

Tell Me Why

Will Smith

[INTRO] - Why, why, why, why, why. Why[CHORUS]I really wish I could explain it baby (why),

It's just the world is kinda crazy baby (why),

Ain't no pretty way to paint it baby (why),

Don't cry, dry your eyes

September 11th, I woke up about 7am, west coast time, French toast and my

Turkey bacon, taking my time, awakin', turning my TV on

To my surprise, saw what everybody in the world saw

Me & my children, images were chillin'

My son said, "Daddy were there people in that building?"

A cold sweat, frozen with a lump in my chest

I heard his question, couldn't bring my lips to say "Yes" to him

That night at my son's side, he cried & prayed

For the one's who died in the World Trade

His palms to God, seeds and qualms with God

He just kept on pressin' me, wanna know why

Then one week later our bombs were dropped

We seein' them on CNN, they just won't stop

The infrared images of brutal attack

He said, "Daddy now we killin' em back"; (right, right)[CHORUS - (2x)][BRIDGE - Mary J. Blige:]

Mmmmm, souls are captured

Dreams are stolen, hearts are broken

Evil blatantly rewarded

Hate surrenders, Love exalted

Hope elated, negativity is shorted

Why is the bomb always getting the last word

& why did her uncle have to molest her

& why did all them cops have to be shootin' to kill

& why did all them priests have to act so ill

Tell me why did James Byrd Jr. have to be touched

Tell me why did Malcolm & Martin depart from us

Tell me why did that sniper make the little boy shoot

& why is human life always denied for loot

Tell me why did Mandela have to live in a cage

Why did my brother Sterling have to die at that age

Tell me why did Reginald Denny deserve his fate

& why the f*@k can't love seem to defeat hate

Tell me why is it so hard for all the children to eat

Why did Pac & Biggie Smalls have to fall in the street

Tell me why did Jam Master Jay have to go that way

Please what am I supposed to say to my kids when they say 'Why?'[CHORUS - (2x)][VERSE 3]

Can't explain it baby, life is just really crazy

I mean if it's world wars or the life of a little baby

We got more stores than they got rice under Buddha lazy

You live four scores & still it be driving you crazy

But for me I try to see the bright side

Sometimes it'd be like the goodness be tryin' to hide

Then try to flee, but it can't it's deep inside

Sweetie, you be the light for the others, make 'em believe in God[BRIDGE - Mary J. Blige:]

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