Why

Juelz Santana

My name mean a lot to me, pain mean a lot to me
Fame means nothing, but the game means a lot to me
I slang caine on these blocks for weeks
Ever since Rocky III, and the death of Apollo Creed
I was a tiny little poppy seed
As grimey as I could be, as sheiesty as I could be
Niggaz who live nicely, who don't understand the life of me
Other niggaz don't like me, and wanna take my life from me
They don't understand that I love it, and I like the beef
The raw, the guns, the violence, it's all right with me
I be laying in the cut where the sniper be
Righteously, waiting for you to get out the driver's seat
I don't think like usual people
Who think like usual people, who don't think right
I think like Muslims, in movements of people, who move they people
And move on your people, power is stronger than voo doo and evil
I'm immune, I drunk the juice, took a root from the needle
Still trying to figure out, why I do, the crimes I do
With the minds IQ, of an Einstein too
Tell 'em, Cha-cha, and bon, bon goo, they think I'm crazy, well I do too
Leave me alone please, I'm in my two-three zone please
Nothing can stop me, you fuckers can't stop me
["Why" continues to play]
[Verse 2]It's like my life keeps turning around
Every second I need a lighter, I keep burning it down
I smoke so much, I could nurture a pound
My thoughts are always foggy, they blurring right now listen
I see the game for what it's worth, pain, fame and work
Girls walk with they brain in their skirt
So while you're fucker, they thinking
Of ways to get even, or a way out the hood, they make up a reason
For the judge, for you take him and see him
Until you face a subpena, that'll change your demeanor
So be careful, where you skating through this game
Remember it's other niggaz playing, skating in your lane
Don't get clipped, or stripped skating in the rain
Cause niggaz will keep rolling, and skating on your brain
That's just the rules and regulations of the game
When you playing you, you playing, and you paying like you weigh in, so..

If not, those wolves aiming where you layin'
And waiting on you patient with that thing up in the basement
That's why I walk with that thing out, when I'm pasting
Cause I know these niggaz hate it, that their little sisters love it
And their girls really want it, plus I'm frontin
Twenty three big truckin, new Z, new bucket
Fuck it
["Why" continues until fade out]

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