

Sober Thoughts

GoldLink

Yeah, we fuck today
We fight tomorrow then we fuck again
I fuck her homie, she find out
Then she fuck my man
Then I hit her and I tell her she a piece of shit
Then she called the cops and say
You always make me sick
Then we fuck again, we make it up
And then we're back to where we used to be
And usually, it take like two or three
Sometimes it last a week
Then we fight again, then I fuck her friend
This cycle never ends
That same little nigger yelling out that west side
Was that same motherfucker in that drive-by
West side till I'm motherfucker DI
East side get the love when I get high
Pop bottles and I forget you even exist
Rally at the cathedral, throw up then have a fit
Baby girl doing better with a thorn when I'm so deep in the pussy
Make a star child
Sober kids with sober thoughts
And it's ok 'cause baby, I got what you want
Sober kids with sober thoughts
And it's ok 'cause baby, I got what you want
Good music, I got that
Good head, I got that
Sweet chains, we got that
Want beef, I'm 'bout that
Good music, I got that
Yeah, yeah, I got that
Been thinking about getting this tatt' all on my face
Who gives a fuck, nobody get to see me anyway
My uncle hear this shit, and he probably be mortified
I'm only 20 years old, sounding like I'm 45
Sweet lullabies and lies is what can keep us driving
And when I finally get a car I didn't steal it, I'm riding thighs
And penny skirts and dinner dresses, all the finest linen
And the highest fabric backseats, daddy rattling, I'm an addict for you
Such a passion for you, never asked for much
Except a little loyalty, some head, and Actavis
Swear it's meant for us but I don't give a fuck

Prediction is the purest way of love that will engine us
Drink driving, drunk driving, phone posits, autopilot
Coin wallet, we hiding
Heavenly Father, don't be mad at me
You may not come when I want You
But You're right on time
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