Sometimes

N.O.R.E.

featuring Musolini
Verse 1: Noreaga
Yo I grew up like the regular thug I think I told you that
My only means of gettin money was to sell the crack
I shot a nigga did a bid nigga all of that
So now I kick back and get paid for raw rap
Nigga 'Pone ain't home not yet (not yet?)
Yo it don't matter 'cause we's all on the same set
Me and ??? kick it on the here and there
The really head to tough but the love is there
My pops died on July 3rd, '98
So now a nigga need mad herb
'cause my pops is here yo he loved his son
Matter of fact my pops the one that showed me a gun
And said "Popi, you gotta protect ya moms
Even if that means that you gotta strap up arms"
He used to make me hit the punching bag
My dad, he was a boxer god
And he really was glad yo the boxing the golden glove
He just a thug and I love him yo
So I'ma spread that love...

Chorus (repeat 2x)
Sometimes I want to cry and pray, sometimes
Sometimes I want Channel 8, sometimes
Sometimes I get drunk all god damn day
Sometimes I want to go back around the way
Sometimes I want to ride and smoke, sometimes
Sometimes I got money and I still feel broke

Verse 2: Musolini
I cock and pop 3 in the air for my niggas not here
Locked it wit me, your legacy live on with me continuously
Tremendously I blow weed deep in my memory
You still breathe, your face show through your seeds
And who know it that you go so quick
We all felt hopeless, through blunt smoke
My pen spittin and I show this
I swore an oath you would notice

I go to lengths with my rap strengths
When I think about my past friends K-Rock and D-zo
Primo from the same block as me since we was shorties
The pain and project glory
I get touched it all absorb me like a weed head rush
Keepin the thorough for my passed he-ro, I must
All my peoples street and physical
I still see you featured in my heart sometimes it might wrinkle
Much drinkin when I'm thinkin, its like I feel a hush over the skies
Touched by dead guys speakin...

Chorus (repeat 2x)
Verse 3: Noreaga
Yo from Biggie Smalls to Killa be too
??? and 2Pac, yo my twin and my pops
Hit-Hard Todd and Smiley, T-Bone too
And plus, my nigga Raheem, from ???
You know I poured out beer for Fernando too
And I still smoke my bogeys in the rest of the crew
Yo ain't nothin changed still play ball the same
I like to cheat a little bit just to run in my game
But y'all niggas ain't here, can't believe this shit
Thought you'd always be here, though we'd always be clique!
But y'all niggas not here no more, it ain't fair no more
Sometimes I get stressed and kick the door
But I maintain still holdin' in the pain
Why my pops had to go, why his kids the same
Mothafuckin mambo, yo I love my dad
I know he probably didn't realize what he had

Chorus (repeat 4x)

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