

Root "Why?"

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Why? Why? Why? Why? Why?
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Why? Why?

Sky's the limit so you know I'm gonna rise and shine
I gotta do my thing, I'm kinda getting a little tired of all
that's hidden
That's the reason I'ma speak my mind
Keep from going insane now work with it

We in the last innin', the world keeps spinnin'
My people steady losin' while the rich keep winnin'
It's like we neva smilin' and the devil steady grinnin'
Killin' what we representin' even our children and
women

2K4, livin' above and under the law
Young teen joins the marines, says he'll die for the
core
Inducted up into the government's war
As if the land of money and oil funny how ain't none of
it's yours

I can't sleep yo I'm paranoid, it's code orange
It's far from right, I guess that's why it feels so wrong
To see the world get stripped out of every resource
And people pray to Coca-Cola now instead of the Gods
What's goin' on?

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Keepin' your head above water, hustlin' to survive
Some people chasin' a dream, others just chasin' a

high

Some people blind leading the blind, they chasin' a lie
Some people chokin' backs broken barely makin' it by

But still they workin' all they life, they pushin' for the
light
Givin' everything they got to stitch them swishes on ya
Nike's
Puttin' pockets on our jeans, mining diamonds for them
rings
Rewarded with small change and bullets in they brains

And it makes me feel strange everything we take for
granted
At times I feel stranded on this planet of mine
Now should I pull the hammer, clap it out and laugh
about it?
Or stand up, be counted while I cast my ballot?

When the undertaker's busy and the prison's is
crowded
People livin' in fear because they vision is clouded
But the sky's the limit, I ain't cryin' you a river
Gotta move me a mountain, I'm a git up and shout it

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When I dream it's hounds on my heels gainin'
momentum
I'm tired, can't get uninspired or quit runnin'
I can feel they only inches behind, I escape, I survive
Some how I gotta decide how much I want it

Or is anybody listenin' without a pot to piss in
If I disappear I wonder if the world will know I'm missin'
Who my support system, it's not the court system
Gotta letter which said that you're not avoiding prison

People 'neath the microscope 'cause we defining the
culture
They smile and insult you like you shinin' their loafers
Them old heads say we need a modern day Moses
When the leaders is posers we needing some soldiers

It's the X generation, the anger in a nation
Got the writing on the wall so clear that I can taste it
Like a kid sniffing glue somewhere trying to escape
'Cause we vulnerable and naked gotta show 'em we
can make it

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