

Landau James E.f**"Why"**

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[story dialogue]

Aight nigga hold it down baby, one love
Aiiyo, yo Bruce - ohhh shit!
Aiiyo nigga
Yo I know this ain't that nigga Kirk
Yo Bruce - yo Bruce, that that nigga Kirk?
Look look, look at that nigga
Who that Dez? - This Dez, whassup nigga?

[Verse 1]

Oh shit, nigga, when they let yo' ass out?
What the fuck you been drinkin? Look like you bout to
pass out
[SF] Nah, I'm aight G just had a little Olde E
You know me - tryin to keep it cool play it low-key
You heard Brucey got knocked and Clay, he shot Fozee
[SF] Yeah, I know G, damn that shit is fucked up right?
Yo Bruce, you could drop me off at 57th & 9th
Damn I would but I gotta pick up my seed and my wife
Plus you be on some other shit and I don't need dirt in
my life
[SF] Come on nigga I got the gas money, plus I got this
L
You gon' shit on me son? I just got outta jail
Yeah aight god but I ain't with the bullshit no more
[SF] What you talkin bout man?
Put that cigarette out
[SF] Oh what, you don't smoke no more?
Nah it's just a new car and don't slam my door
[SF] Aight but on the way I need to make a stop at the
store
See, give a nigga a inch, he take a yard
But you my dog, so I'ma keep it real with you God,
come on
[SF] Aight good looking nigga
You better buckle up nigga

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

We live our life like this, we live our life like this
We live our life like this, we live our life like this
We live our life like this - why?

[Verse 2]

[SF] Ayyo, pull over right there nigga (where?)
Right beside that blue Lexus (where you goin?)
I just gotta go pick up some money; I'll be back in a few
seconds
Yeah aight don't let a few seconds turn into some
minutes
cause I'll bounce on you nigga, tires burnin wheels
spinnin
[SF] Nigga you leave me? Your ass'll never hear the
end of it
Yeah aight God whatever man just hurry up and cut the
bullshit

("Inside the jewelry store")

"Aight you know what this is everybody on the
motherfuckin floor.
Take that shit off!"
"Yo, I'm Tyrone Holmes. I ain't givin up nothin."
"What nigga? (*two gun shots*) Fuck that.
Motherfucker. Stop cryin!"

("Outside at the same exact time")

Only two minutes double parked, here come cops
Saw 'em in the rear view, that's when I heard shots
I seen the store door open, it all happened in slow
motion
My man running with his gun smoking (Oh shit!)
I'm ready to pull off and act like I don't know him
[SF] Nigga, yo go nigga go, go, God
You don't you see the cops? You buggin
[SF] What? How they gon' catch us? We in a S-500
Nah, you lunatic ass nigga I ain't goin down for you
[SF] Nigga we could get away
but if we get caught, they gon' hang you too
Damn

[Chorus] - 1.5X

[Verse 3]

Now we doin bout a hundred miles per hour down back
blocks
About a million things on my mind, a nigga that hot
This clown next to me, actin like he hit the jackpot
[SF] Nigga what the fuck is your problem? I got the loot
(What loot?)
You beefin with me ain't gon' get us out of hot pursuit
Yo, I heard shots, what was that?

[SF] Some fool wouldn't give me his jewels
See, you whylin God, I'm thinkin bout my wife and my
kid
Nigga my life, I ain't tryin to do no bid
[SF] Nigga I think you actin scared, if you really wanna
know
You drivin too slow - YO nigga keep your eyes on the
road
You almost spun outta control on that last pothole
Slow your role Kirk Jones son you just don't know (I
don't know what?)
Yo the way I feel right now, I never felt iller
How you gon' crab me like this and violate a nigga?
[SF] Violate you? Nigga you tryin to front on me?
Remember I'm the nigga in this bitch that got the heat
and before the cops catch me I'm holdin court in the
street
You think I'm gon' let the cops get you, arrest you
(Now you thinkin) handcuff you? You crazy? I wanna kill
you
(What?) You selfish motherfucker you ain't seein the
light
Remember I was supposed to be pickin up my seed and
my wife
(Shut up) Now I'm a wanted accomplice in a jewelry
heist
[SF] Fuck, you want me to say I'm sorry I swear, look
me in my eyes
But if you gon' act like a bitch nigga then let me drive

"Yo son what the fuck you doin God?"

"Yo fuck that."

"Get off the steerin wheel."

"Yo fuck that nigga, you act like a real pussy nigga."

"Yo, you whylin son, you gon' make me crash!"

[Chorus]

("The assalaints begin to fight in their own stupidity.
Instead of working together to get away, they do the
exact opposite -
and wind up heading for a tragic situation.
Now I'll let you hear the rest.")

"Yo, yo relax. I got this, I got this God!"

{*argument continues, car crashes*}

[Sticky Fingaz]

Oh shit! Yo, yo - yo Bruce!

Oh shit.. {*trying to help*}

Come on man, come on man, you be aight man
Yo yo, it's not that bad man, it's not that bad man
Trust me - yo would I lie to you man?
Trust me man (I don't think I'ma make it God)
Oh shit.. it's gon' be alright man
(Tell my wife I love her)
Yo Bruce man, don't don't fuckin die on me man

{*song bleeds into the next track "Oh My God"*

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