

Why (feat. Still Living & X-1)

Sticky Fingaz

Aight nigga hold it down baby, one love
Aiyyo, yo Bruce - ohhh shit!
Aiyyo nigga
Yo I know this ain't that nigga Kirk
Yo Bruce - yo Bruce, that that nigga Kirk?
Look look, look at that nigga
Who that Dez? - This Dez, whassup nigga? Oh shit, nigga, when they let yo' ass out?
What the fuck you been drinkin? Look like you bout to pass out
Nah, I'm aight G just had a little Olde E
You know me - tryin to keep it cool play it low-key
You heard Brucey got knocked and Clay, he shot Fozee
Yeah, I know G, damn that shit is fucked up right?
Yo Bruce, you could drop me off at 57th & 9th
Damn I would but I gotta pick up my seed and my wife
Plus you be on some other shit and I don't need dirt in my life
Come on nigga I got the gas money, plus I got this L
You gon' shit on me son? I just got outta jail
Yeah aight god but I ain't with the bullshit no more
What you talkin bout man?
Put that cigarette out
Oh what, you don't smoke no more?
Nah it's just a new car and don't slam my door
Aight but on the way I need to make a stop at the store
See, give a nigga a inch, he take a yard
But you my dog, so I'ma keep it real with you God, come on
Aight good looking nigga
You better buckle up nigga
(repeat 2X)
We live our life like this, we live our life like this
We live our life like this, we live our life like this
We live our life like this - why? Aiyyo, pull over right there nigga (where?)
Right beside that blue Lexus (where you goin?)
I just gotta go pick up some money; I'll be back in a few seconds
Yeah aight don't let a few seconds turn into some minutes
cause I'll bounce on you nigga, tires burnin wheels spinnin
Nigga you leave me? Your ass'll never hear the end of it
Yeah aight God whatever man just hurry up and cut the bullshit("Inside the jewelry store") Aight you know
what this is everybody on the motherfuckin floor.
Take that shit off!"

"Yo, I'm Tyrone Holmes. I ain't givin up nothin."
 "What nigga? (*two gun shots*) Fuck that. Motherfucker. Stop cryin!" ("Outside at the same exact time")
 Only two minutes double parked, here come cops
 Saw 'em in the rear view, that's when I heard shots
 I seen the store door open, it all happened in slow motion
 My man running with his gun smoking (Oh shit!)
 I'm ready to pull off and act like I don't know him
 Nigga, yo go nigga go, go, God
 You don't you see the cops? You buggin
 What? How they gon' catch us? We in a S-500
 Nah, you lunatic ass nigga I ain't goin down for you
 Nigga we could get away
 but if we get caught, they gon' hang you too
 Damn- 1.5X Now we doin bout a hundred miles per hour down back blocks
 About a million things on my mind, a nigga that hot
 This clown next to me, actin like he hit the jackpot
 Nigga what the fuck is your problem? I got the loot (What loot?)
 You beefin with me ain't gon' get us out of hot pursuit
 Yo, I heard shots, what was that?
 Some fool wouldn't give me his jewels
 See, you whylin God, I'm thinkin bout my wife and my kid
 Nigga my life, I ain't tryin to do no bid
 Nigga I think you actin scared, if you really want to know
 You drivin too slow - YO nigga keep your eyes on the road
 You almost spun outta control on that last pothole
 Slow your role Kirk Jones son you just don't know (I don't know what?)
 Yo the way I feel right now, I never felt iller
 How you gon' crab me like this and violate a nigga?
 Violate you? Nigga you tryin to front on me?
 Remember I'm the nigga in this bitch that got the heat
 and before the cops catch me I'm holdin court in the street
 You think I'm gon' let the cops get you, arrest you
 (Now you thinkin) handcuff you? You crazy? I want to kill you
 (What?) You selfish motherfucker you ain't seein the light
 Remember I was supposed to be pickin up my seed and my wife
 (Shut up) Now I'm a wanted accomplice in a jewelry heist
 Fuck, you want me to say I'm sorry I swear, look me in my eyes
 But if you gon' act like a bitch nigga then let me drive "Yo son what the fuck you doin God?"
 "Yo fuck that."
 "Get off the steerin wheel."
 "Yo fuck that nigga, you act like a real pussy nigga."
 "Yo, you whylin son, you gon' make me crash!" ("The assalaints begin to fight in their own stupidity.
 Instead of working together to get away, they do the exact opposite -
 and wind up heading for a tragic situation.
 Now I'll let you hear the rest.") "Yo, yo relax. I got this, I got this God!" { *argument continues, car crashes* } Oh

shit! Yo, yo - yo Bruce!
Oh shit. {*trying to help*}
Come on man, come on man, you be aight man
Yo yo, it's not that bad man, it's not that bad man
Trust me - yo would I lie to you man?
Trust me man (I don't think I'ma make it God)
Oh shit. it's gon' be alright man
(Tell my wife I love her)
Yo Bruce man, don't don't fuckin die on me man{*song bleeds into the next track "Oh My God"*}

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