

Spearhead

"Why Oh Why"

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I say my prayers every mornin' just like orange juice
I crack the crinkles out my body till I'm feelin' loose
I strap my sneakers on my feet like they was combat
boots
They fit my feet like Cinderella when I'm shootin' hoops

Why oh why do memories keep chasin' me?
Sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee
Sometimes I wanna blow my brains to put my life at
ease
But I ain't clockin' out I gotta see the seven seas

Please, seven's a very lucky number for me
That was the age when I discovered how good ballin'
could be
Up every mornin' with the birdies doin' little drills
Go to my left go to my right developin' mad skills

How could a love for this game bring so much sadness
I played with brothas with so much badness
But now they gone I sing a song pop a three
From the top of the key in they memory

Why, oh, why do memories be chasin' me?
Sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee
Even in seasons when it's another color sport
I still be memorizin' lines out on the basketball court
singin'

Why, oh why do memories be chasin' me?
Sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee
Even in seasons when it's another color sport
I be rememberin' my partners on the basketball court

Do you remember runnin' the court in September?
Me and my homies be down for whoever
Would come along and try to send us to the showers
From the game that we'd been dominatin' there for
hours

All day to be more specific east to west
From Atlantic to Pacific fools would come round

To get down and try to take our crown
But we would hold our ground and we would never
back down

Old timers, new timers would get in line there
And take a seat there and try to prepare
But oh, no, there was no chance when we was in the
zone
We was alone at the top, we had hops, we got props

And when we needed to we busted chops
Wipe the court with your game like we was usin' mops
What ever happened to the Super Hoopers in the park
I reminisce while shootin' solitary after dark

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Why, oh, why?
Why, oh, why?

Brother C came fresh from out of town
And he had handles and like McDonald's he could
clown ya
Dribblin' baby bounces between drinkin' forty ounces
Knock ya on your heels and do circles like he was Curly
Neal

But oh no, the liquor got quicker to his head and he
said
"I think I musta placed some stupid bets"
He hit me up for some cash, there was a car crash
A splash and then the brother made a mad dash

Rob, oh, Rob his whole life was like a roller coaster
But on the court he looked like a Dr. J. Poster
Flyin' high with an Afro blowin' in the wind
Wipin' Windex, index finger rolls off the glass

Then swish through the net jump a Corvette with a triple
pirouette
But off the court he had a few temptations copulations
No moderations by 24 he had 3 pregnations

Last check crack intoxications

So many other brothers gone from this dimension
And none of those who got hurt receive a pension
Give a bup, bup, to those locked up in detention
Memories too many dimension
And we say, "One more time, one more time"

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