

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