

# 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, uhh

I 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  
Liked by folks it was stuntin my growth  
Seperated 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 ghostes, 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

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 broke  
If 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!