

Why Wouldn't I (feat. Paul Cain)

Fabulous

Yeah, yo Cain what up nigga
Why wouldn't these bitches love us nigga?
Why wouldn't these niggas hate us?
Why wouldn't they fab?
Yeah, Desert Storm, yeah Why wouldn't I talk as greasy as cheese steak meat
In a strawberry range, pie crust piping on the cheesecake seats?
I'm known for hittin' women's soft spots
With Princess cut Canaries the size of lemon cough drops I'm right behind 'em in the Porsche drop
Linen soft top, sick chain with twenty point rocks
Take your bitch, why wouldn't I?
The whip got chrome shoes, cream leather seats with old wooden sides Yeah, what's really poppin', usually boys
know
This ghetto superstar with the Bruce Lee Roy glow
Niggas has to hate the outcome
Plus I'm in a throwback from the same year they assassinated Malcolm Make so much ends, I got to find faster
ways to count 'em
A minute on the block, how fast I make a thousand?
That nigga you love to hate, still hug blocks and bubble weight
Off the love I can't Baby girl, why wouldn't fellas stop ya?
After we come through the hood in helicopters
The dro I got in this wood, is hela-proper
We do the damn thing, who could they tell us not to? Why wouldn't this joint make you wanna dance?
Why wouldn't these jewels make you wanna glance?
Why wouldn't this whip make you wanna ride?
And why wouldn't this thing be on my side? Why wouldn't this game have you on your knees?
Why wouldn't these twenty's be on the V's?
Why wouldn't this money make you wanna hate?
Why wouldn't I huh, why wouldn't I what? Why wouldn't I pull up to the spot, yellow is all ok?
Dressed in yellow linen, covered in Canaries never a flaw
Why shouldn't I wear this much ice
The princesses in my hair, are clear and cut, right?
Why wouldn't I talk this slick, why not? With a watch and bracelet this flooded, and a cross this sick
So why wouldn't I get it homes? I mean
To a nigga gettin' money like myself, a little brain that's minimal
Might talk but I live it though, sick chain glitter roll
Never sleep and don't stop gettin' that Hold up Cain, uh, why wouldn't I have samples of raw
And academic sample the laws, hypnotic samples the poor
The European sample is all yeah
Will on the right side do with the wings stamped on the door

It's the street family boss, I land by the shores
 Get pampered by whores, eat scamp and claws
 The kid's been trampled before by a tramp with no flaws
 That's up to they get cramps in they jaws
 I keep kefs jammed in the floor, amp meter draw
 End up in a wheelchair rammed by your dog
 Why wouldn't this joint make you wanna dance?
 Why wouldn't these jewels make you wanna glance?
 Why wouldn't this whip make you wanna ride?
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 Why wouldn't this game have you on your knees?
 Why wouldn't these twenty's be on the V's?
 Why wouldn't this money make you wanna hate?
 Why wouldn't I huh, why wouldn't I what?
 After a million scanned on it
 Why wouldn't the Range look like it got twenty inch ceiling fans on it
 Only reason you in my face ma'am
 Is 'cause I got the same Nike's that Jordan had on in Space Jam
 Why wouldn't I chase chips?
 Come through Aves, like Pluto Nash in Coupes that look like Spaceships,
 ridiculous bracelet and the outrageous
 Watch with flawless rocks, invisible placement
 I oughta feel like a boss
 Why wouldn't I get a 100 an appearance?
 Quarter mil a endorse, I oughta feel some remorse
 'Cause I'm killin' 'em out there, and a stick shift sport utility Porsche
 Yeah, I know when you see us, it be
 pissin' you off
 'Cause you would think we paid a fortune for the shit that we floss
 Spend summers in my Sicily loft
 Whole crib, interior decoration done by Christian Dior
 Baby girl, I got cops that's on the payroll
 Jet skies, and speed boats docked up in Barbados
 Green and cream Tims, broccoli and potatoes
 Why wouldn't you see the Storm for the rocks and these tornadoes
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