

# Mr. 3-2, Why

(3-2)

Most of my life I slung drugs, with G's and thugs  
always quick to bust niggaz know what it was  
I must come up in a major way  
time tickin boys dyin'out here everyday  
they say go get it and leave the game alone  
but I eat from the street-fool the street my home  
before I'm gone I gotta get a million plus  
so I'm whippin up work gettin rid of this dust  
no trust niggaz ain't shit no mo'  
they'll leave ya ass stuck out behind these hoes  
po-po's is slick plant somethin in ya ride  
and have ya gone for a ten year ride  
southside my nigga yeah the streets is hot  
so I'm makin transacts at my low key spot  
keep a glock automatic with extended clips  
cause I ain't tryna hear that ole weak ass shit

(Chorus 2X: 3-2)

Why can't I just live my life  
without goin'thru drama every single night  
can't trust nobody out here it's raw  
gotta watch these niggaz, bitches, and laws

(3-2)

Sleep with one eye open, one eye closed  
no telling what'll happen dealin with these hoes  
you slip you got back up wide open  
got straight white dot to all ya tokens  
you smokin with niggaz almost everyday  
when the motherfuckers plottin on where you stay  
another day, another dollar of this triffin shit  
to keep from killin motherfuckers I just write some hits  
stang my licks on the back streets of the hood  
watch these laws cause they mean a nigga no good  
keep grindin, steadily puttin somethin away  
if ya not kill bill ain't no time to play  
yeah pay what you owe never duck and hide  
everything come to life when you tell them lies  
look in my eyes don't you see nothin but real  
like folks that go get e'm chasin a mill

(Chorus)

(Sic)

I'm lookin for mine-you simple niggaz lookin to shine  
made a stack or two and niggaz think they mastered the grind  
and now you a don, gotta fiend to cop you a gun  
gotta couple yes niggaz and now you ready to run  
but fuck what you want the shit I speak is more then a song  
I'm on the highway that's why I'm always gone  
niggaz they talk I leave that kind of shit on the streets  
pull ya money out nigga we can see who deep

(Playa Pat)

If it ain't one thing it's a motherfuckin 'nother  
haters screamin out 'Playa'not realizin they suckers  
tell me why can't I just live my life  
without the drama or confusin (??)my life at me  
so you don't have to wonder why I'm keepin my heat  
it's better to die by fire then these bustas in these streets  
we do the goverment my nigga fuck the police  
until I get a decent answer let the chorus repeat sayin...

(Chorus) - repeat 'til end