

# Thinkin'

Suga Free

Every little thing she does is magic...  
Know why?  
Cause she ain't a bitch

You see...

There was a black man, a white man, and a Chinese man and God was giving out  
hair

He said, "Black man, what kind of hair do you want?"

He said, "Just ball mine up and throw it here."

Don't nothing come to sleepers but dreams

And then you wake up with reality in the distance, spinning and thinning com  
plaining

Don't do me...God

No damn favor

You hate me cause I pimp a prostitute

You think I'm playin' nigga, after you

Now here's a person, here's a place, here's a thing we can a game

Oh yeah, you're glasses before you enter cause me and you, we don't see the  
same thang

I dance low, low, low, lower, lower, lower

Hair flying bounce you notice

I ain't for play

No day

I mean every motherfucking word that I say

What's fly to me is that the real ones

Catch on, bring you up

Respect the game, look out for daddy and know to shut the fuck up

I'm driving

I'm thinking

Checking out my business you better believe me

Hoing

Prostitution

Tell me patna what is yo' solution

Do what you say, say what you mean cause one thing leads to another

But I guarantee that understanding me

I'll prolly make you pop a plea to your brother

City lights, heavy traffic just makes my day

Cause when I send my ho to work she catching date after date

While you sitting there wanting to lay up

Look bitch, ain't you got something to do today you playa hater

Can't wait to leave sometime like five days ago

When I left saying "Once a ho always a ho"

I got a mack attack, I got a Tac attack

I got a Turn to me, we got to move the P

We got round brown pimpin' Suga Free, ooh wee

When Tone set down his gat, stepped back and told this nigga

I'm driving

I'm thinking

Tell me why or what do you believe in

Is it money?

Now, is it power?

Pimp I pimp I pimp hour by hour

My people built this motherfucker and I know my way around

You see the same ole' faces going up, coming down

And I still can't read  
And you ask me if I'm qualified to give you motherfuckers just what y'all need  
I got a problem cause I'm fresh out the penitentiary baby  
And I admit I'm antisocial and it's driving me crazy  
At least in prison there's a guard tower  
For level ones, level twos and level threes hour after hour  
So many memories of struggling with my band bro  
'85 counting Miller, 2001 The inmates asked me how I caught this case  
They couldn't believe that Suga Free was right there in they face  
The whole yard told another yard before I left the R&R  
I tried to make my bed but I was signing autographs hard  
Homies giving me noodles and chips and shit  
My bunkie Dee said, "Man I know you miss that nigga Quik."

I'm driving  
Still thinking  
I don't know why I'm doing so much drinking  
But I like it  
And I need it  
Bitch you just don't believe in who you believing  
I'm leaving  
And you never invite your girlfriend