

# Wiz Khalifa, Sometimes

Sometimes I don't know if you're telling the truth  
Every time you get mad when I ask you what you do what you do  
Seems that you're runnin' around  
Every night late comin' home when I call  
And I don't know what to do  
'Cause I feel like you're lyin' to me when I'm askin' you  
Sometimes

I hear you talkin' to me  
You sick and tired of the kid lying, sometime you feel like you talkin' through me  
That's when you walk up to me, trying for attention  
Ma listen, you wild'n, stop trippin'  
'Cause a nigga work too hard, too long  
Always got a show or in the stu', new song  
Them other dudes couldn't walk with my shoes on  
Still I come home, hearin' 'bout what I do wrong  
Pulling stunts and, rollin' blunts  
With my dudes from the hood, but to you, they no good  
I'm just doin' what I could, and that's giving the circumstances  
You only get one shot at these certain chances  
Instead of trying to find dirt, and where your man is  
Try and understand when that work demanded  
And no, mama, that's not a punch line  
I'm always there when it's crunch time  
But still you say

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Now I know you hear the "he say, she say"  
Your home girls got my every move on replay  
Screamin' how you know niggas, and the games that we play  
But all the while I've been grindin' for this week's pay  
Hustlin' each day, in order to eat right  
Call me sayin' she need me in order to sleep right  
Not really knowin' what these streets like  
So you stay up until I come back  
A nigga love that  
Help me relax, warm plate and the dub sack  
And after that, proceed to bend the back  
Then I'm back to politics as usual  
And sometimes I wanna talk to get through to you  
But... damn

I don't know if I ought to bring it up  
Seems like such a funny thing to talk about  
Don't know if it's right to do

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I may get mad  
But I don't really wanna fuss with you, I got love for you  
(And I don't know what to do)

'Cause every man needs a home  
But that sometime, that man can feel the need to roam  
Say you know my type, can't leave the freaks alone  
To each his own, I'm getting grown and  
(I don't know what to do)  
'Cause you always think I'm lying to you  
I can't deal with all the crying you do, you say

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[Ashford, Simpson & Vali Porter:]  
(I don't know if I ought to bring it up)  
I don't know if you're tellin' the truth  
(Seems like such a funny thing to talk about)  
Every time  
(Don't know if it's right to do)  
You get mad when I ask you what you do