

Think Good Thoughts

Drake

Yeah, 9th Wonder! Don't judge me man
They tend to say that us rappers are materialistic
They say we lack substance
Me, 'Te and El' bout to prove 'em wrong though

Uh, we know what you're thinking love
You think we out smoking and drinking love
Pushing big whips, chains clinking love
But y'all don't really know me like you think you know me
We know how you speculate
Thinking we gon' hit your friend if you object to date
Claim we're early and be showing up extra late love
But y'all don't really know me like you think you know me

Uh, El' be saying that I'm humble, I'm hella nice
For that I've been approached to sign to Roc-A-Fella twice
Haters tell you all the rumors they heard
And we laugh soon as you come and tell me like I'm Ellen Brice
My groove theory is that when you too cheery
They try to bring you down to the level they at
Well when they are all unhappy, then it gets a little sticky
That's why I am Little Nicky to these devils in rap
But, uh, they ain't thinking Drake get smart girl
Nah, they probably think I'll break your heart girl
Haha, I can't lie, you probably right about it
And if you give me the ass quick, I'll probably write about it
But I hate it when they judge me on how I sound
I mean I spit that influential shit from my town
I don't know why you sitting on the couch
When you see I got a bed, bring your ass here and lie down
You think taking your purse off
Will lead to me, you taking shirts off and then your skirt off
At least I got status because I could've been a local emcee
And you probably would've been worse off
So I'm a take this hat off, and I'm a hit it till I backs off
And then I'm back sorrowful
Cause you thinking you can predict what happen
You the reason I'm thinking I'm getting sick of rapping

You probably think I walk around with my gun tucked and
Swang dick to these hoes like nunchucks
Well, you can think what you want but
I think you've been watching too much BET: Uncut
You need to get real and check out my real life
I ain't a tip-trail, don't care what it smell like
But if you feel like putting all your notions aside
And talking to a real nigga, I'd gladly oblige
First name Phonte, I'd be pleased to date ya
College educated, got degrees in papers
But I'm from the South where if you ain't snapping
Or rapping bout trapping youse a freak of nature
Such an anomaly, speak so well
And talk so collegy, such an astonishing
Contrast to all the bullshit you've been following
On behalf of them, I offer my apologies
Maybe with me you'll unlearn

Putting all niggas in a box of concerns
Me, cause I ain't dumb, shit I'm well reared/red like sunburn
And after me you'll never leave no stone unturned, uh, c'mon

They say you never judge a book by it's cover
Though you appear as materialistic, just like the others
So I followed your words to take 'em in
And I don't see what you saying so they coming off paper thin
That's when I felt that I would need to
Do more than just look you up and down to see if I could read you
And try to get inside your head only
Not just stick my fingers in your middle to get you to spread for me
So what I learned on my path to discover?
Your story took one ugly turn after another
I saw we wasn't on the same page
I would've gave you strong play but your words rubbed me the wrong way
So now I'm closing the case
You only out for the paperback that's written all over your face
No El' will never judge a book by it's cover
Until he seen what was in between and looked at what lies are under