

Luticia Mcneal**"Why"**

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[Twista]

The New Testament

These are the Street Scriptures for all my riders,
niggaz, and hoes

Let me ask you a question:

Why give a bitch fame by sayin' his name?

When all I gotta say is you's a bitch

Yeah, I'm talkin' to you nigga

You ain't no killa, on the riz-illa

So High Beam my nigga, get with 'em

[High Beam]

AHHHHH!!

[Hook]

When I look that fool in his face and tell him he's a lie

Everybody want a cure but nobody wanna die

Put the cash in my face, I might take a try

Money motivated that nigga that threw up my sign

My wife's on my side with a .9 ready to ride

Hold my sixth sense up and ask buddy why

Shit get deep in the cold city of Chi

Could somebody, anybody tell me why-ay

Why-ya-y-yaah

Why-ya-y-yaah these boys they wanna try me-eeee

Why-ya-y-yaah

Why-ya-y-yaah but these boys don't wanna die-eeee

Why-ya-y-yaah

Why-ya-y-yaah now bring them boys to the Chi-eeee

Why-ya-ya-yaah

Why-ya-ya-yaah Ahhhhhhhh

[High Beam]

I'll sacrifice my word and my balls for this here

Straight down to earth with my real niggaz crack 'em
beers

Straight up that mean mug muthafucka havin' no fear

What the fuck

You thought I was one of them bitch niggaz standin'
right here

Legit Ballaz is the clique I break bread with

Niggaz I bust lead with
In the midst of confrontation, high-speed chasin'
Bend 'em, and bust 'em and stick 'em, I'm runnin' from
the FED's shit
This is the New Testament, uh-huh we never dead bitch
- NO

Hook

[High Beam]
I'll make that damn fool get on his knees and say
please
Bitches in the neighborhood spreadin' disease
Hatin' ass niggaz starin' and studyin' me
Cause I'm fresh up out the bank to get my daughter
some cheese
But I got somethin' on my side like a lemon to squeeze
Lickin' bout a pack up at you muthafuckaz right at the
knees
Probably givin' somethin' to fools cause the man in
need
I been deep up in this game for a century
Now I'm makin' major moves and stackin' paper is my
motto
Different day, different gear, hoppin' out a different
auto
Put it on and I'll be jackin' off louchers like lotto
Showin' love to my niggaz who show me love in
Chicago
It's fair but it's square, for the love of the game or they
hate it
Many done died, plenty done tried from imitatin' it
Fuck what they say, keep faith in this world you'll make
it
Thank him for everythang and every blessin' but don't
fake it

Hook

[High Beam]
Trapped up in this wild life, thinkin' to myself
Askin' the Lord for forgiveness and thankin' him for my
wealth
The block is on low when these slickers ain't plantin'
drugs
Saturated with racial hatred result in a slug
That's why I stay high, gone off green
Fuckin' up muthafuckaz lyrically with the Beam
Got you and yo boys losin' yo breath like ??
Never disrespect a Legit Balla when on the scene
Ooh wee I rip shit like velcro

Get off in the studio
Fuck up the punk that step up got the umm next nigga
screamin' "Oh No"
Just when you thought that I was gon' fall I fuck around
and ummm
Cock back explode, reload
Hit you with some shit that make you shake and shiver
as I deliver
Shots from the 4-0
NO-NO!!
Got the next nigga screamin'

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