

Why Oh Why

Spearhead

I say my prayers every mornin' just like orange juice
I crack the crinkles out my body till I'm feelin' loose
I strap my sneakers on my feet like they was combat boots
They fit my feet like Cinderella when I'm shootin' hoops Why oh why do memories keep chasin' me?
Sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee
Sometimes I wanna blow my brains to put my life at ease
But I ain't clockin' out I gotta see the seven seas Please, seven's a very lucky number for me
That was the age when I discovered how good ballin' could be
Up every mornin' with the birdies doin' little drills
Go to my left go to my right developin' mad skills How could a love for this game bring so much sadness
I played with brothas with so much badness
But now they gone I sing a song pop a three
From the top of the key in they memory Why, oh, why do memories be chasin' me?
Sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee
Even in seasons when it's another color sport
I still be memorizin' lines out on the basketball court singin' Why, oh why do memories be chasin' me?
Sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee
Even in seasons when it's another color sport
I be rememberin' my partners on the basketball court Do you remember runnin' the court in September?
Me and my homies be down for whoever
Would come along and try to send us to the showers
From the game that we'd been dominatin' there for hours All day to be more specific east to west
From Atlantic to Pacific fools would come round
To get down and try to take our crown
But we would hold our ground and we would never back down Old timers, new timers would get in line there
And take a seat there and try to prepare
But oh, no, there was no chance when we was in the zone
We was alone at the top, we had hops, we got props And when we needed to we busted chops
Wipe the court with your game like we was usin' mops
What ever happened to the Super Hoopers in the park
I reminisce while shootin' solitary after dark Why, oh, why do memories be chasin' me?
Sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee
Even in seasons when it's another color sport
I still be memorizin' lines out on the basketball court singin' Why, oh why do memories be chasin' me?
Sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee
Even in seasons when it's another color sport
I be rememberin' my partners on the basketball court Why, oh, why?
Why, oh, why? Brother C came fresh from out of town
And he had handles and like McDonald's he could clown ya

Dribblin' baby bounces between drinkin' forty ounces
Knock ya on your heels and do circles like he was Curly Neal
But oh no, the liquor got quicker to his head and
he said
"I think I musta placed some stupid bets"
He hit me up for some cash, there was a car crash
A splash and then the brother made a mad dash
Rob, oh, Rob his whole life was like a roller coaster
But on the court he looked like a Dr. J. Poster
Flyin' high with an Afro blowin' in the wind
Wipin' Windex, index finger rolls off the glass
Then swish through the net jump a Corvette with a triple pirouette
But off the court he had a few temptations copulations
No moderations by 24 he had 3 pregnations
Last check crack intoxications
So many other brothers gone from this dimension
And none of those who got hurt receive a pension
Give a bup, bup, to those locked up in detention
Memories too many dimension
And we say, "One more time, one more time"
Why, oh, why do memories be chasin' me?
Sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee
Even in seasons when it's another color sport
I still be memorizin' lines out on the basketball court
Singin' Why, oh why do memories be chasin' me?
Sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee
Even in seasons when it's another color sport
I be rememberin' my partners on the basketball court

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>