Sometimes

J Dilla

If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers
Baby I don't mean to disrespect 'ya
But I wanna twist my tongue all in 'ya
(Wanna twist my tongue all in 'ya)
Get you wet and hope I slip and fall in 'ya
I don't give a fuck about your past
Life is strange, people grow, feelings change
Nothing really lasts, my God
While we here, can we just live in the moment?
If the shit ain't real I don't want it
Don't do fake titties, fake ass
Don't do fake niggas, fake laughs
Give me something I can feel
I can tell that you been through it all
Don't mean to offend you at all
Do you want me in them drawers?
Tell the truthKind of, sometimes, maybe
Kind of, sometimes, maybe
Oh kind of, sometimes, maybe
Kind of, sometimes
Kind of, sometimes, maybeAm I still afraid of the dark?
No bright ideas, I'll keep the lights on
Are you wasting my time?
And your time, every time
Why you makin' it hard?
I won't show you my cards
But you came and you lost
Do I want you at all?
OK, just a bit, I hate to admitOh kind of, sometimes, maybe
Kind of, sometimes, maybe
Oh kind of, sometimes, maybe
Kind of, sometimes
Kind of, sometimes, maybeI just sit here and I'm thinkin'
If I still want you
So I sayKind of, sometimes, maybe
Kind of, sometimes, maybe
Kind of, sometimes, maybe
Kind of, sometimes,

Kind of, sometimes, maybe

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