

# Why

Lil Tjay

(Banger)

Why? Why?

(DJ on the beat, so it's a banger)

Why? Why?

Fell in love with the money, know one thing, I'll run it up until I die

And wasn't never no dummy, I know niggas lowkey hatin' on the guy

Maybe it's 'cause I'm dripped out, just too real or too fly

All my life, I've been wonderin' why

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Fuck it, I got my bag up, got my cash up, swear the pockets was dry

'Til my hunger still die 'til I made, like, who really played it out better than I?

Try me, shots gon' fly

Told my bro, "Boy, you know you gon' die"

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Tryna get paid

Niggas be talkin' 'bout bullshit, ain't talkin' no money, I daze

Been had the bag, 'bout to get me a new one, it's 'bout the time label gotta me a raise

Barely no help, did this shit by myself, off the top, don't need no one to give me the wave

If I ain't rapped, still wouldn't never went broke, I was young, tellin' big bro to give me them plays

Duckin' them streets, shoutout my niggas go in, poppin' in at least fifty a day

Stuck in them trenches, woke up, like I said, it's no kizzy, that shit'll get gritty and grey

I was thirteen, running' 'round with that pole when them kids run up on you like, "Give me your J's"

I was in ATS, used to have fights after school like my mama ain't give me a way

Fuck it, I'm up, grateful as fuck, charges add up, they gon' give me a buck

Don't give a fuck, I got shots still up in my Glock, you see Tjay and you better duck

Ain't too much wrappin' niggas on my time

I'll do one of you rappin' lil' niggas slime (On God)

Must be out your mind

When I catch you, I'ma blow your face off, nigga

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Ayy, mama say, "Don't question God," so I ask myself why I ask that

Still tote a rod even though I know if it's my time, can't shoot back

I don't duck and dodge no smoke, but I'm out the way so niggas can't reach me

Moved far away where the beach at, throwin' C's up on the sea, yeah  
I'ma preach to a nigga, yeah, I pray a lot  
Gotta watch for the cross, these niggas gon' plot  
Flood the AP on me, this a bae watch  
Threesome with her friend, make bae watch  
Pussy-ass nigga ain't had no motion  
Michael Phelps, man, I backstroke her  
Played my cards and I got a joker  
Used to be local, now I'm global  
I ain't fold yet, I ain't foldin' up  
Four weeks in, what the fuck is sleep?  
Fuck a nosebleed, want the floor seats  
And a model, please, from overseas  
Overplayed my part, overfed you  
Need me? Nigga, I don't need you  
Like a mirror, these niggas be see-through  
I'ma get on your ass when I see you, bitch

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