

Why We Act This Way

Black Moon

Y'all wanna know why I act this way
Why you act that way?
Why you act that way son?

Cus niggaz talk reckless walking while I ride Lexus

Ice on the precious my eyes on ya necklace
Hit the studio, Corona, dime of black
In Arizona, crying for ya Diamonds back
You want me gone, broke so you can't pay nothing
See me don't say nothing, but you stay fronting
Now I got to do shit the O Strong way
.38 long way out in broad day
You gonna get me first, that's what they all say
E hit 'em I'mma get my dick sucked in hall way see
Nothing changes, Puff and Ranges
Y'all ain't doin nothing dangerous
Cus I'm not a gun buster, more like a conspirer
Killer hirer while you still an admirer

And wanna know why we act this way
Really, wanna find out we act this way
Act like you don't know
Who was there when Larry Davis blast po po
That's what you go fo'
Mofo I'm up in the streets still
Gettin up with Starang in B-Ville
He still that nigga, Originoo Gunn Clappa nigga
Who are you? Buckshot that rapper nigga
Pants low, boxer show, not a style for ya block to know
I don't wanna cock and blow, but she can get the cock n blow
Gotta go got to go aight so

They wanna know why I act this way
Yo why you act that way?
Why I act this way?

Yo I don't know why I act this way
I don't know why I act that way
Yo for real
Been like that since back in the day
We ain't got no time to play

If you see me and I don't give you dap
Don't worry I coulda been in a hurry or I might not like you
See I change like Michael but I don't mean skintone
Did a lot of traveling and been home
And I'm like word, I put it in work
And your excuse: Put it on him or put it on her
Shit, I concure you niggaz birds
Pigeon ass niggaz plus ya vision's blurred
Word, but you see me when you see me
Trust me real clear my gun you will hear
Listen I don't play games at all
I'm at the bottom where flames engulf
Ain't no love in the streets so I give hugs to my peeps
Plug the leaks, slugs in cheeks

Better have one in your Jeep cuz
We wild out in the street cuz
Cus niggaz trying to live it up
Ain't got give it up
Knowing we don't give a fuck that's real yo it up
See me out in the streets ya niggaz throw it up
Drive by slow in your hood, y'all bitches know it up
If I don't fuck with cha, it's not 'cus I'm blowing up
It's 'cus a nigga did a whole lot of growing up
When it was Nervous, y'all were serviced
And y'all don't purchase so y'all worthless
But overseas and on both coasts
You notice two of the dopest vocalists
So focus, Boot Camp Klik is here
And niggaz ain't goin nowhere, goin nowhere

[Chorus]