

Don't Know Why

CyHi The Prynce

Don't nobody know why
Nobody knows why
Young niggas still dyin' in the streets
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CyHi!

.38 snub hugger, jealousy is a mothafucka
Swear these niggas would kill their blood brother
All for the love of the money and gangs, plus the drug hustle
But let me say this before the judge judge us
Why must the thug suffer?
We already gettin' it out the mud puddle
Then on top of that, the flood struck us
So before them boys cuff us
And we lose our life to these blood suckers
Rather meet the Migos at the Fuddruckers
Back when I had a plug on the lil' guys
Served it while the kush dry
Bought two, but took five
We call that payin' hood tithes
I'm from a place where the good die
Young, turn boys to men
It's so hard to say your goodbyes
Man, this shit done took lives
If you die, would your hood ride?
The only time you got the goosebumps was at a book drive
Posin' for my mugshot, make sure you get my good side
I'm just a headcase, even took me to Scared Straight
Left the house at 16, I felt I was deadweight
But to the streets, I was fresh bait
So I'm ridin' through the 6 with my SK
Hey, tryin' not to meet my death day
They killed my partner and left him dead by the expressway

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We have lost a lot of beautiful souls to the struggle
To all my fallen soldiers, we miss you
I brought a few of my east side homies to relay my condolences
The legendary Jagged Edge

'Pac told us Brenda had a baby
Crooked ass cops tryna send him to his grave early
Sister's like, "Thanks for my child"

Crooked ass feds tryna give a nigga long time
No love for that Black skin, still on replay
System's mad and corruption keeps us in place
Ah, when we gon' have our day?
When the sun gonna shine down on our way?

Huh, panhandler, hand-to-hand gambler
Scam amateur, seven gram scrambler
Had a Monte Carlo, Tahoe and a tan Challenger
Hit rock bottom, I swear you can't take this shit for granted, bruh
So I see everything panoramic, cuz
One wrong move, that'll take you off the planet, cuz
So I move around with the broom like a janitor
Pomegranate cannabis, called a play and ran it up
Automatic hammers tucked on every transaction
FedEx the package or I might just Amtrak it
Back and forth to Michigan, I want my grams, wrap it
Them niggas who tried to write me off can't even pay their taxes
49er, I was told to "mind your business, nigga"
I seen some shit Jehova ain't even witness, nigga
'96 Explorer, got so many stash spots
I told the cop, "You'll never find it like a Sasquatch"
A good lawyer lower cases if your cap's locked
So I showed up in court, me and Matlock
Hah, beat the case and did the ragtop
This for all my niggas who didn't make it out the trap spot

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Huh, we were just some small timers
Went to jail, nothin' major, we was all minors
They tried to tie one of us to the gun
But it's funny 'cause now all my niggas eatin' off china
Keep a stick for the haters tryna chalk line us
It was like hide and go seek, but don't let the law find us
I forgot more than you ever learned
So when you speak on my name, put me up there with the all timers
What you know about meetin' your connect at a small diner?
Talkin' murder over waffles and corned beef hash
On a clear, black night like Warren G had
He was droppin' off some bags on the corner, he had
Some youngin' ran up on him, he had on a ski mask
My OG shot him through the door, left him on the street bad
Then he asked me for the check, but not an actual check
For those who not in the streets, just know that means cash
I'm from where a zone is a zipper, and your tone is your trigger
Where your wife is your bitch, and your homies' your niggas
In my city, I'm legend, on my corner, I'm Chipper
Runnin' from the red dogs, we holla Clifford
I had all the red broads and all the strippers
We broke every fed law that's in the system
I had the dream walkin' out the county in burgundy slippers
And right before I was about to hug my sister
Ay, fuck nigga

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