

# Why Oh Why

Michael Franti & Spearhead

I say my prayers every morning just like orange juice  
I crack the crinkles out my body till I'm feeling loose  
I strap my sneakers on my feet like they was combat boots  
they fit my feet like Cinderella when I'm shooting hoops  
Why oh why do memories keep chasing me  
sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee  
sometimes I wanna blow my brains to put my life at ease  
but I ain't clocking out I gotta see the seven seas  
please seven's a very lucky number for me  
that was the age when I discovered how good balling could be  
up every morning with the birdies doing little drills  
go to my left go to my right developing mad skills  
how could a love for this game bring so much sadness  
I played with brothas with so much badness  
but now they gone I sing a song pop a three  
from the top of the key in they memory

Why oh Why do memories be chasing me  
sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee  
even in seasons when it's another color sport  
I still be memorizing lines out on the basketball court singing  
Why oh Why do memories be chasing me  
sometimes it makes me wanna grab my shit and flee  
even in seasons when it's another color sport  
I be remembering my partners on the basketball court

Do you remember runnin' the court in September  
me and my homies be down for whoever  
would come along and try to send us to the showers  
from the game that we'd been dominating' there for hours  
all day to be more specific east to west  
from Atlantic to Pacific fools would come round  
to get down and try to take our crown  
but we would hold our ground and we would never back down  
old timers new timers would get in line there  
and take a seat there and try to prepare  
but oh no! there was no chance when we was in the zone  
we was alone at the top we had hops we got props  
and when we needed to we busted chops  
wipe the court with your game like we was using mops  
what ever happened to the super hoopers in the park  
I reminisce while shootin' solitary after dark

Brother C came fresh from out of town  
and he had handles and like McDonald's he could clown ya  
dribbling baby bounces between drinking forty ounces  
knock ya on your heels and do circles like he was Curly Neal  
but oh no, the liquor got quicker to his head and he said  
"I think I musta placed some stupid bets"  
he hit me up for some cash  
there was a car crash a splash and then the brother made a mad dash  
Rob oh Rob his whole life was like a roller coaster  
but on the court he looked like a Dr. J poster  
flying high with an Afro blowing in the wind  
wiping Windex, index finger rolls off the glass

then swish through the net jump a Corvette with a triple pirouette  
but off the court he had a few temptations copulations  
no moderations by 24 he had 3 pregnations  
last check crack intoxications  
so many other brothers gone from this dimension  
and none of those who got hurt receive a pension  
give a Bup! Bup! to those locked up in detention  
memories too many dimension  
and we say, one more time... one more time