

Sometimes

Cee Lo Green

Ladies and gentlemen, Cee-Lo

[Cee-Lo]

Peace

How why'all feel out there

That's cool

Alright

You know, sometimes I want to rap

Sometimes I want to sing, you know what I mean

Sometimes all it calls for is a nice mellow groove

Hit of rimshot, you know

Just get, you know, get you open

But I want to do a piece for why'all tonight, it's called sometimes

Alright, so check it out

Sometimes a stranger can be your best friend

Sometimes being angry is the best mood

Sometimes seeing you feel good makes me feel even better

Sometimes hunger is the best food

Sometimes good just ain't good enough

And other times evil will get you even

Sometimes faith is not knowing any better

Sometimes nothing is what you believe in

Woah

Sometimes I don't even want a hit

Sometimes you fail trying

And sometimes happiness hurts worse

Sometimes people live dying

Sometimes it's the last person that makes you first

Sometimes you'll keep what you don't want

And other times you'll give away what you really need

Sometimes a rich man won't have a dollar

And all a poor man has is greed

Woah

Sometimes

Sometimes I just want to listen

Sounds good to me

Yeah

Ay yo Lock, put them strings right here
Sometimes I don't think people know I'm as good as I really am

Now my recitings are writing over rhythm's
Regularly reenacts facts of my existence
So what proof of my expertise, many emcees know of me
Using unrequested serious infested poetry
To prevoke what persistence
For instance, I don't let the T.V. screen come in between my daily routine
At a spot where me and my boy went
Someone interrupted our enjoyment
What do you know, an out of work emcee looking for employment
But I'm still courteous with my greeting, brother I'm eating
And his style sounded similar to someone else's
So evidently he's been cheating
But I couldn't question the destiny in which we meet
So, you guessed it, I suggested that he just have a seat
And then I explained to him that I remained in the mean time
Mastering mysterious methods of writing
Finding my piece of mind with soft music and moonlighting
Then supernaturally I foresee the beginning stages
And then eventually pages get filled completely
You see, I dive into the depths of my soul
Seeking to explore the hidden treasure of a pure literature
While these others are unsure
Being that the deepness makes them doubtful
Deliberately delaying
Saying they'll settle for whatever washes toward the shore
Delirious from delusion
My feelings were no more direct so the conclusion is seclusion
Because mixed belief create confusion
To remain plain and simplistic, realistic
Accurate, articulate and absolutely artistic
Uninhibited, unadulterated, unstoppable
Unfuckwittable and unforgettable
But since I've been granted the power of choice
Let God bet the voice he is
So all the credibility be his
So let these be words of wisdom and in the same breath be warning
God I shine like Sunday morning
Woah

Sometimes
See you next time

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