

# Why

Da Band

Out and about  
And I saw an angel come down from heaven  
Having the key of the bottomless pit  
And a great chain in his hand  
I laid whole on the dragon, that old serpent  
Which is the Devil and Satan, and born in a thousand years  
See

I'm the soldier type, keep grip on steel like Conan  
Money bulgin' out my pockets, I peel with both hands  
International dopeman, known as a D-Boy  
If you need me nigga, know you can call on the decoy  
Me, all I do is move blow off the corner  
Paper chasin' 'cause I'm trying to stack doe like Homer (watch me)  
I'm tryin' to keep my head on tight  
Baller blockers make a nigga wanna ride at night  
Block watcher's callin' coppers so my mind ain't right  
The Devil with me but the young boy acknowledge Christ  
I did a lot of ridin' in my time, and God blessed me still  
I look out for the one the knocks

So why the Devil keep on fuckin' with me, why  
Why he knockin' at my door, my door  
Why the Devil keep on fuckin' with me  
Can you tell me why he huntin' me for?  
Tell me what he huntin' me for, tell me  
Could you tell me?  
Could you tell me what he huntin' me for?  
Tell me what he huntin' me for  
Could you tell me, tell me?  
Could you tell me what he huntin' me for?

You're thinkin' life's a joke, I'll slice your throat  
Oh, you're a thug, you're about to get your rights revoked  
I'm from the Dirty, we don't even know the price of soap  
I'm a star, look in the sky, you need a microscope  
I'm way ahead of the game, thuggin' runs in my veins  
My pocket's chubby, so I went and got a gun in my name  
It's just me, him and my blunt in the Range  
A young nigga with the filthy slang  
Ha ha, I hop out like a Jack In The Box  
With three macks and a glock  
I'm askin' for nothin', I'm snatchin' my props  
I'm gettin' money while I'm laughin' at cops  
It ain't you lad, I ain't bad  
It's the Devil, why don't you tell'em to stop

It's like somebody's lookin' over my shoulder  
It's hard to focus in the open I'm surrounded by vultures  
So many haters I don't know where to turn  
And niggas be starin' us down like we got money to burn  
First things first, I'm sick of all you industry thugs  
You feel me, You a enemy if anything cause  
In memory of  
Death to the powers that be  
See I'm a motherfuckin' soldier ain't no coward in me  
Somebody is constantly watching and following me

Throw shades over my eyes, Wont allow me to see  
Allow me to peek  
Forget about reading the fine print  
My lyrical content on some Vietnam shit  
Shoot 99% dog, top of the line  
I'm back on my grind  
Satan in the back of my mind  
Go a-head with the bullshit, tomorrow ain't promised  
I'm pushin' the rock to stop from getting knocked unconscious

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
I will fear no evil, for thou walk with me  
It's Bad Boy baby, we done seen the ups and downs  
Sunny days, rainy days, we'll never stop  
Da Band, the next generation, God first  
And we won't stop, yeah, let's go  
Yeah, get off me, get off me  
You know what team I'm on  
One God, one love, one family, Bad Boy  
I'm like Micheal baby  
Dark Angel, yeah, you feel me  
I see all you Devil's out there  
You'll never stop us  
Da Band, 2003, the next generation  
Yeah, and we won't stop