Wonderin' Why

Aer

I've played in L.A. and D.C., Manhattan and Sydney
And Kingston, Jamaica where my Mandy was made
It's 98 degrees in the straight-up shade
I say I'm stickin' with her for the rest of my given days"Somebody told me that you're takin' a break
A sabbatical from rhymin' on the records that you make
A little birdie said that wasn't the case
They blamed your exodus on "DC" partners Kevin and Tait""Hold up, I didn't say all that"I wanna move the people on a hot summer's day
I wanna serve up the Truth like it's pink lemonade[CHORUS]
So if you're wonderin' why I
Continue to try my
Skills at this rap game
Girl, I can't get enough
I been rockin' the black folks
And tellin' those white jokes
And people are people
So just throw your hands up
If you're wonderin' why I
Continue to try my
Skills at this rap game
Girl, I can't get enough
I been rockin' the church folks
And tellin' those saint jokes
So all of God's people
Won't ya throw your hands upI've been away for some down time
But thought it was 'bout time
To give my freaky people what they came here for
I guess I needed some head space
And felt that by God's grace
My homosapiens would still be up for some more
I'm talkin' God in my hip-hop
If not, then my show stops
And everyone around me knows I ain't gonna sell -out
To those bad guys, they pushin' them white lies
Tweak the word freak and you'll be airing tonight guys[CHORUS]I wanna move the people on a hot summer's day
I wanna serve up the Truth like it's pink lemonade
I wanna give my people what they can't deny
I wanna light up the skies like the Fourth of July

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