

# Cuban Link, Why Me?

Liberta, liberta (\*repeats into chorus\*)

(Why me?) Why my life had to be so rough  
(Why me?) Why the fuck I had such bad luck  
(Why me?) Why the judge wanna lock me up  
Throw away the key and watch me rust

[Cuban Link]

Yo crack lets get a nine  
My mind's trapped behind enemy lines  
The scent of weed got me thinkin I remember the time  
1979 they planned a biological test  
The doctor said I'll be fine and planted a mic in my chest  
It's high tech, I got the fuckin feds tracing my steps  
So what's next? A bar code on the back of my neck  
I'm in the U.S. and Fidel still got shit in check  
Elian cryin freedom while he's facin the tec  
I'm probably waistin my breath  
Ain't no changin what's left  
Start placin your bets cause we all race against death  
Shit be makin me vexed, cause I know the truth  
In this game you never win and always loose  
Even when you show and prove  
Fuck the boys in blue for tryin to set me up  
And I ain't snitchin pigs, you gon hafta wet me up  
I'm from the streets where we handle beef with lead slugs  
So take caution, cause our protection sucks

[Chorus]

(Why me?) Why my life had to be so rough  
(Why me?) Why the fuck I had such bad luck  
(Why me?) Why the judge wanna lock me up  
Throw away the key and watch me rust, still in God I trust  
(Why me?) Why these motherfuckers watchin me  
(Why me?) Why they actin like we coppin ki's  
(Why me?) Why these homies and clowns goin around clonin the town down  
Tryin to throw me with Gotti under the ground

[Fat Joe]

Yo niggaz call me Joe the Don  
Been in this rap game for nine years and going strong  
Still holdin on, still rollin on bitch made figgas  
We sick of crazed niggaz that's quick to lay niggaz  
If Pac was here would these niggaz be shinin  
Would half these rappers be rappin' so violent  
Cold figure, bow down to no nigga  
Yeah them cats got rhymes but I flow sicker  
For the po' niggaz that drink more liquor  
Shoot up clubs and love to clip the chrome triggers  
Don't get your dough split up man  
You fuckin with the wrong guys  
You won't like it where you gon' lie  
And that's six feet hit you with twin piece  
Double desert man it's pleasant when the grim reaps  
Shit's deep but you gotta love it  
I put the shotti to ya stomach  
catch your body if you feel for nothin

[Chorus 2X]

(Why me?) Why these motherfuckers watchin me  
(Why me?) Why they actin like we got the keys  
(Why me?) Why these homies and clowns goin around clonin the town down  
Tryin to throw me with Gotti under the ground

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