

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