

# Sometimes (Explicit)

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 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 Sometimes I want to cry and pray, sometimes  
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Sometimes I want to ride and smoke, sometimes  
Sometimes I got money and I still feel broke 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 Sometimes I want to cry and pray, sometimes  
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Sometimes I got money and I still feel broke 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 Sometimes I want to cry and pray, sometimes  
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