

## 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?)