

Chris And Cosey

"Who Knows Why"

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Yeah
Turn it up
That's right
For my niggas
Here we go

[Verse 1]

Some real niggas have gone away... never to return
Stay forever on wax cuz the mics they burn
Outta sight, outta mind, never does it mean outta
might, outta rhyme
So I return to make it hot for those who cannot
Smile down on me niggas, while I rock the spot
Is there heaven for a nice emcee
Crushin all these suckers dear God don't be mad with
me
I don't mean to hurt nobody, I just wanna rock the party
And give you a taste of what's left, before I see death
Watch a nigga back, cuz I don't trust nobody
Left hand hold the mic, and right bust the shottie
Sendin angels to guide me through, in the white drop
top
When they ride me through
When I hit the pearly gates, will they take my tax
Will they let me rock the mic, will the beats be phat
Will the rappers write they own rhymes up in that piece
Will the fakes get locked by the cop police
Or will I have to deal with A&R's who don't got no say
I hope it don't be that way, tell me

HOOK 2X:

Who Knows Why
The reasons we live and the reasons we die
You can't figure this one, so why try
God help my soul as I testify
And I wont lie

[Verse 2]

Now as I'm lookin in the mirror I see myself
Handsome with attitude, so momma gratitude
I put the pressure on emcees

I make it hard for ya, with total, disregard for ya
This rap shit is raw not to be touched
The ingredients if tampered with, could get you fucked
up
No one knows this secret I hold like Moses
Given at birth, now what it's worth, it's more than a
million six
Let me spit it to you niggas, while my rhyme exists
Listen, separate the real from the wishin
If you bust at me and miss, you gon end up missin
Cuz on these rap niggas styles I be shittin, pissin
Leave you niggas lookin dumb like two niggas kissin
I'm the true hardcore underground messiah
I'm the kinda nigga street thugs can admire
You never see me gettin robbed, jumped down and
whipped out
Or cryin 'bout a deal with no money, flipped out
I get off my ass and make it happen
I'll stick up the world if I aint rappin
So why do I exist, tell me

HOOK

[Verse 3]

May Allah shine down on any emcee
That'll stand on stage and hold a mic with me
May he give you all the flow of the ocean water
And some nice hand skills to prevent slaughter
My lyrics painful like bullets from a rusty tech
Bumpy Knucks, nigga what, and you must respect
All the true shit that I reflect
Niggas know I exist only to wreck
Won't let the verse loosen til you sign the check
I won't be fussin at ya, but bustin at ya
I treat all my rhymes like they devines
Niggas spot me like a UFO
I turn my mic on and resurrect the livest flow
So if you askin me, why am I here
To clarify hip hop loud and clear
Real niggas, tell me

HOOK

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