

Swollen Members "Don't Know Why"

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I don't know when the time will be
Which side of me, whom you might see
Be careful what you ask for
That's no lie, sometimes we just don't know why

Yo, why do I do it like I do?
How come I don't get into trouble like I used to?
Why am I the last thing a girl understands?
I'm just like the rest trying to get inside the pants

Why don't I go and blow half the advance?
Buy a couple cars and my moms a mini-van
How come all I want to do is make beats?
And eat like a pig, eating anything with cheese

How come I don't talk about emcees?
I don't talk about much anyway, see?
That ain't a lot to say when you said it all before
So I'mma let the homies come and tell you 'bout some
more

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No need for introductions, mention the relentless
Why does my flow compare to those swinging
wrenches?
Why do I believe that you control your own destiny?
Why wreck like cyclone, my voice tone a symphony?

Grind down the bones and separate the ligaments
Why do I demonstrate, how you can die from
ignorance?
It's like drifting through the Twilight Zone
I'mma highlight the parts that I think you should be

shown

Why you want to know how darkness feels?
I'll split your carcass in two parts like you ain't real
I'm beyond this, the largest, and grandest scale
Yo, my target, my hand though, is steady as hell

I prevail on scales like Beethoven
The mic in my hand conducts the same motion
Why do I slice precise like Jack the Ripper?
Triple round, dressed in black and slash you quicker

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How come I don't use soap?
I sit in the bath with a cup of coffee, have a couple of
smokes
I don't know any jokes
Although I heard a ton of 'em, I can't remember none
of them

How come every time I hang out with my friends, I
make fun of them?
Hate the way I act when I'm drunk but I drink
And sense of the invention, tension, I don't think
You couldn't bench press my stress, shit weighs a ton

You couldn't shock me with a taser gun
Nothing surprise me, my whole tribe's lively
Got anger and confusion standing right beside me
It's why when I'm alone at home, I'm not lonely

Please do not drop by, do not phone me
Might be crazy, but at least I'm not phony
How come I don't follow trends? Got my own vision
How come I don't try to talk to myself? I won't listen

Why have I absorbed this morbid war torpid?
I can't let go of the pain, torture, torment
As sure as I'm a muralist and nonconformist
Love God but raise hell with the hot performance

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