

Ja Rule F/ Missy Elliott, Tweet

"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?

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

Why must I be like that?

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Why must I be like that?

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

[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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