# Why We Die

## Busta Rhymes

Uhh, that's some shit
That that that niggaz ain't even seen before
That's that shit!
(Motherfuckers ain't never seen nothing like this before, for real man)
It's goin' down baby, uhh
Uhh! Busta Rhymes
What? Uhh, DMX nigga
Uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhhI see ghosts clearly, even though, most don't hear me
They still wanna get near me, fear me, so I'm leary
Kinda eerie what I'm feelin', from the floor, to the ceilin'
Straight through the roof, want the truth?
I kinda miss robbin' and stealin'
'Cause it kept a nigga hungry, only eatin' when I starved
I was ugly, so I robbed, no one loved me, shit was hard
Went to God once in a while when it got a little too hectic
He was the only one I knew that I respected
(Why?)Didn't know why, didn't know what I was livin' was a lie
If I ain't shit then, why should I try
See, plenty niggaz die, over dumb shit, up in the hood
Real good heart, but up to no good
Thought I did what I could, but I guess it, wasn't enough
The Devil told me it would happen but I kept callin' his bluff
When it rains it pours now, my pains are yours
As yours are what's mine, define, revolvin' doors
(Nigga!)(Why?)
All my niggaz tell me
(Why?)
Tell me
(We die)
'Cause we crazy with it, quick to blaze you with it
From in my soul to every word that I curse
With all the agony expressed in this verse
Let me ask my niggaz
(Why?)My niggaz tell me
(Why?)
Tell me
(We die)
Because we Gods nigga
(And)

We go the yard nigga
Because I walk the ground under my feet
And keep it live and stay in tune with the street
Now let me ask my niggaz
(Why?)They say the good die young, in the hood where I'm from
I only got one question to that, why the fuck am I here?
I look to the air, I ask God, "Love me please"
But in reality, only people that hug me is thieves
Same niggaz that send shots through my rugby sleeves
They wanna, slug me and leave, I'm thinkin' it must be me
Please shed light, the hood's dark
I did my dirt but got a good heart
Shouldn't that count for somethin'?
I was told I'd amount to nothin', most of my childhood
Like [Incomprehensible] it was stuntin' my growthSeparated me from the shit I was wantin' the most
Felt myself comin' close to pumpin' them O's
Lump in my throat, chest poked out, face was poker
Tryin' to, erase my ghosts, chase the smokers
Got demons on both shoulders
Tryin' to chauffeur my life through the streets
In other words nigga my will was weak
Please feel what I speak
This ain't your average ordinary jargon weak rap niggaz be talkin'
This shit is deep, from the mind of Busta, 'X and me
To all my fallen soldiers, rest in peace, 'til we meet niggaz(Why?)
All my niggaz tell me
(Why?)
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And keep it live and stay in tune with the street
Now let me ask my niggaz
(Why?)I must be cuckoo, like I respect the new-you, never
See you too could get it through your FUBU sweater

Like a nigga when he walk in the dark, trespassin'
On a nigga land, shots echo loud in the park
I live and die for all the shit I believe
And rep for everything I stand for
With every single breath I breathe
Like the intake from cigarette smoke, it's like you inhale
The Demon in the gutter stressed struggled and brokeIf the shit was all over tomorrow, I'd leave a treasure
For my kids with a legacy for my children to follow
You know it's funny how the good die first
Get the peppin' in your steppin' faggot nigga
'Cause you could die worse
Hold on, you know I cut off my arm, in the name of reppin'
Real niggaz in the midst of droppin' this bomb
Allah blessin' me to rep for the better, and carry on
Somethin' great and keep a nigga name livin' forever!Now tell me
(Why?)
All my niggaz tell me
(Why?)
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