

# Sorry I'm Away So Much

## Xzibit

(Xzibit talking)

Come here Tre, what's up son, come on  
To whom it may concern, yeah, listen  
Sorry I'm away so much, yeah, yeah  
All the sons, daughters, penitentiary niggas, yeah, feel me  
Uh, sorry I'm away so much, yeah

(Xzibit)

My son was born about four and a half years ago  
Nothin protected him, amazin how fast they grow  
I came to know about his likes and his dislikes, yeah  
Video games, taught him how to ride his first bike  
This is the life my little nigga, I see you gettin all upset  
When I leave the house, poutin, let me tell you about  
Tryna make it in this world and provide for you  
'Cause on them overseat plane rides I miss you too  
Never knew that I would have to be away so much  
Five thousand dollar phone bills keepin in touch  
We Starskey and Hutch, yeah, we partners for life, yeah  
I rock mics, so I'm sorry when I hug you if I squeeze too tight  
Long nights in the studio take me away  
Gettin mad 'cause I'm tired and you want me to play  
Money can't replace time, I'm just tryna get you outta the fine relyin  
And expand your mind my lil' ni', yeah

Yeah, c'mon

(Chorus-X)

Look, sorry I'm away so much

Understand me, yeah

It's for you, hah, yeah (you, and you, and you)

C'mon, look, sorry I'm away so much

Huh, we keep it gangsta

Look

(Xzibit)

I got a brother locked down, he be out in a couple  
Knuckle for knuckle, a veteran and nothin but muscle  
Now broadcastin live from behind the wall  
Stayin tight through long kites and telephone calls  
Gettin hype when you see your brother on T.V.

Can't wait for your release so you can roll with me

Arrange everything exactly how it's supposed to be  
For right now here's a thousand, J, stay lo-key  
You say damn Xzibit, why'n't you pay a nigga a visit  
Time limits got me movin a million miles a minute  
Knee deep, gotta strike while the iron is hot  
Still gotta eat and keep the lights on when it's not  
Sleepin on cots, bullet wounds got you in knots  
I wish I was there to snatch you up instead of the cops  
Muthafuck it, do the time and get it out of the way  
You goin from convict to corporate nigga in one day (in one day)

(Chorus)

(Quik)

Now I ain't never been this hot before  
So in essence it's obvious, I ain't never been this out before  
I'm spending 25-8 days, 366 times a year  
Up in the studio freakin and mixin rhymes in here  
Nothin but beer, bud smoke, Hen and Coke, women and sheer  
Callin playa niggas there

Not the kinda place I really wanna bring my son  
Get on lil' Dane, gon' in there and have you some fun  
Used to be that ??? be up there sewin ya clothes  
While I'm with you on the Playstation showin you codes  
Hit the X button stupid, forward, left, right, X  
Now I'm tryna get your college fund, bustin with X

(Suga Free)

Come here, give that here dada,  
no no don't do that mama 'cause dada be back  
Here go your ba-ba, Pampers, flashy ???, you can see that  
You tryna figure out  
why dada talkin to you through this glass on the phone  
Ooh, I socked a bitch and then she snitched, but I'll be home  
Can't keep me away, just can't stay away

(Chorus-Suga Free)

(Suga Free talkin to fade)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>