

SWV F/ Foxy Brown**"Why Me?"**

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Liberta, liberta (*repeats into chorus*)

(Why me?) Why my life had to be so rough
(Why me?) Why the fuck I had such bad luck
(Why me?) Why the judge wanna lock me up
Throw away the key and watch me rust

[Cuban Link]

Yo crack lets get a nine
My mind's trapped behind enemy lines
The scent of weed got me thinkin I remember the time
1979 they planned a biological test
The doctor said I'll be fine and planted a mic in my chest
It's high tech, I got the fuckin feds tracing my steps
So what's next? A bar code on the back of my neck
I'm in the U.S. and Fidel still got shit in check
Elian cryin freedom while he's facin the tec
I'm probably waistin my breath
Ain't no changin what's left
Start placin your bets cause we all race against death
Shit be makin me vexed, cause I know the truth
In this game you never win and always loose
Even when you show and prove
Fuck the boys in blue for tryin to set me up
And I ain't snitchin pigs, you gon hafta wet me up
I'm from the streets where we handle beef with lead slugs
So take caution, cause our protection sucks

[Chorus]

(Why me?) Why my life had to be so rough
(Why me?) Why the fuck I had such bad luck
(Why me?) Why the judge wanna lock me up
Throw away the key and watch me rust, still in God I trust
(Why me?) Why these motherfuckers watchin me
(Why me?) Why they actin like we coppin ki's
(Why me?) Why these homies and clowns goin around
clonin the town down

Tryin to throw me with Gotti under the ground

[Fat Joe]

Yo niggaz call me Joe the Don
Been in this rap game for nine years and going strong
Still holdin on, still rollin on bitch made figgas
We sick of crazed niggaz that's quick to lay niggaz
If Pac was here would these niggaz be shinin
Would half these rappers be rappin' so violent
Cold figure, bow down to no nigga
Yeah them cats got rhymes but I flow sicker
For the po' niggaz that drink more liquor
Shoot up clubs and love to clip the chrome triggers
Don't get your dough split up man
You fuckin with the wrong guys
You won't like it where you gon' lie
And that's six feet hit you with twin piece
Double desert man it's pleasant when the grim reaps
Shit's deep but you gotta love it
I put the shotti to ya stomach
catch your body if you feel for nothin

[Chorus 2X]

(Why me?) Why these motherfuckers watchin me
(Why me?) Why they actin like we got the keys
(Why me?) Why these homies and clowns goin around
clonin the town down
Tryin to throw me with Gotti under the ground
(Why me?) Why my life had to be so rough
(Why me?) Why the fuck I had such bad luck
(Why me?) Why the judge wanna lock me up
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