

Why

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 rizilla, so High Beam my nigga, get with 'em

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)

Why-ya-y-yaah

Why-ya-y-yaah

(But these boys don't wanna die)

Why-ya-y-yaah

Why-ya-y-yaah

(Now bring them boys to the Chi)

Why-ya-ya-yaah

Why-ya-ya-yaah

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

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Everybody want a cure but nobody wanna die

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

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(These boys they wanna try me)
Why-ya-y-yaah
Why-ya-y-yaah
(But these boys don't wanna die)
Why-ya-y-yaah
Why-ya-y-yaah
(Now bring them boys to the Chi)
Why-ya-ya-yaah
Why-ya-ya-yaah
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
When I look that fool in his face and tell him he's a lie
Everybody want a cure but nobody wanna die
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Why-ya-y-yaah
Why-ya-y-yaah
(Now bring them boys to the Chi)

Why-ya-ya-yaah
Why-ya-ya-yaah
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 [Incomprehensible]
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 umm
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

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