

# Wonderin' Why

DC Talk

So if you're wonderin' why I continue to try my  
Skills at this rap game, girl I can't get enough  
I been rockin' the black folks and tellin' those white jokes  
And people are people so just throw your hands up

I've played in L.A. and D.C., Manhattan and Sydney  
And Kingston, Jamaica where my Mandy was made  
It's 98 degrees in the straight-up shade  
I say I'm stickin' with her for the rest of my given days

Well, somebody told me that you're takin' a break  
A sabbatical from rhymin' on the records that you make  
A little birdie said that wasn't the case  
He blamed your exodus on "DC" partners Kevin and Tait

"Hold up, I didn't say all that"

I wanna move the people on a hot summer's day  
I wanna serve up the Truth like it's pink lemonade

If you're wonderin' why I continue to try my  
Skills at this rap game girl, I can't get enough  
I been rockin' the church folks and tellin' those same jokes  
So all of God's people, won't ya throw your hands up

I've been away for some down time  
But thought it was 'bout time  
To give my freaky people what they came here for  
I guess I needed some head space  
And felt that by God's grace  
My homosapiens would still be up for some more  
I'm talkin' God in my hip-hop  
If not, then my show stops  
Then everyone around me knows I ain't gonna sell-out  
To those bad guys, they pushin' them white lies  
Tweak the word freak and you'll be airing tonight guys

Well, somebody told me that you're takin' a break  
A sabbatical from rhymin' on the records that you make  
(Who said it)  
A little birdie said that wasn't the case  
He blamed your exodus on "DC" partners Kevin and Tait

"Wait, didn't we clear that up"

I wanna move the people on a hot summer's day  
I wanna serve up the Truth like it's pink lemonade  
I wanna give my people what they can't deny  
I wanna light up the skies like the Fourth of July

If you're wonderin' why I continue to try my  
Skills at this rap game girl, I can't get enough  
I been rockin' the church folks and tellin' those same jokes  
So all of God's people, won't ya throw your hands up

So where my freaks  
Woo hoo

Where my freaks at, baby  
Where my freaks  
Woo hoo  
Where my Jesus freaks  
(3x)

So if you're wonderin' why I  
Girl, I can't get enough  
Why I continue to try my  
So just throw your hands up

So if you're wonderin' why I continue to try my  
Skills at this rap game girl, I can't get enough  
I been rockin' the church folks and tellin' those same jokes  
So all of God's people, won't ya throw your hands up

So where my freaks  
Yeah yeah yeah  
Where my freaks at, baby  
Where my freaks  
Yeah yeah yeah  
Where my Jesus freaks