

Why (12" Mix) - Paradise Garage

Carly Simon

Why, why, why They won't let us do no shows in New York
They won't even let us fuckin talk
They say Lost Boyz be a gang
Nah man we just do our thing
Why we always in the cut sometime
Why we always sleep on bud sometime
Word I be askin myself that
While I turn my cat to the back
While I freestyle and rap
And watch them sharks that bite
Why god take me to Queens ville
Why them fuckin did what they did
I see B-Wild gettin down
Cocoa B, and J-Drama's in town
I rep-re-sent my crew
Spigg Nice, Freaky Tah and Pretty Lou
I represent South Jamaica what?
Me and my team we'll gettin ya gut
Stay trees with the fam all day
Write my name on the complex hallway
At my mans spot, where he be chillin at
Throw ya L's in the sky if you feelin that
My man got me in the bread right now
My mans got me in it write now Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Why, why, why
Why, why, why Aiyo, I'm choppin at Spigg Nice and Pretty Lou
Why you forgot the Fudge crew?
Why you forgot Lincoln BLVD?
Why you forgot my niggas that's hard?
Why you forgot the playas the pimp?
Why you forgot my nine up dicks?
Why you forgot the whole world?
My little man, my girl
Why you think I jay walk?
Because Shakwan, Shane and more
Why you forgot Droi too?
The guy, killer bee, wild shroom
My man Mutt, and my nigga named Dew

And ACaf from the 134 crew
My niggas Jug and Drama
Aiyo why I love my mama
Why I love buddha?
Aiyo why that broad I shoot her?
Because she had my money
Laughin thinkin it's funny
Took my daughter and all of my money from
My safe and yo I have none 'in'
Im broke and I'm fucked up, see?
Aiyo that boy, he tried to stink me?
I'm sneaky Freaky Tah
And niggas ask me why
I be yellin so much
Cuz I get a strike just the right touch
On this track I get spelming
Shorties don't wanna mess around me
Aiyo get and shake that doodoo brown man
Aiyo Tah, I like the way you sound man
You just represent your area
Aiyo I hope I aint scarin ya
Aiyo how we do? I dare eya
To get up in our fuckin area
This is how I do in New York
For 97 there's no time to talk
Niggas lickin school faces and all that
This is how we do, we gon play and ball black
On the courts we get down and
Niggas don't wanna mess around me
Haha, way to sound man
LB we creepin to your town

Songwriters

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