

## 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  
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Good head, I got that  
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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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