

Pharcyde "Y?"

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

Tell me why
(Be like that you just be like that)
Always gotta be like that
(Baby, tell me why it's gotta be like that)

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I wasn't sleepin' I was creepin' slidin', hidin'
I would like the girl behind me roll up a bad time
thinkin'
Mentally sinkin' 'specially brinkin'
Two decades and a half making a path for mine to
follow

The world is hollow, yet it's full of crap, prepared to
gamble
I give you half of chiseled pencil
What's the come up, cried a ton of tears, drunk a ton of
beers
That's fun at first but learned in person fear throughout
the years

Kept my ears open, eyes scoping, mouth locked
Don't rock the boat if you can't swim
Nobody may not be there with the limb to limb
This is the end, still I can't explain the fact

Why the fuck shit gotta be like that?

Tell me why
Be like that, you just be like that
Baby, tell me why it's gotta be like that

Know what, I said it
Hear me clearin' over so severe and dreaded
That they need to be beheaded, why?

I'm readily, steadily stimulate and then mutilate
And all sloppily, copied imitations
Cause they irritatin' so I'm intimidatin' them
Over the snare with simply a stare

Bringin' them turbulent terror
And they know this 'cause they can feel it
He knew that it was mine
Still the sucker tried to steal it

So I had to reveal it, through provin'
That I am a star machine and fly
And by just blinkin' my eye in a flash
I flush out the face, layin' low-key
Trained eyes locate to focus on the phony

Mister sometime-homey, why he act like that
I thought he had my back, I thought he had our backs
But it was him who I should've never trusted
And not at least till he got his attitude adjusted

Or mouth busted for acting all dusted
But bust this now when I'm out
I seek and thought out the whole scene
For all sinister's types, sneak that scheme

They come into my face
I send them tightmen home
When they're sufferin'
From the double agent syndrome, why?
Why it gotta be like that

Tell me why
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Sometimes this world means everything to me

The inside is lovely to these eyes I see
And sometimes in my mind all I wanna do is cry
Holly off, seven of them drops from my eye

Thugs drain out my skin 'cause I'm pissed from within
I see a situation now and all I do is grin
People think I'm high but I'm mentally travelin'
Agin' in short times 'cause life's a unravelin'

While I'm straddlin' more's up this fuckin' mike
I hate to be a pilot, crashin' in a flight
People need to know about this thing called life
'Cause if you see the light then life's alright
So can you dig it

Be like that you just be like that
Baby, tell me why it's gotta be like that
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I jumped inside the jeep as I embark on my darkness
Popped in my freestyle tapes
Started reminiscing about my little homie
Who was raised in Wyoming wanted to be famous
So he came to Californy on the microphony

Was super bad and what not
But he was the kinda fella to follow paths that was hot
He became too fascinated with that gang related flavor
That he modiflicated rearranged his behavior

He hooked up quick with the influential slang
Gangsta-strow corn rolls the whole shabbang
Braggin' and boastin', boastin' and braggin'
How we 'posed to be hangin' with Baby Gees, I was
baggin'

But what you tryin' hooride up on the bandwagon
Hopin' they'd hit him in the head but he steady saggin'
Like he a hog creepin' through the smog
Smokin' on some Indo sippin' on a cup of O-Dog

Like most who come to this West Coast society
Tried to be because they think it's fly to be a menace
So what a relic way to end this, got rolled up
When he was strolling on a Sunday after tennis

Niggas never listen, they gotta learn their lesson
The hard way I'm guessin', guessin'
BD as I hit the B and make a right on Weston
Pops in my head the proverbial question, why?

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