

# That's Why

Petey Pablo

That's why (that's why)  
My gun (my gun)  
Stay cocked (stay cocked, stay cocked)  
[x4]

Seems like I inherited beef  
Inherited beef, inherited beef, inherited beef  
You don't fuck with Petey for what reason  
For what reason, for what reason, for what reason  
Did I do something might  
A hurt your feelings, a hurt your feelings, a hurt your feelings  
Well if I did I ain't mean to offend ya'  
Mean to offend ya', mean to offend ya', mean to offend ya'

It's so easy for me to run through the glass of the building  
[?] run on the city  
Spit at Game, Young Buck, Banks, or Fifty  
Why, when they ain't did shit to me  
I don't get caught up in all that shit  
Hating niggas cause what side they with  
That's childish shit  
I'm a grown man, I ain't got time for that  
I ain't supposed to be around no gats  
But this gangsta' rap

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I ain't a chump  
I don't "mic talk" tough  
Bitch I know how to fight  
I done had my share a ass whoopings in my life  
I been shot at and hit with bats  
Got stabbed, took the man knife, stabbed him back  
What the hell that got to do with rap  
I turned my life around and pushed that back  
Now I'm supposed to go back to that  
Man that got to be a powerful sack  
And you got to have something else mixed with that  
I seen two of the rap's best  
Blow slab off the map  
Y'all choose to follow them footsteps  
Be my guest  
May the best bless yo' chest  
May the bullets they send at it, find they self a new direction  
Please Lord, keep your angels with em'  
If they don't pray, let my prayers forgive em'  
See the world can't see it outside looking in  
But this here's some crazy shit

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One of you silly niggas might have it in ya'  
To run up on me and try to earn ya' some stripes with your boyfriend  
But I'm gonna tell you like this  
I'm the wrong son of a bitch to be fucking with  
I ain't with the bullshit  
I could throw my shit up  
Turn the white in your eye red  
Hit ya' with a uppercut, a jab and some more shit  
I'm used to seeing murders  
That ain't nothing that's new, kid  
Popping pistols ain't nothing but pulling the trigger  
I've seen em' get murdered  
I stood right next to him  
Damn near shit on myself, thinking that I was hit  
Shit, that's why (that's why)  
I stay strapped  
Cause I never know when I have to snap snap  
And clap back

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