

# 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