

Juelz Santana "Why"

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Damn

It's like the beater just asking me why

Why I'm rapping to y'all, it's crazy

Listen, c'mon

My name mean a lot to me, pain mean a lot to me

Fame means nothing, but the game means a lot to me

I slang caine on these blocks for weeks

Ever since Rocky three, and the death of Apollo creed

I was a tiny little poppy seed

As grimey as I can be, as sheiesty as I can be

Niggaz live nicey, and don't understand the life of me

Other niggaz don't like me, and they wanna take my

life from me

They don't understand I love it, and I like the beef

The raw, the guns, the violence, it's all right with me

I be laying in the cut where the sniper be

Righteously, waiting for you to get out the driver's seat

I don't think like usual people

Who think like usual people, who don't think right

I think like Muslims, in movements of people

Who move with they people and move on your people

Power is stronger than voodoo and evil

I'm immune, I drunk the juice, took a root from the

needle

Still trying to figure out, why I do, the crimes I do

With the minds IQ of an Einstein too

Tell 'em, Cha-cha, and bon bon goo

They think I'm crazy, well I do too

Leave me alone please, I'm in my two three zone

please

Nothing can stop me, you fuckers can't stop me

It's crazy

Why

Why

Why

It's like my life keeps turning around
Every second I need a light, I keep burning it down
I smoke so much, I could nurture a pound
My thoughts is always foggy, they blurring right now
listen, told you

I see the game for what it's worth, pain, fame and work
Girls walk with they brain in their skirt
So while you're fucker, they thinking of ways to get
even
Or a way out the hood, they make up a reason

For the judge, and then they take you to see him
You wake up and face a subpoena, that'll change your
demeanor
So be careful, where you skating through this game
Remember it's other niggaz playing, skating in your
lane

Don't get clipped, or stripped skating in the rain
'Cause niggaz will keep rolling, and skating on your
brain
That's just the rules and regulations of the game
When you playing you, you playing, and you paying like
you weigh in, so

If not, those wolves aiming where you laying
And they waiting on you patient with that thing up in the
basement
That's why I walk with that thing out, when I'm pasting
'Cause I know these niggaz hate it, that their little
sisters love it

And their girls really want it
Plus I'm frontin' twenty three
Big truckin, new Z
New bucket, fuck it

Listen

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