

## Jars Of Clay

### "That's Y They Do It"

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[ VERSE 1: W.C. ]

I'ma take this opportunity to explain  
Why would a kid in '89 wanna sling cocaine  
Kilos of cracks in stacks, and spend 20s and 10s  
And at the age of 11 own a brand-new Benz  
But I don't blame it on the kids, man, the system is wack  
There's more money on the streets, gee, than flippin  
over Big Macs  
But if you're still confused, just groove to the music  
Cause I'ma show you why they do it

(That's why) (they) (do it)

[ VERSE 2: W.C. ]

Call up the press, the newscast, cause I'm about to  
serve  
A dope message segment, yeah, the need to be heard  
Why would a young'un comin up wanna sling in the  
streets  
Instead of plannin for an educated college degree?  
Here's an answer: who's a role model in the ghetto  
While these young'uns live in the slums like bums?  
They ain't got a role model, so they look up to the  
brothers on Dayton's  
While daddy drive a station wagon  
Slackin, lackin, held in the back, and  
Mama's broke as hell, so they start sellin crack, and  
Clockin more g's than the Jackson 5  
See, to them, slingin drugs is a way to survive  
Go get a job, minimum wage, no, don't even bother  
Slavin like a sucker for 3.85 an hour?  
Nope, I ain't with it, y'all can take that back, jack  
And stuff it down your mouth like a garbage can  
compact  
'Just say no' - man, these children are laughin slingin  
dope  
Yo, the slogan's a joke  
People keep speakin 'pon drugs, but they never  
coincide  
When they never slung dope in their life

How can they speak upon a subject at which they lack knowledge?

You say you're tryin to stop drugs? It's all a bunch of garbage

But if you're still confused, yo, just groove to the music  
Cause I'ma show you why they do it

(That's why) (they) (do it)

[ VERSE 3: W.C. ]

Now if you're still havin trouble tryin to find a reason  
kids sling dope

And sport a fat gold rope

Let's take a look at this materialistic system, bro

Specifically designed to keep minorites broke

You know the news got me laughin

Every day they comin up with somethin new

Curfews and task force crews

But who's to blame, because they never ever seem to  
work

It just seem that more people get jerked and hurt

How can they account for the problem which they  
started?

Hey yo, you must be retarded

But if you're still confused, just groove to the music

And Doub'll show you why they do it

(That's why) (they) (do it)

[ VERSE 4: W.C. ]

No more lollygaggin wastin time, let's get to the facts

You ask what could spark a kid into slingin that crack?

Then think about it, to a kid comin up in this  
surrounding

The cash and caine, he's more than forced to sling

His homies used to do it, and his brothers do it too

So he gotta do it, or else he ain't cool

Suckers try to knock him, but they never succeed

So much money his pockets, parents down to his knees

Almost blamin on the parents, the first thing we do

In '89, y'all, a kid's gonna do what he wanna do

But what do you expect when a brother lack role  
models?

All he know is women, cash and Eight bottles

Most people make it to the top, man they never come  
back

Speak to the kids, say, "Yo, this is wack"

Too busy havin fun in the next man's game

They think they made it, but they got a shackle still on  
they brain

People try to play me like a booty-neck sucker

The system sling, but see, they do it undercover  
You want the truth well, here, I just threw it  
Peace - that's why they do it

(That's why) (they) (do it)

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