

Why

Bad Boy's Da Band

Out and about and I saw an angel come down from heaven
Having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand
I laid whole on the dragon, that old serpent
Which is the devil and Satan, and [unverified] a thousand years, see I'm the soldier type, keep grip on steel like
Conan
Money bulgin' out my pockets, I peel with both hands
International dope man, known as a D-Boy
If ya need me nigga, know you can call on the decoy Me, all I do is move blow off tha corner
Paper chasin' 'cause I'm tryin' to stack dough like Colma
Watch me, I'm tryin' to keep my head on tight
Baller blockers make a nigga wanna ride at night Block watchers callin' coppers so my mind ain't right
The devil with me but the young boy acknowledge Christ
I did a lot of ridin' in my time and God blessed me still
I look out for tha one the knocks So why the devil keep on fuckin' with me? Why?
Why he knockin' at my door, my door?
Why the devil keep on fuckin' with me?
Can you tell me why he huntin' me for? Tell me what he huntin' me for, tell me, could you tell me?
Could you tell me what he huntin' me for?
Tell me what he huntin' me for, could you tell me, tell me?
Could you tell me what he huntin' me for? You thinkin' life's a joke, I'll slice your throat
Oh you a thug, you about to get yo' rights revoked
I'm from the Dirty, we don't even know the price of soap
I'm a star, look in the sky, you need a microscope I'm way ahead of the game, thuggin' runs in my veins
My pockets chubby, so I went and got a gun in my name
It's just me, him and my blunt in the Range
A young nigga with the filthy slang Ha ha, I hop out like a 'Jack in the box' with three macs and a glock
I'm askin' for nothin', I'm snatchin' my props
I'm gettin' money while I'm laughin' at cops, it ain't ya lad, I ain't bad
It's the devil, why don't you tell 'em to stop So why the devil keep on fuckin' with me? Why?
Why he knockin' at my door, my door?
Why the devil keep on fuckin' with me?
Can you tell me why he huntin' me for? Tell me what he huntin' me for, tell me, could you tell me?
Could you tell me what he huntin' me for?
Tell me what he huntin' me for, could you tell me, tell me?
Could you tell me what he huntin' me for? It's like somebody's lookin' over my shoulder
It's hard to focus in the open, I'm surrounded by vultures
So many haters, I don't know where to turn
And niggaz be starin' us down like we got money to burn First things first, I'm sick of all you industry thugs
You feel me, you a enemy if anything

'Cuz in memory of death to the powers that be
See I'm a motherfuckin' soldier, ain't no coward in me
Somebody is constantly watching and following me
Throw shades over my eyes, won't allow me to see
Allow me to peek, forget about reading the fine print
My lyrical content on some Vietnam shit
Shoot 99% dogg, top of the line, I'm back on my grind
Satan in the back of my mind
Go ahead with the bullshit, tomorrow ain't promised
I'm pushin' the rock to stop from getting knocked unconscious
So why the devil keep on fuckin' with me? Why?
Why he knockin' at my door, my door?
Why the devil keep on fuckin' with me?
Can you tell me why he huntin' me for?
Tell me what he huntin' me for, tell me, could you tell me?
Could you tell me what he huntin' me for?
Tell me what he huntin' me for, could you tell me, tell me?
Could you tell me what he huntin' me for?
Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil, for Thou walk with me
It's Bad Boy baby, we done seen the ups and downs
Sunny days, rainy days, we'll never stop
Da Band, the next generation, God first
And we won't stop, yeah let's go
Yeah get off me, get off me, you know what team I'm on
One life, one God, one family, Bad Boy
I'm like Micheal baby, Dark Angel
Yeah you feel me, I see all you devils out there
You'll never stop us, Da Band, 2003
The next generation, yeah and we won't stop

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