

Dolly Parton F/ Collin Raye**"Why Not"**

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[E]

Uh, and you dont stop yeah yeah

Uh Huh yeah yeah ha ha

[Slick Rick]

You know what I'm sayin so I said

(rick D)

Uh huh, yeah

Big Brown uh huh, yeah

You ready?

[Erick Sermon]

Yo, in the Y2K, my chips be micro, unlimited

Me and Rick D reap the benefit

Cars, girls, jewels, innocent

Next year it'll be old, we get rid of it

Yeah like that, yeah we knock 'em out the box yo

Money's deep like the gold at fort Knox yo

Rhyme killer, kill an iller rhyme with no effort

At you trick a hole your crew (blao!)

You're mad now huh? You can't stand me

Now watch when I'm recieving a grammy

A Soul Train when I'm getting a Sammy

Davis Junior award, fans applaud

For me, Erick Onasis, top dog

The money folder, I'm like Don King's promoter

Ya'll can't see me I'm ariborne type tuskegee

Wicked like the board of Ouija

When I step in the door things change

Everything stops like ya freeze frame

It's mad hot now, Gettin ready to boil

(Rick the Ruler!) Me, the MC Grand Royal

Chorus:

[Erick Sermon]

ER, Ravishing

I, impress

C, courageous or careless

K, for the Kani's that I got

That I rock everyday, and why, why not?
[Slick Rick]
R is ravishing
I, impress
C, courageous or careless
K, for the Kangol's which I've got
What I wear everyday, and why, why not?

[Slick Rick]
Emotion and hope in the scope
When the paw print on the button on my brand new
garage door opener
"Ungh", as the double R rips through the gutter
Even 7 Day Advents scream "that shit's butter!"
You best remember who's the skipper
Remember who made girl's joint drop so hard it
popped the zipper
Illusion on no boozin confusion
Even ghosts like "Ruler I'm scared of you son"
As I lean and dip, dream might seem a bit odd
Lights just turned red turn green for Rick (ya know)
On the deacon, with my stuff in there blastin
Till the signs on the highway start to wop when I pass
them (ohhh)
Mad bougeoui folk bent, perhaps offend
Chrome almost made another Rolls have an accident
The Ruler wildin, La Di Da Di Don is stylin
On his way to see green eyed buddy on the Island

(Chorus)

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