Michael Franti And Spearhead, Why O Why

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

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]