

# Why (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 Droii 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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