

Sometimes

Yo Gotti

Sometimes I think about the money
I think about the murders and the hurtles of the game
Sometimes I think about the game
And all the real niggas trade their freedom in for the fame

Sometimes I think about dance, sometimes I think about crack
All I do is keep it real, sometimes I think about lames
Sometimes I think about my nigga in the fence, doing time
I've seen his son T, he can't be doing fine
But he still got high spirits every one single visit
On the phone crack a smile just to ask me how I'm living
If I say I'm doing good, do that make his time hard
So I say I'm alright, I'm just tryna see tomorrow
I love my nigga, he could've been in the ring
But he chose to be a hummer, so I'm a hundred bands
Court days, lawyer paid, nigga, that's what you call love
Bow hundred in front of Hummer, man, that's a real plug
Sometimes I wanna spazz, see pussy niggas pass
Cook up the position that they in so they always cash in
I may not be the biggest but damn sure the realest
Man, I do this for the streets, I know the dope boy feelings

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Sometimes I think about the poor, sometimes I think about the rich
Sometimes I think about my girl like she just another bitch
When I think about the keys then I start thinking wise
If any pussy niggas start playing with my candles
Then I have to go and get the chopper with the razor
Light a nigga block up like it's 4th of July, fireworks
Then I'm in the kitchen with the powder, prowler
Tryina turn a hundred to a thousand
I just sold a nigga twenty grand worth of flour
And he from my hood so you best get from round here
And them young boys from the hood don't play the radio
They just want some action and I'm the type to let them go

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Yeah, sometimes, sometimes
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Sometimes I think about the game and doing all I can
I never think about the labor, I just think about the fans
If I get down like the sound what the fuck would be the plan
Guess I'm back the real crib, selling niggas same gram, damn
I think about that nigga being me, 270 million but he never loved the streets
Us dope boys salute you, homie made history
Around with 100 P drum, no instruments

I think about the murders and the shoot outs
I think about the landlord made my momma move out
Sometimes I think about my future but more about my dead homies
Killing the hater, niggas putting the feds on me

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