

Cunninlynguists f/ Immortal Technique

"Never Know Why"

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[verse 1: Deacon]

Put her out in the cold, didn't want her close to he
'Cause his granddaughters diffrent than she suppose
to be
Diluted her genes, its stopped the music it seemed
That they'd only seen polluted stream, and that wasn't
clean
Said he could almost no longer stand the breath
From this pure horror, more worse than Amittyville
So what's next? Don't answer me yield. (yup)
This is a normal occurance, not something randomly
real
Ain't even allowed visits ove a child's pigment
His in-crowd ignant, a situation "wow!" isn't it?
Hard times, baby daddy grinds to support
His mother and a few other friends privately in her fort
For short stays, ya know? but more aid was needed
Baby is like a year and a half now and speaking
More than I can say about that man with his child
They can't even come face to face and share smiles
Raining pure pain on her life by staying distant
Like she spawned a fucking anti-christ or a satan infant
Blatent mentions about family blood won't leave
Love's her deeply, but evil sends it's opposite feed
"old fashioned"
Too ever set in his ways to ever relate
If he could just set it aside, there'd be heaven to pay
Then, weathered and aged time swept him to grave
Love conquers all? shit. I'd say that areas grey

[Hook]

Old fashioned people they never know why (2X)
Old fashioned

[Bridge: Deacon]

Most don't even know why they believe what they
believe, man
Never taking a second to look at life
Bad water in our seeds, y'all, still growing weeds,
dawg
In the dark, walls blocking all that light

Most don't even know why they believe what they
believe, man
Never taking a second to look at life
Bad water in our seeds, y'all, still growing weeds,
dawg
In the dark

[Verse 2: Immortal Technique]

Looking at life in retrospect it's hard to regret
Stuck in your ways cause hatred is hard to forget
Niggaz talk all religious trying to barter with death
Parts of the flesh wrinkle up while you start to reflect
And even though nobodies life is ever perfect
You start to wonder if all the pain was really worth is
Pondering the purpose of living, the curse that was
given
Dreaming about freedom and escaping the prison
People who pimp children are really raping religion
The matrix is fiction placed in a vision
But now the technology follows me solemnly
Building the future laws to my philosophy
Alzheimers cutting through like a lobotomy
Not even the golden arthritis of king Midas
Could buy comfort and peace for the righteous
I survived disease and political crisis
By backstabbing gnomes that are now lifeless
And now i live vicariously through my kids
Like people who love the sport, but can't play for shit
Fighting glaucoma, front the cops taking a hit
I slip into a coma, roaming over the planet
Leaving the gold and the granite, the old and the
famished
But just before I vanish as I think I'm at the end
The sun becomes the light of my birth and I live again

[Hook]

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