

Is This the End?

Diddy

Momma told me one day it was gonna happen
But she never told me when
She told me it would happen when I was much older
Wish it would've happened then (Is this the end?)

Sometimes I be wakin up at high noon
sayin, "Why me Lord?" -- folks thinkin I'ma die soon
I just tell em keep seekin, but when they sleepin
I be concealed up in my room, knowin that it could happen
I'm just tryin to maintin, because the future is untold
till the static unfolds that the good die young
Please God let a Bad Boy die old
Do you think I wanna lie cold
Or better yet have many shots come close to the head
Shirt soaked til it's red
The most that was said was that my homies had a toast to the dead
Do I need a pack a vest for stress so I can rest
Cause even though I'm blessed in my flesh
It all came down to a test
A motherfucker wanna go and put a tattoo on my chest
Now I'm caught up in the mix and I can't do shit, but still
I can't ride with program, fearing no man
Hit the car door let the door slam it's a blessing that he had slow hands
But he's still right behind me
All these heartless fools is steady comin after my P
So many phony niggaz lovin to hate Sean
So many cheddar niggaz comin after my cheese
Is it my car that they're losin, are we all for the choosin?
Or is it all in confusion? Better yet all an illusion
Shots rang through the hall bullets cruisin for bruisin
Don't let this heartless bastard take my life away
I don't wanna conceive takin his either
Dipped into the back and took a breather
Heard steps steady in closin with the bullet skeezer
Gotta do somethin, I ain't scared to go
but yet my heart is steady pumpin for somethin
I refuse to be the one that they be dumpin
Gotta get away before the techs start gunnin
Bodies start jumpin, wreckin my brain not to try and understand
but withstand, is it cause I'm a rich man
Or just to try to put a brother down in the dirt like quicksand
But no matter what the reason, I don't wanna stop breathin
There's dreams to fulfill still
Can't complete em with a still kill
Face to face with enemies still grill
Forgive me for the pain I've caused and the sins I've committed
even though I'm not hopin to go
I wish someone would open the do'
This man's holding the trigger and his finger's steady choking it slow
Is this the end?

Just, can't, let, go (Is this the end?)
I, just, don't, know
Wish it would've happened then

Did I just hear a tight jam, now it's on let make my maneuver
Hit the alley saw a man in a landcruiser

In his hand was a Ruger, dipped in a Lex like Luger
Heard shots from a steel bruiser
Teflon in the seat took a pale stress
Felt the hate on my chest as I placed on my vest
What's wrong with the brakes in the LX?
Ran straight into a lightpole, just before I got my life stole
A car came to the rescue
I bailed in and said, "Bless you
But what made me the man you would wanna show help to?"
I proceeded to ask him, and he said with a passion

I could never watch a soul die, plus you the man lookin too fly
(But who are you?) The pimp nigga named Twista from the cold Chi
When the sun's shy gotta keep one eye, nigga I been shot at and stole on
No protection from one time, only caught for my prime
So I asked the Father what I did so wrong?
Cause shit it's been hard for me besides chief
and the smell of sweet news when the beef brew
Motherfuckers steady ballin but steady fallin
right in detours, bout to hit my feet soon
So I just presume, deep into the rhymes of a rapper
Prepare my mind for the capture
Thinkin Ginuwine like the bachelor
But why these niggaz wanna make us into crime with the rapture?
Ego for dispersin us, don't even hurt the clutch
Cause he's coldblooded and merciless
Steady bustin shots at both of us, was the strap close to us
Then for survival we both to bust
But Renaults get to roast to crush, cause he steady gettin closer
Paranoid like a crackfiend when the gat seen
scream when the bullet hit me in the shoulder
Don't wanna die til I get older
Try to visualize the beholder, he's inconceivable
so now my sight is gettin dark a lot
Best to step off in this parking lot where them dogs bark a lot
And try to wait until his ma get hot
I can make a person fight to survive whether good or connivin
You never know when it's your time to leave
Smokin weed to keep my mind at ease, let's go back to the car
but wait, I can't find the keys
Plus we didn't chill long enough, the footsteps are comin close
Is it one of them unholy men?
With a strap ready to boldly sin
Mama told me it was comin, but I wish she woulda told me when
Is this the end?