

## Sometimes

Joyner Lucas

Okay, I grew up with the regular thugs, I thought I'd tell you that  
I thought, I thought you noticed that  
Hanging with the hustlers, gettin' love from all the older cats  
Listening to B.I.G., taking notes whenever Hov would rap  
Looking up to Pun trynna learn to rhyme  
Fantasized about Kim when I was only nine  
I still remember when Nas told me the world is mine  
But it was dark and hella tight around that fuckin' time  
I never really had no money, all the pressure was free  
Nowadays I'm out for presidents to represent me  
Nowadays I'm out for dead fuckin' presidents to represent me  
You only think that you the shit because you never met me  
Shit, I've been vibin' out since I was two  
Back when Puff and Mase was wearing them shiny suits  
Back when Wu-Tang was killing shit and I salute  
Swear I shed a tear to Ghostface's "All that I got is you"  
Yeah I'm influenced by the leaders of the East Coast, music to the death of  
me  
Big L, Guru, Big Noyd rest in peace Jam Masta Jay too dammit  
Lost a lot of great ones but they never'll vanish  
I remember speaking Spanish, mami [?]  
Let me hit you with the [?]  
I remember bumping Fugees back when Lauryn Hill was there  
Back when she would sing the sweetest shit a man can ever hear  
Cyrus put me on the Onyx back when I was twelve  
'Til I stole the tape and started jamming by myself  
Shit Noreaga made me feel like I could be myself  
Then got convicted saying some shit that everybody felt  
And that's just real

Sometimes I wanna cry and pry  
Somtimes, sometimes I wanna chillay  
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 broke

I guess my middle name must be He-Ain't-Shit  
Every time I'm in the club bitches be like: "He ain't shit!"  
All of my niggas know we ain't shit  
It's some niggas trynna make it out this pre-game shit, word  
I break bread, red, hundred dollar bills  
Had to go independent I was running out of deals  
Low commission, I was free as can be  
Now a nigga back in business like I'm EPMD  
Wishing I could be Talib like a motherfucker  
Living just to get by is not enough for us  
Couple kids and the government be blessed of us  
I guess this is it, knock your niggas' blockbusters  
[?], fuck what you talkin' 'bout  
I used to bust some Cool J's, momma said: "I'll knock you out!"  
A boombox, two pays to clean your Coney mouth  
With the ill nine or two ways to meet Foxy Brown  
Yeah I'm influenced by the leaders of the East Coast, music to the death of  
me  
ODB, MCA, Freaky Tah, rest in peace Jam Masta Jay too dammit  
Lost a lot of great ones but they never'll vanish

I remember bumping Lost Boyz, I ain't even care  
Let me hit you with the Black Rob shit until you scared  
I remember bumping Black Moon and Buckshot, I was there  
Back when he would say the hardest shit a man could ever hear  
Daddy put me on the gangsters when I was twelve  
'Til I stole the tape and started jamming by myself  
Noreaga made me feel like I could be myself  
Like I can vent and say some shit that everybody felt  
And that's just real

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Ayo shout out to all the different regions that helped to build this hip hop  
shit and make it great  
West, South  
But on this one I wanted to talk about where I'm from and some of the shit t  
hat inspired me coming up  
See, young niggas from the East Coast don't really pay homage no more, and I  
know there were those that paved the way for me  
Out here, and I wanted to acknowledge y'all, word  
Joyner!