

Capone-N-Noreaga, Sometimes

(Noreaga and Maze)

Yeah, break half the Dutch off
Yeah this for them niggaz, can't be here
Pour out half of that shit
Pour out half of that shit, 'fore you pass it to me nigga!
Just missin them summer jams
Summer jams at the Apollo, the Greek Fest-es
Brooklyn Queens things and shit
You know Harlem Weeks and shit like that
Niggaz I miss that can't be here with us thuggin it out
Thinkin about them good ol days and times
Word up, this is for them, spit that shit

(Noreaga)

Aiyyo I grew up like the regular thugs, I think I told you that
My only means of gettin money was just sellin crack
Outside a nigga did a bid, nigga all of that
So now I kick back, and get paid for raw rap
My nigga 'Pone ain't home, not yet
Yo it really don't matter just be zoned on the same set
Me and Traz kick it, on the here and there
Don't really hang too tough, but the love is there
My pops died on July 3rd
Ninety-Eight so now a nigga need mad herb
Cause my, pops is here aiyyo he loved his son
Matter of fact my pops was the one to show me a gun
and said, "Papi, you gotta protect your 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 boxin God, and he was real he was glad
Yo the boxin the Golden Glove, he just a thug
and I love him yo, so I'ma spread that love

Chorus: Noreaga (repeat 2X)

Sometimes I wanna cry and pray, sometimes
Sometimes I wanna chill and lay, sometimes
Sometimes I get drunk, all god damn day
Sometimes I wanna go, back around the way
Sometimes I wanna ride to smoke, sometimes
Sometimes I got money and I still feel broke

(Maze)

I cock and pop three in the air for my niggaz not here
Locked in with me, your legacy lives on with me continuously
Tremendously I blow weed deep in my memory
You still breathe, your face show through your seeds
And who would know one day you'd go so quick, we all felt hopeless
Through blunt smoke my pen spittin and I show this
A sworn oath you would know this, I go the lengths
with my rap strengths, when I think about my past friends
K-Rock and Diesel, Primo from the same block as me
since we was shorties, they're paintin project glory
I get touched, it all absorb me like a weed head rush
Keepin it thorough for my past heroes
I must for my people, street and physical, I still see you
Featured in my heart, sometimes it might wrinkle
Much drinkin when I'm thinkin, it's like I feel a hush
over the skies touched by dead guys speakin

Chorus

(Noreaga)

Yo from Biggie Smalls to kill a beat to, Bob Marley

and, Tupac, yo twin in my Pacs
They hard 'tard and smiley, T-Bone too, yo plus
my nigga Rahiem, from God Crew
You know I pour out beer for Fernando too
And I still smoke my boogies in the rest of the crew
Yo ain't nothin changed still play ball the same
I used to cheat a little bit, just to win at my game
But y'all niggaz ain't here, can't believe this shit
Thought you'd always be here, thought we'd always be click
But y'all niggaz 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 he couldn't sustain?
Motherfuckin Mambo, yo I loved my dad
I know he probably didn't realize, what he had

Chorus 2X

Sometimes nigga, sometimes
Feelin broke
Got a little cream
You know I ain't gonna front
My niggaz gettin glossy eyed in the studio and shit
Word, about the people we talkin about
Hittin each other in the heart
That's how we do it, for all those who ain't here
You know we still pour beer
And it's all dedicated for y'all
The shit is all dedicated for y'all