

Sober Thoughts

GoldLink

Yeah, we fuck today
We fight tomorrow then we fuck again
I fuck her homie, she find out
And then she fuck my man
Then I hit her and I tell her she a piece of shit
Then she call 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 nigga yelling out that west side
Was that same motherfucker in that drive-by
West side till I motherfucking D-ie
East side get the love when I get high
Pop bottles and I forget you even exist
Rally at the cathedral, throw up that hella fist
Baby girl doing better with a star now when I'm so deep in the pussy
Make a star child

Sober kids with sober thoughts
And it's okay cause baby, I got what you want
Sober kids with sober thoughts
And it's okay 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
Good head, I got that
Sweet chains, we got that
Want beef, I'm 'bout that

Been thinking about getting this tat 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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