

Twista "Why"

Visit "[Why](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

The New Testament

These are the street scriptures for all my riders,
niggaz, and hoes

Let me ask you a question, why give a bitch fame by
sayin' his name?

When all I gotta say is you's a bitch, yeah, I'm talkin' to
you nigga

You ain't no killa, on the rizilla, so High Beam my
nigga, get with 'em

When I look that fool in his face and tell him he's a lie
Everybody want a cure but nobody wanna die
Put the cash in my face, I might take a try
Money motivated that nigga that threw up my sign

My wife's on my side with a .9 ready to ride
Hold my sixth sense up and ask buddy why
Shit get deep in the cold city of Chi
Could somebody, anybody tell me why-ay

Why-ya-y-yaah
Why-ya-y-yaah
(These boys they wanna try me)
Why-ya-y-yaah
Why-ya-y-yaah
(But these boys don't wanna die)

Why-ya-y-yaah
Why-ya-y-yaah
(Now bring them boys to the Chi)
Why-ya-ya-yaah
Why-ya-ya-yaah

I'll sacrifice my word and my balls for this here
Straight down to earth with my real niggaz crack 'em
beers
Straight up that mean mug muthafucka havin' no fear,
what the fuck
You thought I was one of them bitch niggaz standin'
right here

Legit Ballaz is the clique I break bread with, niggaz I

bust lead with
In the midst of confrontation, high-speed chasin'
Bend 'em and bust 'em and stick 'em, I'm runnin' from
the FED's shit
This is the New Testament, uh-huh we never dead
bitch, no

When I look that fool in his face and tell him he's a lie
Everybody want a cure but nobody wanna die
Put the cash in my face, I might take a try
Money motivated that nigga that threw up my sign

My wife's on my side with a .9 ready to ride
Hold my sixth sense up and ask buddy why
Shit get deep in the cold city of Chi
Could somebody, anybody tell me why-ay

Why-ya-y-yaah
Why-ya-y-yaah
(These boys they wanna try me)
Why-ya-y-yaah
Why-ya-y-yaah
(But these boys don't wanna die)

Why-ya-y-yaah
Why-ya-y-yaah
(Now bring them boys to the Chi)
Why-ya-ya-yaah
Why-ya-ya-yaah

I'll make that damn fool get on his knees and say,
please
Bitches in the neighborhood spreadin' disease
Hatin' ass niggaz starin' and studyin' me
'Cause I'm fresh up out the bank to get my daughter
some cheese

But I got somethin' on my side like a lemon to squeeze
Lickin' bout a pack up at you muthafuckaz right at the
knees
Probably givin' somethin' to fools 'cause the man in
need
I been deep up in this game for a century

Now I'm makin' major moves and stackin' paper is my
motto
Different day, different gear, hoppin' out a different
auto
Put it on and I'll be jackin' off louchers like lotto
Showin' love to my niggaz who show me love in
Chicago

It's fair but it's square, for the love of the game or they
hate it
Many done died, plenty done tried from imitatin' it
Fuck what they say, keep faith in this world, you'll make
it
Thank him for everythang and every blessin' but don't
fake it

When I look that fool in his face and tell him he's a lie
Everybody want a cure but nobody wanna die
Put the cash in my face, I might take a try
Money motivated that nigga that threw up my sign

My wife's on my side with a .9 ready to ride
Hold my sixth sense up and ask buddy why
Shit get deep in the cold city of Chi
Could somebody, anybody tell me why-ay

Why-ya-y-yaah
Why-ya-y-yaah
(These boys they wanna try me)
Why-ya-y-yaah
Why-ya-y-yaah
(But these boys don't wanna die)

Why-ya-y-yaah
Why-ya-y-yaah
(Now bring them boys to the Chi)
Why-ya-ya-yaah
Why-ya-ya-yaah

Trapped up in this wild life, thinkin' to myself
Askin' the Lord for forgiveness and thankin' him for my
wealth
The block is on low when these slickers ain't plantin'
drugs
Saturated with racial hatred result in a slug

That's why I stay high, gone off green
Fuckin' up muthafuckaz lyrically with the Beam
Got you and yo' boys losin' yo' breath like
[Incomprehensible]
Never disrespect a Legit Balla when on the scene

Ooh, wee I rip shit like Velcro
Get off in the studio
Fuck up the punk that step up got the umm next nigga
screamin', oh no
Just when you thought that I was gon' fall I fuck around
and umm

Cock back explode, reload
Hit you with some shit that make you shake and shiver
as I deliver
Shots from the 4-0
No, no

Visit [Twista](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.