

Sometimes (feat. Maze)

Noreaga

Featuring musolini1: noreagaYo 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 cuz 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

Cuz 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...(repeat 2x)

Sometimes i wanna cry and pray, sometimes

Sometimes i want channel 8, sometimes

Sometimes i get drunk all god damn day

Sometimes i wanna go back around the way

Sometimes i wanna ride and smoke, sometimes

Sometimes i got money and i still feel broke2: musoliniI 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...(repeat 2x)3: noreagaYo from biggie smalls to killa b 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(repeat 4x)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>