

## Erotic

### "Why?"

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[Hook - 2x]

Why y'all over there, looking at me  
Got hating in your eyes, I can plainly see  
Don't wanna see another nigga, up on his feet  
Shake my hand, but at the same time be plotting on me

[Lyrical 187]

Now let me get this straight, you got your mind on  
jacking me right  
You got your pistols ready, to go to war with me right  
In the middle of the night, blood stained carpet  
Your heart stop pumping, and your nerves start-a  
jumping  
They should of told you something, I tell you bout your  
friends  
Mama said they there first, and then they disappear  
It appears we have a situation, one aggression  
Move short, of an altercation  
Niggas in the background, waiting for the drama to  
jump off  
They got some young bitch ha, she wanna shoot a  
nigga in the mouth  
Fuck what they talking bout, 1-8-7 comes strapped and

Him not afraid, to beat them blood clot cats  
Y'all ain't ready for that, relax and slow down  
You moving too fast, you bout to make me calm you  
down  
Permanently, for even thinking about murdering me  
I'm that niggas, that y'all yearning to be

[Hook - 2x]

[Lyrical 187]

Look at these fools looking at me, like I wan' murder  
them  
Slaughter them, what's it gotta take short of be pulling  
out the K  
And unloading 25 red hot, making 25 red spots  
Scattered cross they throwbacks, and leave em where  
they sleep

And not even speed off, but creep away with big nuts  
And that Bad Azz Mix Tape, causing a thunder in my trunk  
It's Lyrical 1-8-7 the Terror, I'm telling you boys I'm ready  
Been doing this shit for a long time, I can tie you up with spaghetti  
Got a rumble up in my belly boys, got a ringing in my ear  
Either that or I've been too close with too many shots, all over the years  
In the club parking lot, with just a peek at the arsenal  
Have you ducking and dodging the five trucks, trying to make it home  
Too many god damn scars, don't deserve where they are  
Real niggas still work the block, we ain't made it that far yet  
But once we get there, we gon rip this bitch apart  
I wan' make sure I do my boys, I'll be the light up on the star

[Hook - 2x]

[Kevo]

I know why you over there, hating at me  
It's simply, because I'm stacking here  
Nigga recognize the real, Young Fever was pistol packing here  
Before a jacking them hammers, will get the clapping off in here  
Are you that mad, I Sprewell a fresh set of 84's  
Is it that bad, DTS got voice activated do's  
I'm not that cat, where your eyes should really wanna focus  
My game atrocious, I run em up out the house like roaches  
Y'all want me to stop my high, don't hold your breath  
I'm 3rd Ward at it's finest, I'm suppose to rep  
Fever wash up these watchers, like a Laundromat  
I don't just shoot at cinemats, bitch I'll bomb your hat  
Make me turn your Mitchell and Ness, to bitch you a mess  
My P-9 will eat through your vest, and tear up your flesh  
That's what happens, when you try to get this pimp out a pocket  
But you won't understand until your eyes, is stripped out they sockets

[Hook - 4x]

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