

# Why

## Twista

The New Testament

These are the Street Scriptures for all my riders, niggaz, and hoes

Let me ask you a question:

Why give a bitch fame by sayin' his name?

When all I gotta say is you's a bitch

Yeah, I'm talkin' to you nigga

You ain't no killa, on the riz-illa

So High Beam my nigga, get with 'em

AH!

When I look that fool in his face and tell him he's a lie

Everybody want a cure but nobody wanna die

Put the cash in my face, I might take a try

Money motivated that nigga that threw up my sign

My wife's on my side with a .9 ready to ride

Hold my sixth sense up and ask buddy why

Shit get deep in the cold city of Chi

Could somebody, anybody tell me why-ay

Why-ya-y-yaah

Why-ya-y-yaah these boys they wanna try me-eeeeee

Why-ya-y-yaah

Why-ya-y-yaah but these boys don't wanna die-eeeeee

Why-ya-y-yaah

Why-ya-y-yaah now bring them boys to the Chi-eeeeee

Why-ya-ya-yaah

Why-ya-ya-yaah Ahhhhhhhhh

I'll sacrifice my word and my balls for this here

Straight down to earth with my real niggaz crack 'em beers

Straight up that mean mug muthafucka havin' no fear

What the fuck

You thought I was one of them bitch niggaz standin' right here

Legit Ballaz is the clique I break bread with

Niggaz I bust lead with

In the midst of confrontation, high-speed chasin'

Bend 'em, and bust 'em and stick 'em, I'm runnin' from the FED's shit

This is the New Testament, uh-huh we never dead bitch - NO

I'll make that damn fool get on his knees and say please

Bitches in the neighborhood spreadin' disease

Hatin' ass niggaz starin' and studyin' me

Cause I'm fresh up out the bank to get my daughter some cheese

But I got somethin' on my side like a lemon to squeeze

Lickin' bout a pack up at you muthafuckaz right at the knees

Probably givin' somethin' to fools cause the man in need

I been deep up in this game for a century

Now I'm makin' major moves and stackin' paper is my motto

Different day, different gear, hoppin' out a different auto

Put it on and I'll be jackin' off louchers like lotto

Showin' love to my niggaz who show me love in Chicago

It's fair but it's square, for the love of the game or they hate it

Many done died, plenty done tried from imitatin' it

Fuck what they say, keep faith in this world you'll make it

Thank him for everythang and every blessin' but don't fake it

Trapped up in this wild life, thinkin' to myself

Askin' the Lord for forgiveness and thankin' him for my wealth  
The block is on low when these slickers ain't plantin' drugs  
Saturated with racial hatred result in a slug  
That's why I stay high, gone off green  
Fuckin' up muthafuckaz lyrically with the Beam  
Got you and yo boys losin' yo breath like ??  
Never disrespect a Legit Balla when on the scene  
Ooh wee I rip shit like velcro  
Get off in the studio  
Fuck up the punk that step up got the umm next nigga screamin' ''Oh No''  
Just when you thought that I was gon' fall I fuck around and ummm  
Cock back explode, reload  
Hit you with some shit that make you shake and shiver as I deliver  
Shots from the 4-0  
NO-NO!!  
Got the next nigga screamin'