

# Paranoid

Afroman

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  
Aaight

How long can sell?  
(You see life is like football, you know what I'm 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 tackled, you know what I'm 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  
I avoid the cops, I use a decoy  
See my motherfuckin' 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 motherfuckin' 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 don't mean 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, paranoid  
One false move I can be destroyed  
I avoid the cops I use a decoy  
You see my motherfuckin' driver, he's a white boy

I'm so paranoid, stressed, stressed, paranoid, paranoid  
One false move, I can be destroyed  
I avoid the cops, I use a decoy  
You see my motherfuckin' 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 assailants  
Do you think, we under police surveilliance?

Asking questions giving suggestions  
Pulling Smith an' Wessons on strange pedestrians  
Cookin' crack up, dollar bills stacked up  
Hope the cops don't backup, here they come man

How long, stop runnin', stop runnin', can I sell?  
The Sheriff department's 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 oughta 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  
That's what I'm saying now

You know they gonna snitch, they can't even lie to their parents  
What the fuck you think they gonna do when the police pressure '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 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, now God lay me down to sleep  
Before the cops rape, please give me a beat  
If they accidently kill me and I don't escape  
Pray some white person, gotta video tape

Twinkle twinkle little little star  
That looks like a police car  
Shining on my dope spot  
A police raid

I hope not  
Little little homie hold my gun  
I'm gonna fuckin' run  
Where I run, I don't care

Throw that dope, anywhere  
Cops chase me, through the hood  
Straight in to the woods camera  
Fly like leopard's

I hear, German Shepards  
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, I'm glad I gotta record deal  
If I don't sell a mill, this could, could happen still  
What a predicament