

## Two Up

### "Why Do I Try So Hard?"

Visit "[Why Do I Try So Hard?](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Could someone tell me what's up with these try-hard homies?  
Their caps on back to front but I think they're phonies.  
They're hanging with the crew, decked out in fubu,  
the latest nike sneaker is their choice of shoe.  
The triple extra large pants, so big they're sagging,  
with the pimp-limp, their leg they be dragging.  
In the hood, you know you're not a real G,  
unless you spell fat p-h-a-t.  
The local shopping centre is the place you hang,  
chilling with your bitch and the rest of the gang,  
comparing ice, shooting dice and working on your plan,  
to become an Aussie version of the Wu Tang Clan.  
Alright, that's enough, you've got to stop it please,  
this ain't New York City or Los Angeles,  
'cause there's no LBC in the LDB,  
no Snoop Doggy Dog or Warren G.  
You have got to be kidding, or joking,  
or just smoking.  
Your tracksuit's bright green,  
you're looking like a fashion fiend to some,  
but others seem to like it a ton.  
Oh shit, they've got the same one on.  
Hang on, hang on,  
I think I know what's going on:  
you feel more hardcore when you're dressed as one,  
the Aussie coloured gangs at the shops you hang,  
coming back everyday like a boomerang,  
doing criminal things as your nokia rings.  
Mummy's calling you home, you've got a family thing.  
What a cutesy wootsey little gangster G,  
harrass me then you're running home for tea.  
You're just rich boys wishing you were black or poor,  
spend the day smoking crack and patronising whores,  
but you don't,  
you won't,  
and you're starting to smirk,  
'cause when you turn 17, your dad will buy you the Merc.  
Man, I've been to LA, I've seen where gangsters chill,

believe me boys, it ain't nothing like the hills.  
So check yourself before you wreck yourself,  
get the fashion eraser out, correct yourself.  
But if you're down with dressing like a clown,  
that's sick,  
just stop giving me shit when I'm trying to catch a flick.

The gangs are gathered 'round the front of Grace  
Brothers,  
some too young to drive so they're waiting on their  
mothers,  
to come and pick them up and take them home,  
that's why they've got that flashy new mobile phone.  
Then, you've got the ones who are on their P's,  
with a license in hand and a set of keys,  
doing laps of the local neighbourhood,  
thinking they're looking so damn good.  
The car is lowered, the windows tinted,  
but what a fucking shame that the spoiler's dented.  
But I guess it doesn't matter when you've got a sick  
system,  
that goes so loud the whole world can listen,  
to your doof doof crap and your gangster rap.  
No room for more than two with the woofers in the  
back.  
The boys in the hood, they never looked this good,  
if you could change your skin colour, well I bet you  
would.  
But that ain't gonna happen so I guess you're just a  
wiggga,  
at least you're looking cool in your Timmy Hilfiger.

This is not about race, religion, or colour, or creed,  
'cause there's dicks in ever part of the world, you see.  
This is about teenyboppers hanging out at the shops,  
wasting all my time as my path they cross.  
With your fists firmly clenched and your arms  
extended,  
you stared at me and now YOU'RE offended?!  
If I was tough enough, I'd knock your arse to the floor,  
but I'm not so I'll laugh and make a run for the door.  
You reallly think you're looking like a gangster rapper?  
Like Ice Cube's hanging out in Paramatta.  
You get a woozer food court, so what's the deal?  
Some call it Harlem, others call it Westfield.  
So fuck you if you wear ADIDAS,  
and just kidding if you ever get to meet us,  
and if you fall for that, man you're as dumb as you  
look,  
'cause when it comes to looking stupid, boy you wrote  
the book.

Visit [Two Up](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.