

Busta Rhymes

"Z - Why We Die"

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[DMX]

Uhh, that's some shit..

..that that that niggaz ain't even seen before

That's that shit! (Motherfuckers ain't never seen
nothing like this before, for real man)

It's goin down baby, uhh..

UHH! Busta Rhymes

WHAT?! Uhh, DMX nigga

Uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh

I see ghosts clearly; even though, most don't hear me
They still wanna get near me - fear me, so I'm leary
Kinda eerie what I'm feelin - from the floor, to the ceilin
Straight through the roof, want the truth?

I kinda miss robbin and stealin

cause it kept a nigga hungry, only eatin when I starved
I was ugly, so I robbed, no one loved me, shit was hard
Went to God once in a while when it got a little too
hectic

He was the only one I knew that I respected (WHY?)

Didn't know why, didn't know what I was livin was a lie
If I ain't shit then, why should I try

See, plenty niggaz die, over dumb shit, up in the hood
Real good heart, but up to no good

Thought I did what I could, but I guess it, wasn't
enough

The Devil told me it would happen but I kept callin his
bluff

When it rains it pours now, my pains are yours
as yours are what's mine, define, revolvin doors
(nigga!)

Chorus: Busta Rhymes

(Why?) All my niggaz tell me (why) tell me (we die)

Cause we crazy with it, quick to blaze you with it

From in my soul to every word that I curse
with all the agony expressed in this verse;

let me ask my niggaz (why?)

My niggaz tell me (why) tell me (we die)

Because we Gods nigga (and) we go the yard nigga

Because I walk the ground under my feet
and keep it live and stay in tune with the street
Now let me ask my niggaz (why?)

[Jay-Z]

They say the good die young, in the hood where I'm
from
I only got one question to that - why the fuck am I here?
I look to the air, I ask God, "Love me please,"
but in reality, only people that hug me is thieves
Same niggaz that send shots through my rugby
sleeves
They wanna, slug me and leave, I'm thinkin it must be
me
Please shed light, the hood's dark
I did my dirt but got a good heart
Shouldn't that count for somethin?
I was told I'd amount to nothin, most of my childhood
Like (??) it was stuntin my growth
Seperated me from the shit I was wantin the most
Felt myself comin close to pumpin them O's
Lump in my throat, chest poked out, face was poker
Tryin to, erase my ghostes, chase the smokers
Got demons on both shoulders,
tryin to chauffeur my life through the streets
In other words nigga my will was weak
Please feel what I speak,
this ain't your average ordinary jargon
weak rap niggaz be talkin
This shit is deep, from the mind of Busta, 'X and me
To all my fallen soldiers, rest in peace, til we meet
niggaz

Chorus w/ minor variations

[Busta Rhymes]

I must be cuckoo, like I respect the new-you, never
See you too could get it through your FUBU sweater
like a nigga when he walk in the dark, trespassin
on a nigga land, shots echo loud in the park
I live and die for all the shit I believe
And rep for everything I stand for
with every single breath I breathe
Like the intake from cigarette smoke, it's like you
inhale
the demon in the gutter stressed struggled and broke
If the shit was all over tomorrow, I'd leave a treasure
for my kids with a legacy for my CHILDREN to follow
You know it's funny how the good die first
Get the peppin in your steppin faggot nigga
cause you could die worse

Hold on, you know I cut off my arm, in the name of
reppin
REAL NIGGAZ in the midst of droppin this bomb
Allah blessin me to rep for the better, and carry on
somethin great and keep a nigga name livin forever!

Chorus w/ minor variations

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