

Tell Me Why

Will Smith

Why, why, why, why, why. Why

I really wish I could explain it baby (why),
It's just the world is kinda crazy baby (why),
Ain't no pretty way to paint it baby (why),
Don't cry, dry your eyes

September 11th, I woke up about 7am, west coast time, French toast and my
Turkey bacon, taking my time, awakin', turning my TV on
To my surprise, saw what everybody in the world saw
Me & my children, images were chillin'
My son said, "Daddy were there people in that building?"
A cold sweat, frozen with a lump in my chest
I heard his question, couldn't bring my lips to say "Yes" to him
That night at my son's side, he cried & prayed
For the one's who died in the World Trade
His palms to God, seeds and qualms with God
He just kept on pressin' me, wanna know why
Then one week later our bombs were dropped
We seein' them on CNN, they just won't stop
The infrared images of brutal attack
He said, "Daddy now we killin' em back"; (right, right)

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Don't cry, dry your eyes
(2x)

Mmmmm, souls are captured
Dreams are stolen, hearts are broken
Evil blatantly rewarded
Hate surrenders, Love exalted
Hope elated, negativity is shorted
Why is the bomb always getting the last word
& why did her uncle have to molest her
& why did all them cops have to be shootin' to kill
& why did all them priests have to act so ill
Tell me why did James Byrd Jr. have to be touched
Tell me why did Malcolm & Martin depart from us
Tell me why did that sniper make the little boy shoot
& why does human life always denied for loot
Tell me why did Mandela have to live in a cage
Why did my brother Sterling have to die at that age
Tell me why did Reginald Denny deserve his fate
& why the f*ck can't love seem to defeat hate
Tell me why is it so hard for all the children to eat
Why did Pac & Biggie Smalls have to fall in the street
Tell me why did Jam Master Jay have to go that way
Please what am I supposed to say to my kids when they say 'Why?'

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It's just the world is kinda crazy baby (why),
Ain't no pretty way to paint it baby (why),
Don't cry, dry your eyes
(2x)

Can't explain it baby, life is just really crazy
I mean if it's world wars or the life of a little baby
We got more stores than they got rice under Buddha lazy
You live four scores & still it be driving you crazy
But for me I try to see the bright side
Sometimes it'd be like the goodness be tryin' to hide
Then try to flee, but it can't it's deep inside
Sweetie, you be the light for the others, make 'em believe in God

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