

Deep Thought

Busta Rhymes

Baby, you want me?
Well, I want you, too
You can have me
If I can have you, too
Come to mommy
Let me relax you
Let me comfort you
In deep thought, baby?
Tell me what's on your mind
Yo, yo, yo

Smoking cigarettes, blow the smoke out
Can't believe the shit that's happening to me
When I need a place to be tranquil, meditate, think 'bout what really matter
Go and rest my head on my shawty booby
She run her fingers through the new dread I'm growing
Peep the way my day might have been overwhelming, tryna relax a nigga
If you listening and you catch the picture
You might see me laying 'tween my shawty legs holding a glass of liquor
And she keep rubbing my head, asking me to talk to her, I don't even respond
Hold my hand, middle finger, tickle my palm
My shawty stay relaxed, she understand a nigga going through something
When I'm at home, ain't no never need for the fronting
My voice going, I'm sounding like a frog, doing shows back to back
Partially why niggas reluctant to talk
They get their way when niggas start rubbing my hand, massaging my back
They start confessing to all the shit I was taught
Applying what I was taught to the point if you ain't right, I will slap you
While becoming your favorite rapper's favorite rapper
Then it all feels like the shit was in vainness, but I'm bringing it harder
Losing Chris Lighty and then losin' my father
I'm bittersweet, so I promised my momma I'ma become a martyr
And every day that pass, I move a little smarter
That's why I work so hard, I try expanding business a little larger
To get my son a Range and my daughter a Charger
But I feel cheated 'cause Chris and my father, they ain't right here to see
it (Wow son)
Well like I said, 'cause they ain't right here to see it
Despite my heart was suffered, I'm still undefeated
I give 'em what they need and got 'em wildin' 'til this niggas is coo-coo
We ain't screaming "Violator" like we used to
You ask me what's on my mind, baby, well I'ma serve you
There ain't no statue of limitation when it comes to murder
You ever heard a nigga like me stay on top of shit
Won't let it rest 'til we get to the bottom of it
Yeah, and they know who I'm talking to
Because they Busta Rhymes fans, but probably not after this song is through
The fuck I'm 'posed to do?
When this be the shit that I be thinking when I'm 'posed to be honest when I
talk to my boo
My shawty probably mad
'Cause I ain't supposed to share these conversations when we sharing moments
like this out the blue
But then I got her blessing so that I can share this with y'all
Because she feel the way I feel, a lot of others, too
In any event, this the shit I'm thinking
Some of the many things that I've got on my mind, shawty

That's probably why I smoke and I keep on drinkin'
'Cause I need closure for my mind, soul and my body
Good days and bad days is part of the process
Buildin' with my shawty, escaping the nonsense
And though I continue to keep it honest, thought process is complex
To keep your balance and focus on progress
That be the concepts despite the fights internally fought
Those who were there for daddy, thanks for your support
And when I'm long-
term thinking, see, the terms these niggas think on is short
They hate when I spot 'em, now they throwing me salt
That's how my mind travel like I'm in a Caribbean resort
Ponderin' on shit when I'm in deep thought (You and I-)