haven't done the same thing  
Get with the same ring on your phone after you broke up  
It was your ex-girl and now she wants to hook up  
If you said you didn't do it then you lied  
No guy has that much willpower in his mind  
I know I don't, I'm a sucker for it  
And now she's got me callin her when I need a good hit  
She pulls right up to my place lookin sexy and shit  
But then right after we're done I'm always regrettin it  
So how'm I gonna quit? I'm a picky man

At least I don't hit on my cousin like Steely Dan  
{\*phone\*} Ayyo wait, hold up, let me check the caller ID  
Yep it's her, I'll be back in about twenty  
(Hahhhhhh! I'll be back in about twenty. Go hit that!)

{\*arguing ad libs fade\*}