

## The Roots "Why (What's Goin On?)"

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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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Why? Why?

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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Why? Why?

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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