

**Silk E. Fyne****"Why Must I Be Like That?"**

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[Celly Cel]

Why must I be like that?

Loccing up on niggas I don't know, they might be  
waiting for me

Where the show?

To get me death, or peel my caps so I step back  
Holla at them niggas wit' my hand on my strap  
Ain't tryin' to see, they tryin' to makin' me a memory  
I'm definately first, if you get away, remember me  
I been a hoe up in this shit before I came on  
Just a single with a mic on my hand  
I had them heaters ready to flame on

[E-40]

We like to mob, M.O.B. my organization of business,  
y'all

Fuck with me and I route you'll never see another  
Christmas

Expect Nicholas to be dressed in black  
Coming down the chimney bustin' caps  
Superficial goons to the backs and spleen  
Dumping like a garbage man, through my team  
Shotgun pellets all over the place  
Bodies all in the kitchen, all on the staircase  
BACK THAT UP!

1- [Celly Cel]

Why must I be like that?

Why must I keep a strap in every city on the map?

Why must I be like that?

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[E-40]

Check it out, stick and slash, bout to get hit from outta  
way

Quick to do this, to ride to this, die, nigga, die, nigga

Murder, deader, start reachin' for my pepper  
I ain't that rich, sho' no mo', use to be poor but now I'm  
rich  
Got it, te quiero, can't get stood up by no bitch  
Cuz where would I be without Celly, Celly  
Sick Wid' It and ?Fonzerelli?

[Celly Cel]

Ready to go to war, got artillery stacked up to the ceilin'  
Tryin' to come up with some wonderbread  
Ain't got no time for sexual healing  
The light niggas is plottin' on everything I do  
The like I can't move without my Murder One crew  
Do what you do but don't cross the line cuz we trigger  
happy  
Peelin' yo' cap through the top, the shit to make a nigga  
happy  
Shot callin' like in Vegas and Reno  
Dig a ditch and lay you in like they do on Casino, ugh

Repeat 1

[Celly Cel]

Watch everythang, hoes be makin' niggas' nuts hang  
Disrespect the game, so I glock down in vain  
In between yo' ass, try to end it when I squeeze  
Ain't no mercy on this locc, ain't no sista yellin'  
"Please!"  
When I flash, I blast and put slugs in yo' ass  
Hit the gas and smash and bought heat for yo' ass  
Niggas don't know, when it's faulty, we settle the sco'  
Bodies surrounded by birthday tags on they toes

[E-40]

Tags on they, tags on they toes  
When I done clean a home full of bitch  
Made into a half suit on the toilet puttin' you piss ass  
nigga, froze  
Countin' Crows, foes, blew his head, casket  
Black rose funerals, jump off the Range, it's closed  
casket  
That's how the fuck they know, nigga, the sun-a be a  
bastard  
No more problems, oh, the circumstances be too  
drastic  
Decompose the body, bust 'em up and beat 'em with a  
bat  
Why must I be like that?

Repeat 1

Why must I be like that?  
Why must I keep a strap in every city on the map?  
Why must I be like that?  
Why must I be like that?

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