

## Noreaga, Maze "Sometimes"

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Yeah, break half the Dutch off  
Yeah, this for them niggaz, can't be here  
Pour out half of that shit

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'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

Aiyo, 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 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, aiyo, 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

Sometimes, I wanna cry and pray, sometimes  
Sometimes, I wanna chill and lay, sometimes  
Sometimes, I get drunk all goddamn 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

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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'

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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

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Sometimes, nigga, bro, 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

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