

Tell Me Why

Kottonmouth Kings

Now, why you gotta cramp my style?
You keep fuckin' with my high and I'm about to get wild
Now, why you gotta harass the pot leaders?
Harass the people that expire parking meters
Why you gotta pull me over
As if I was that dude in the stolen rover?
Now, why you gotta badge on your chest
A gun on your hip and that bullet proof vest?
Now, why you gotta act like you save the people?
You front that you care, just so we can feel equal
Now, why you gotta read me my right?
Would you read em' to your wife? Fuck no, Jesus Christ
Now, why you gotta handcuff me tight
In the middle of the night treat me like a murder type?
Now, why you gotta gotta, gotta nothing?
Gotta get out my face bitch, I know you like donkeys
Tell me why you wanna fuck with me
Just because I'm a Kottonmouth King
I got no time for negativity
So tell me why it's always you against me
To the men, women and children
That are catchin' the feeling of what I'm dealin'
What is dealt is felt, helpin' to melt the laws
That bother like some glowing liquifying lava
We quickly makin' it hotter, listen up and try to follow
Now, why you gotta pull me over in my van?
Give a ticket for a gram, end up costin' 'bout a grand damn
And why you gotta slow the fuck out of your roll?
I know I'm not speedin' I'm in cruise control
So now you gotta find another reason why
You can start flashing your lights, start to violate my rights
I know you're out there, let me say you're not alone
Pigs bustin' in your home, guns drawn to your dome
Why do you gotta have a chip on your shoulder?
Past all field tests, I said, "I was sober"
I thought I told ya, don't try to pull this on me
I know between procedure and police brutality
So, tell me why do you insult me and claim stupidity?
Why you think you're smarter 'cause you're GED

I get high and fly and I drink and drive
And your fuckin' with my flight, so I gotta ask why?
Tell me why you wanna fuck with me
Just because I'm a Kottonmouth King
I got no time for negativity
So tell me why it's always you against me
Now, every time I turn the corner a cop is all up in my business
Always tryin' to plant shit, let me get a witness
It's gettin' serious and funny to me
Another day, another bitch is takin' money for me
Now, they tried to pull us over 'cuz we bangin' the bus
The fist, Johnny Richter, myself, and the judge
Who can you trust when the world's corrupt?
Not that crooked ass cop that put my hands in the cuffs
Who can you trust when the world's corrupt?
Not that crooked ass cop that put my hands in the cuffs now
Who can you trust when the world's corrupt?
Not that crooked ass cop that put my hands in the cuffs now

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