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Pac 10 "Why?"

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Verse 1: LJ

What happened to rap man I thought it was back, But all I hear is gat go click click clack clack. Erbody loves rap but y'all is hatin, Just because someone else's deal is baitin. Nowadays all its bout is money & cars Its just like The Games 300 bars Lets take rap back, back to its roots And leave these mofuckers shakin right in they boots. Take a number Homey and step in line, Cause all we like to do is shoot off theses ninez Now I ain't dissin no one, I'm just tryin to be nice, But Tupac didn't have to die because of his life. See what mean man rap is all fucked up, Its just like biggie & proof, yo they all shot up. They up there right now, lookin down upset, because Life is a game man you give it respect, if you don't, It turns and bites you right in the ass. And if you fuck with somebody It could end real Fast.

Why? Uh huh is rap like this Why? uh huh Have we got to dis I say Why? Uh uh Have we got to Hate, Why Uh uh is this all our fate

Verse 2:

Theres this beta in my head, man its thumpin loud, This is my life and my job, make my famlay proud. Dependin how dis record sells, yo I might get rich, See there's things in life but theres always a hitch. You see life ain't fair, its more like a game, The only thing that rules it is fourtune and fame. Cause they shook, like everyting is up in a book. But every body thinks that rap is easy, but if you Don't have the skillz, it just sounds cheesy. Fame and fourtune ain't enough, I just want more I wanna make some money and not feel poor. You see I always tell the truth even when I lie People always hatin actin like a spy. If you lookin for pain, step in my sight,

After I kick yo ass its Exit stage right.
I look down on these people who think they good
Cause they don't even give a fuck about their hood.
Rap ain't a game, man you can get shot,
All it takes man is a little red dor.

Verse 3: M.C.

Yo, M.C. in this bitch and its gonna start changing, Mobbin like a Mofucker but I'm stil Bangin.
Thought I was gone, but I'm back for good,
Whos the only person here who gives a fuck for the hood. (LJ: ME!)
My Homey LJ, He know How to get it started,
Knock yo ass out, and end retarded.

Chorus fade out

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