

# Why (feat. Rick Ross)

Mary J. Blige

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I've been logging in my bed, crying til my eyes are red  
We both said that things will change  
But it's still the same shade of grey  
I get mad you walk away  
When it all just start to fade  
I know you're fed up so am I  
But we just can't say goodbye  
Boy, you know I love you  
But I just can't go on no more  
Feelin' this way You got me sayin' why, why, why?  
Can't we get it right?  
Just can't get it right  
Don't know why, why, why?  
Can't we get it right  
No matter how hard we try I got her looking at me sideways  
Live every night like it's a Friday  
My conversations are so monumental  
Licking on her ear, I'm whispering a couple riddles  
She fell in love with my technique  
I made her call me boss when in the bedsheets  
We both coming from the same place  
All in her both coming at the same place  
Still on my dope boy swag  
Top down on my Cam'ron, Oh boy swag  
Played the hand we were dealt from the beginning, baby  
Ya the dealer, cut the deck, while we winning baby You got me sayin' why, why, why?  
Can't we get it right?  
Just can't get it right  
Don't know why, why, why?  
Can't we get it right  
No matter how hard we try Can't we turn love around  
We build it up to break it down

If you knew the way I feel  
You would know that this love is real  
But live in heaven, go to hell then  
Go right back, across the lesson  
Tired of stressin', get the message  
I can't live in this depression no more  
Boy, you know I love you  
But I just can't go on feeling like this no more  
You got me sayin' why, why, why?  
Can't we get it right?  
Just can't get it right  
Don't know why, why, why?  
Can't we get it right  
No matter how hard we try  
Back on my own again  
I don't want this to end  
But baby I need a friend to show me some more  
And I think it should be you  
Characteristics of a charismatic nigga, 20 million on a villa, what's illa  
We livin', lil boys gotta work at that  
Gettin' cash, so I snatch my girl a perfume bag  
Blowin kisses out the drop top, that nigga got gwop  
Stay in ya house when the block hot  
Makin love that will not stop,  
Bed sheets to the countertop  
Diamonds my baby down to rock

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