

Why

Grits

Show me why.

Show me why.

The things I find strange, Alanis finds a bit ironic,
Sip the tonic,
Perfect description of me: atomic,
Islamic belief always clashed with mine, therefore we have beefs,
Sun sets in the west and rises in the east like yeast,
At least I'll say, for the most part, "That's cool and all,"
No time for argument but prayer, while Beelzee's fooling y'all,
Fiasco, singed, burning, yearning like Tabasco, so there,
Shooting out releases; "Mental" was my last throw,
Haskells like Eddie, not Vedder,
I'm better while my deejay hits the fader,
Now don't get indignant, catch yourself before you act ignorant,
That's a sure sign of dead minds, benign and malignant,
From here to Dallas, extended with vocal stewing,
My walk never switches from Patrick Duffy to Bobby Ewing.

Throw your hands to the ceiling, tell me what you're feeling,
Show me why, (show me why)
Throw your hands to the ceiling, tell me what you're feeling, ooh.

I see you looking to the left, and slowly moving to the right as you're bobbing,
"Who is this?" is the question that your mind is...
Culture shock, the way we rock,
Hip-hop and still drop rock,
Belief beneath the beat, and it don't stop,
We's bees, not killer, but we still attack on the forrilla,
Just 'cause we left in Tennessee don't mean we ain't got Qs and Ps to stay on,
It's been too long off in this game,
Though we know we just as dope, still the treatment ain't the same from my peers,
I'm guessing it's fear of innovation,
But don't they contradict the golden rule as a nation?
But what I'm facing is slowly dying from frustration of real heads who recognise more than gangsters,
'Cause my white-boy deejay, everything he paly, either from the old school or guaranteed to crowd move,
It's universal, if you doubt it the rewind, for recollections of what I said back four lines,
So raise your hands just as high as you can get them,
If you feel it, show me why and keep them to the sky.

Throw your hands to the ceiling, tell me what you're feeling,
Show me why, (show me why)
Throw your hands to the ceiling, tell me what you're feeling, ooh,
Throw your hands to the ceiling, tell me what you're feeling,
Show me why, (show me why)
Throw your hands to the ceiling, tell me what you're feeling.

Quite rough and hammered,
Not to be tampered with, court jester,
I suggest you and your pals stop soliciting, selling stuff,

This is an album has surpassed you,
Like school on Sunday: no class,
Record drill susceptible to rejectable croup,
Selectable few, which is us, worthy of trust,
Gained in, sustained it, proclaimed it - the factors,
Been standing way too long the premises of an arch-
nemesis that I been battling since Genesis,
Let's finish this,
My apparatus and status is, nonetheless, to be the fattest,
To express with content of explicit, true check,
Bonafide is up next - go test his verbal vortex,
My mechanical components is spiritual links complex,
Consist of powers way beyond the natural rim,
The heart will tell the deepest secrets of the hardest of men,
You know it's dope and that you're open, so you're raising your hands,
And catching feelings while appealing to your innermost man,
So throw em...

Throw your hands to the ceiling, tell me what you're feeling,
Show me why, (show me why)
Throw your hands to the ceiling, tell me what you're feeling, ooh,
Throw your hands to the ceiling, tell me what you're feeling,
Show me why, (show me why)
Throw your hands to the ceiling, tell me what you're feeling, ooh.

See now, I came in the party with the deejay stance,
I left with the crowd open and a whole new base of fans,
Hands to the ceiling, how you're feeling's what you showing me,
I thank the Lord again when people notice me,
Holding me accountable to levels higher than I can attain,
I stare into the eye of the storm when it rains,
Like pains in birth, it hurts deep within,
If you feel me, throw your hands to the ceiling again.

Show me why.

Throw your hands to the ceiling, tell me what you're feeling,
Show me why, (show me why)
Throw your hands to the ceiling, tell me what you're feeling.