

# Lennie Moreno, I Don't Know Why

I don't know why life is movin so fast  
It's like losin your past when you're choosin your path  
Ask Lennie Moreno bout movin the map  
Cruisin with class while doin some tracks

I don't know why life is movin so slow  
When you ain't got no dough and you feelin soso  
Ask the Bill Book the temperature is so low  
When you ain't social and you end up solo

I don't know why life is feelin so good  
When you skippin your class and you gettin some ass  
Makin chicks laugh with a little chit chat  
And gettin rich fast with a little split that

I don't know why life is feelin so sad  
When you missin your mom, missin your dad  
I don't know shit, but I know this  
Life goes on... and it goes quick

Chorus:

I... I don't know why  
I try and try and work so hard for another's pride  
Do they care, are they aware of my share, is it fair to be cast aside  
I don't know why  
We pacify ourselves with lies and we pay the price  
We should be free, with clarity live our lives, but we don't and I don't know why

Laws coming out, they trying to stop, anybodyz trying to rise n rock,  
Go to the top you get dropped n blocked, hold up stop, fuck, I'ma get popped.  
Couple of shots, by the cops,  
Never coulda understand, never got the time to write my plan, damn,  
I can't even pay my rent, I'ma get real face up n stand,  
I just wanna live my life: couple of kids and love my wife,  
But I gotta walk n hold my knife.  
I don't wanna talk, I don't wanna walk in the dark cuz I need a spark, that's a start,  
Why can't I go so far, why does life gotta be so hard,  
I don't wanna do like Uncle Sam, mind-expand,  
Keep yo friends and love yo fam, watch yo spends,  
Try to make a savings plan; uplift a community, make a change for humanity,  
Check the net. Take advices from the vets, ya don't wanna end up with a debt.  
Check the date, I don't hate, what I'm saying is check yo fate,  
For fuck sake, please check yo state: Imperial: everything based on material,  
Fuck that area, I don't give a shit bout criteria,  
You got a good point, I'ma carry ya and that's it

Chorus

Bill Book, the Foster boy, claustrophobic, alcoholic  
Gotta get it, but can't call it, like my mouth is full of garlic  
Vodka tonic, got me feelin like an Alabama slammer  
But I gotta get this paper, to the fullest

I'm duckin bullets, don't know why, but I still pull this  
It's probably cause I'm feelin like, the truest,  
And the coolest, yeah the newest, in this, music business  
Not a Judas, let's do this, Reality Check it is...

Chess n life: it's just the same,  
Test this life: it's just a game,  
Stress to the top: I feel no pain,  
Go to the bottom: I feel no shame,  
Walk to the sun: I go one lane,  
Right from wrong there is only one train, man,

I just wanna do my thang,  
Drink a little bit of that shit: I'm sane, damn,  
Time to get a job: in vain: lame: change,  
I just want mine,  
All my life I'm taking a ride: why, I don't know why,  
Why do you lie, why do we die, why do we got a pride,  
Why you wanna take my life, why oh why, tell me why,  
Why, who decide this side....

Chorus