

Why is it more that things change the more they stay the same?  
Why do old people drive slow in the fast lane?  
Why is it when I grab the mic you stare at me strange?

Why's every time I eat I get my shirt stained? (dang!)  
Wassup Tremaine, what, your name's Wayne?  
Dang man, why can't I just remember people's names?  
All the same there's a question in my mind  
Why do I have to wait in line just to wait in another line  
And when I think I'm done I gotta do it one more time?  
Why oh why am I always stuck behind  
The lady who has writes a check in the express check out line?  
Excuse me miss, it's 10 items not 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.  
Why do most rappers they just spit the same rhymes?  
Why do girls go to the bathroom at the same time?  
Why when something's wrong I just say I'm fine?  
But why ask why when I ask it all the time?

Why is the grass green? Why's the sky blue?  
Why oh why do I do what I do?  
Can you please tell me why that is cause I don't have a clue?  
Now why is that? I was about to ask you.  
Why am I me? and why are you you?  
Why do we run in circles chasing after nothing new?  
Somebody won't you please tell me why because I haven't got a clue?  
Yo why is it my man? I was about to ask you.

Why do the voices in my head get louder when I try to sleep?  
Why can't I seem to count all the leaping sheep?  
I'm knee deep in distribution, retail, paperwork, and e-mail.  
Why can't I afford a secretary to handle office detail?  
Why are prices high, water wet, people cruel?  
Why does every single record exec try to play me for the fool?  
Why don't bar stools have backs? Do they want the drunks to fall off?  
And why do we have to fill up all the precious silence with small talk?  
Why do we all walk with our heads down and walkmans up to ten?  
Are we afraid to let a stranger in every now and then?  
Why do sucker emcees spit loud and claim to be the hardest  
And then sit down to write their rhymes with a dictionary plus a thesaurus?  
Why does the commerce strangle art instead of the other way around?  
I guess it's hard to work the angles when the cipher's always round.  
Why do we drown our sorrow, reach both hands out for tomorrow  
When just living today is hard enough to swallow? Why?

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Why do conceptual song structures cramp my style and hand alike?  
Why do organized emcee battles make wack rappers grab the mic?  
Why am I here, cause the instruction manual wasn't clear?  
Why does my transmission make that sound when I try to shift it's gears?

Why is my stereo so loud? Do I want all neighbors to hear?  
Am I my own street team member try to catapult my career?  
Why does a dog bark, bee sting, bird sing?  
But first things first, why do you burn my album with left hands on your purse string?

Why do we disrespect each other instead of loving one another?  
Why do we have to focus on the skin tone and color?  
Why can't we see that we sisters and we brothers  
And understand we all equal to God and plus He loves us?  
Bust this. Ima say this just again and again.  
Why oh why can't we all be friends?  
But there's one things I just can't comprehend.  
Why do they put Braille at a drive-up ATM?  
I guess that's for all the car driving blind men.  
Why do we just hate God but really love to sin?  
Really, man, shouldn't that be just the other way around?  
Why do I always have to laugh when somebody falls down?  
Why do things get worse when they're already going wrong?  
Why's customer service put me on hold for so long?  
Why do you tell me to hold on when I'm already holding on?  
Why can't we all just get along?

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Why does fast food take so long to get it?  
Why do people fart in public and say someone else did it?  
Why do you ask my opinion but get mad when I give it?  
And why ask for wisdom if you ignore the Holy Spirit?  
Now check the lyrics cause this might apply to you.  
Dude, why's brushing your teeth just like so hard for you?  
Now if your breath stank, don't be be saying "Hi, how are you?"  
If I give you a breath mint, don't be like, "No, thank you."  
Get a clue, now tell me why your clothes is fake, too.

Why do you say it's FUBU when ya know it's PUBU?  
And why do you say yes when you really mean no?  
Why do you tell me to stop when you really mean go?  
Why's the bad choice the one choice I always chose?  
But in spite of how I acted, why did God love me so  
Much the He would just pay the price of my soul?  
But I don't need to ask why. I already know.