

Mareko

"Why Is That?"

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Yeeaaa a new year, Dawn Raid Entertainment,
Mareko the marks man,
I just wanna know why these people
don't wanna see a south Auckland fallen angel get
back into the grace of god?
Yea a million questionsâ€¦

[Verse 1]

Yea

Why is that? I try to persevere to keep my mind intact,
Elevate beyond those times when my life's inside a trap
Why is that? The same people that say your rhymes are
phat,

Would rather see you lying flat with that knife inside
your back

Why is that? A select few are blinded by the cash,
The be selling their souls to the devil like Spinal Tap
Why is that? That same select few are quick to sign
contracts,

And hit the dotted line but forgot to find the facts

Why is that? Ayo it's all the teaching by my dad,
Kids who shine you got to aim as stronger like right
back

Why is that? Your death was in gods final plans,
I miss you pops you talking through me inside this track
Why is that? So why is that I really can't whined it back,
And say goodbye properly and extend your final lap,
There's infinite rhetorical questions but despite that
fact,

Ayo I'm still moving forward, still moving forwards

[Chorus]

So why is that every time my minds on track,
These minor thangs push me every time I try to stand?
(Man I don't know)

And why is that when my crew recites a track,
You smile then talk a lot of smack behind my back?
(And how come?)

And why is that I don't retire rap,
And become a teacher lawyer or a fireman?
Why is that? Why is that?

Why is that? Why is that?
Why is that? Why is that?

[Verse 2]

Why is that? I always get support by the fans,
But I'm always double crossed by my fams
Why is that? When I almost have the world inside my
hands,
Man these towering aspirations they decide to crash
Why is that? My little bro's are now using lines and
hash,
If I find your stash for reals I'll make you buy it back,
Coz you ain't thug just coz you inhale drugs,
You think your dope the hardest peeps I know don't
drink or smoke
Why is that? I always hear the same old tired raps,
By these super purists in fat laces and designer hats
Why is that? And yo my sub conscience keeps on
fighting back,
Plus these alcoholic beverages they make it twice as
bad
Why is that? It's messed up my mind no longer writes
me back,
My final draft is probably sitting inside these traps,
There's infinite rhetorical questions but despite that
fact,
Ayo I'm still moving forward, still moving forwards

[Chorus] x2

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