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## S.A.S. "Why Try"

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Mayhem:

You know, yeah S.A.S., Streets All Salute, JR Writer Dutch Beetz, yeah We the BeeGees

Verse 1

S.A.S.:

Mega:

I've been patient fam

Stuck in this crazy land

Where men'll lick your head off your shoulders so they

could make a grand

Mayhem:

No snitchin', naw, I'm 'bout to take a stand

My chopper gets to spit and you fakin', it's finna make

da band

Mega:

No safety, blow like it's A.C.

Call me bird's-eye, you heard why, I make P's

I'm about the wealth

So I need a Range Rover that's named after a book

that's about myself

Mayhem:

And it's over doja

When I flip and put the razors to your face I ain't talkin'

'bout a Motorola

Big stings, no you won't clap back at us

I'll have your whole strip runnin' like they tryna catch a

bus

Mega:

Oh, you sellin' drugs

You can get your melon slugged

Then get swept off of your feet like you fell in love

I can fight but the guns preferred

We them Dipset Thunderbirds, now watch me rain on

'em

Hook

S.A.S.:

Why try, you're gonna die

I pull up in a drop with the pistol cocked

When I pop, I'm wavin' bye-bye You don't drive-by, all you do is drive by They call us Byrdgang, you heard fam We fly high (Repeat)

Verse 2

JR Writer:

My, my, I'm sky high, a fly guy

Pull up to your bitch, and skate wit' a whip from space,

I'm talkin' sci-fi

Why try to out-do me, I doubt truly

Listen, J is a ape, so stay in your place, I ain't never

been a slouch scooby

Listen, you're not as sharp, I'm getting' that gwap to start (ch-ching)

You ain't seen bigger M's since the McDonald's are These gangstas pop your heart in front of your bitch Then turn and look at her like "Who you coming with miss"

You're my son, get the drift

So right now I'll be dissing myself if I called you a son of a bitch (Oh)

Give it up for the Dips (Why)

Cuz it seems so simple (What)

That I'm so sick like a NE-YO single

I will blast 'em, leave 'em in a casket box

Sleepin' with the saddest ock for leapin' like a

astronaut

Keep the Techs sucka

So I don't care if your pops married my mother

I dare you to step brother

Hook

S.A.S.:

Why try, you're gonna die

I pull up in a drop with the pistol cocked

When I pop, I'm wavin' bye-bye

You don't drive-by, all you do is drive by

They call us Byrdgang, you heard fam

We fly high

(Repeat)

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