

X**"Sorry I'm Away So Much"**

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(Xzibit talking)

Come here Tre, what's up son, come on
To whom it may concern, yeah, listen
Sorry I'm away so much, yeah, yeah
All the sons, daughters, penitentiary niggas, yeah, feel
me
Uh, sorry I'm away so much, yeah

(Xzibit)

My son was born about four and a half years ago
Nothin protected him, amazin how fast they grow
I came to know about his likes and his dislikes, yeah
Video games, taught him how to ride his first bike
This is the life my little nigga, I see you gettin all upset
When I leave the house, poutin, let me tell you about
Tryna make it in this world and provide for you
'Cause on them overseat plane rides I miss you too
Never knew that I would have to be away so much
Five thousand dollar phone bills keepin in touch
We Starskey and Hutch, yeah, we partners for life,
yeah
I rock mics, so I'm sorry when I hug you if I squeeze too
tight
Long nights in the studio take me away
Gettin mad 'cause I'm tired and you want me to play
Money can't replace time, I'm just tryna get you outta
the fine relyin
And expand your mind my lil' ni', yeah
Yeah, c'mon

(Chorus-X)

Look, sorry I'm away so much
Understand me, yeah
It's for you, hah, yeah (you, and you, and you)
C'mon, look, sorry I'm away so much
Huh, we keep it gangsta
Look

(Xzibit)

I got a brother locked down, he be out in a couple
Knuckle for knuckle, a veteran and nothin but muscle

Now broadcastin live from behind the wall
Stayin tight through long kites and telephone calls
Gettin hype when you see your brother on T.V.
Can't wait for your release so you can roll with me
Arrange everything exactly how it's supposed to be
For right now here's a thousand, J, stay lo-key
You say damn Xzibit, whyn't you pay a nigga a visit
Time limits got me movin a million miles a minute
Knee deep, gotta strike while the iron is hot
Still gotta eat and keep the lights on when it's not
Sleepin on cots, bullet wounds got you in knots
I wish I was there to snatch you up instead of the cops
Muthafuck it, do the time and get it out of the way
You goin from convict to corporate nigga in one day (in
one day)

(Chorus)

(Quik)

Now I ain't never been this hot before
So in essence it's obvious, I ain't never been this out
before
I'm spending 25-8 days, 366 times a year
Up in the studio freakin and mixin rhymes in here
Nothin but beer, bud smoke, Hen and Coke, women
and sheer
Callin playa niggas there
Not the kinda place I really wanna bring my son
Get on lil' Dane, gon' in there and have you some fun
Used to be that ??? be up there sewin ya clothes
While I'm with you on the Playstation showin you codes
Hit the X button stupid, forward, left, right, X
Now I'm tryna get your college fund, bustin with X

(Suga Free)

Come here, give that here dada,
no no don't do that mama 'cause dada be back
Here go your ba-ba, Pampers, flashy ???, you can see
that
You tryna figure out
why dada talkin to you through this glass on the phone
Ooh, I socked a bitch and then she snitched, but I'll be
home
Can't keep me away, just can't stay away

(Chorus-Suga Free)

(Suga Free talkin to fade)

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