

2nd II None "Y?"

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[Gangsta D:]

I remember way back when I was young
Livin' that crazy life gettin' sprung
Out there gettin' busy holdin' my own
Didn't really care 'cause mama wasn't home
They say, (young child don't you run so wild)
You're out there doin' wrong, hangin' with the wrong
crowd
But I didn't really trip it so I kept a hard head
Got myself to the point where I wanted fools dead
Solvin' all my problems with that 1-8-7
Makin' ends meet with the deuce-11
Jacked this one fool, snatched him out his ride
(Get out homie) Nine times but the nigga survived
I didn't even know him or know where he was from
But I didn't really didn't care 'cause I was young
Now I'm rollin' with my daughters and my baby mama
Didn't even know we was in for drama
Here come the nigga on my passenger side
Dumped a whole clip all inside my ride
Hit me four times and one went in my head
Now I'm stretched out in the bed
While this fool kickin' back in Mira Loma
My family stressed out 'cause I'm in a coma
Everbody's prayin' while I'm tryin' to hang on
But even if I die, it's still on... yeah

[Chorus:]

Why must it be like that?..
Why it's gotta be like that?..
Why must it be like that?..
Why it's gotta be like that?

[KK:]

Now I can seem to recall all my days when I was little
Tryin' to put myself right up in the middle
Sprung up off the idea of tryin' to get a rep
You best believe I found trouble when I stepped
Ran up on niggaz like I was holdin' bugs
I was only 5'5, still a young scrub
Didn't even matter if I got my ass jumped
As long as that proved young K wasn't a punk

Now I done got my roam on, buzzed with the oldies on
Didn't really care, it was like ("Nigga, bring yo' ass on")
Yeah, one day rollin' with my straps I got caught (god damn)
No snitchin' and I took all the fault
You see I couldn't go out, lettin' the ones take flight
They was tryin' but I kept my thang tight (that's right)
Damn, I rolled with more than one gun, that felt good to me
But the good Lord wouldn't let it be, man
I tried to keep myself cool and find a little job
Straight workin', but these pockets still hurtin'
So my relative hooked me on a double-up
I found another way for KK to come on up
I'm pushin' quarter pieces down the '10' freeway
Up to Baton Rouge, then back to L.A.
Damn, I was out there kinda young and dumb
That's how it was, where we came from

[Chorus: x2]

Why must it be like that?..
Why it's gotta be like that?..
Why must it be like that?..
Why it's gotta be like that?..

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