

The Odd Couple

"Por Que"

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[Louis Logic] Jay Love Louis Logic Odd Couple
(Porque?) Call me Felix Hunger, starving artist at-large
Independent entrepreneur, the hardest to rob Hardest
to dodge, till I'm offered a job So call off your guard
I'm tryna get this loot and buy cars for my squad We
far from the odd, we're a couple of nuts Cuddlin' sluts,
puffin a Dutch and clutchin' up cups Filled with nothin'
but suds so top off the shot glass I got hash, it top
class, I copped it just as a cop passed I stopped fast,
thought about it then I broke north Slid up to the crib
and took my coat off Took a toke off the chalice in the
Odd Couple palace Thanks to Alice my hands don't
have a single callous I think my style is different from
the rest I'ma spit it for a test and put the critics to a rest
So get it when I'm vexed or else catch when it drops
Either way you'll be like, "No question, it's hot" I'm the
best on the block but understand I live on it Spit on it,
and pay respect to those who been on it Gin tonic, tonic
meet gin, this is my chronic friend Now that you're
introduced we can begin I spin around like a record
until I get dizzy Black out, stumble up to the mirror and
scream, "Who is he?" I'm busy in the bathroom
reminiscin' of last June I keep talking wit' you, but I think
I'm gonna crash soon [Chorus] [J]-Love = JL , Louis
Logic = LL [JL]Why they rockin' ice? [LL]Why they not
rockin' mics? [JL]Why do hip-hop shows turn into boxin'
fights? [LL]Why do girls front on you unless you're
pocket's right? [JL]Why 'd I spend my last buck to tip a
topless dyke? [LL]Why do heads gotta like [JL]Shit
that's wack? [LL]Matter of fact [JL]Why they treat hip-
hop like it's just rap? [LL]Why do street niggas front
aristocrat? You'll get dissed for that [JL]Why do they
get away with murder on tracks like diplomats? [Louis
Logic] Before my track is mastered, the sound'll shake
the foundations Crack the plaster, sandstone and
alabaster To knock the fragile rafters from an oak
wood roof 'Til the smoke protrudes from the
soundproof vocal booth Truth in the form of a musical
song Is like beautiful porn stars in chewable thongs
Cause heads get off to this, then we send 'em away
With their jaws hanging down like dentist offices

(Porque?) Sick, demented sorcerers weavin' a spell
Change water to brew, and tobacco to weed in a L
Change a faucet to a beer tap, and fill a Hefty cinch
sack With trees until it's stretched to thin straps Who
got a problem with a bottomless beer That could make
a pessimist smile and an optimist tear? I'm probably
severe as pourin' some scotch in a beer 'Til I'm wobbly
and weird Shit, I hope a hospital's near 'Fore I OD on
Old E, and stop my career Hallucinate, and see little
green monsters appear I run with irresponsible peers,
underfunded Without jobs, living with moms, sleepin'
in bunk beds Drug heads whose lives is unkempt That
never get up from bed before sunset We're still
catchin' dumb heads who try to front fresh When you're
just half of what you could be like a chick wit' one
breast [Chorus]

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