

Why You Mad

Silkk The Shocker

Ha, why you mad at me
I ain't done nothing, I'm just saying
That ain't ya car, say it ain't ya car
That ain't ya crib, say it ain't ya crib
That's it, ha-ha

Why you hating, I ain't did ya shit
Why you mad, I ain't did ya shit
I might of holla'd, but I ain't did ya chick
If you broke it's your fault, I ain't did ya this

Don't be claiming your friends cars, when you know it ain't yours
Don't be on cribs talking bout where you live, when you know it ain't yours
Talking to shorty, she wasn't turned on she was turned off
That number she gave ya wasn't turned on, it was turned off
Came back telling all your boys, how you mack
She came back telling all her girls, how you was whack
See I don't be around niggaz like that, so when they be around
I don't be around they try to hate but look, I don't be down
And if you pissed, then this about you nigga
You know them type yeah, them about-to niggaz
I'm about to get a job, I'm about to get a whip
I'm about to get a deal, so I'm about to be rich
See me they know me, I've been bout it
And look it don't stop, I still be on the block like Ben Wallace
You know me dude, I don't front
I press one button nigga, and my roof in the trunk

I feel like the truth to speak to ya, so let me be honest
I don't care how a nigga feel, I don't give a fuck bout your comments
I feel like if you real, you could ride with me
If not, nigga you ain't gotta lie to kick it
See I know you look at me, might like my life
Um look at my jewels, try to price my ice
And yeah, come on down if the price is right
So I could spin you around, like Vanna White
Now me and Motor Bike, got some'ing that ain't came out chet
Bentleys and Hummers, look daddy you know we bout that
Trying to stop us, man I doubt that
Keep the heat, and never leave home without that
Middle fingers up, to the ones that do hate
Wanna stop us from being rich, man you too late
Wanna mug, and try to show me a screw face
Got a slug that'll slow you down, just like a Screw tape