

# 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 rhyming 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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