

Journey Through the Life

Diddy

Yo, Yo
Gansta, gansta
Gansta, yo
That's right
Journey through the life of some real niggas
Some real niggas, you'll never see what I've seen

When I sleep, I dream of bodies in streams of blood
Naked bitches, dead nigga's ghost, Feds with toast
Knockin' my door down sweat pour down my body
Roast from the heat so I soak my sheets

Wake up shiverin', pull my hoe close to me, she sexy
Every night is different pussy since my girl left me
And I tried to make her stay with me, but I stay busy
And her friends are cut throats, they deep throat to lay with me

I reminisce how I miss a stare in this space
Resort to the lips of a stripper, sprayin' their face
Lampin' in a mansion, home alone
I hear footsteps, shit I kicks just not lyrics

I hold a fifth, wonderin' if ten shots can stop spirits
If nigga's try to rob me then I won't hear it
'Cause it's different from the streets, I'm missin' my hood now
Missin' all the blocks 'cuz I'm surrounded by woods now

It's supposed to be good now
It's like I'm walkin' tight rope and can't look down
Fire below me, now the fantasies I have for women are unholy
Success, thousand dollar bottles impress

Models with fat ass and big breasts
Floor seats, Knicks vs. Nets, private jets
Millionaire heir to Antigua, with Ananda, the MTV diva
Nas, how do we survive all this mess?
(I didn't survive)

East vs. West the rap game where words became flesh
A whole pound of herb won't dissolve my stress
Still I ride to the death, love hip-hop
'Cause Afrikabababa was def, a lot of respect

Feel Me? Fuck to the rock, Sean John jury
I got the same hands of crap platinum and the crap pyramids
Write about the black experience, sell it to Marimax
Tell me if you feelin' that

Take a journey through the life of these real niggas
The things that they seen it would thrill nigg
If you've seen what they've seen, you would wonder
Through the rain and the pain and the thunder

By the time that you realized that it's goin' down
You may find yourself going underground
When they see that this life is upon us
We would see that there's no one that we can trust

You can never see what I see, motherfucker
Beanie Sigel, the realest nigga from the streets was taught
Stay cased up nigga, stay deep in court
Reminisclin' on that cold cell, deep in thought

Gettin' skinny, couldn't eat, 'cause the meat was poor
Y'all niggas couldn't live my life, I've been through it
Stretched up in hospital beds, fed fluid
Two bullets hit my leg, one passed through it

Saw the blood and the hole in my calf, looked through it
My life's no joke, I don' played dice with soap
Upstate the case niggas slice your throat
Wear your boxers in the shower when you guard your soap

I done seen the biggest nigga's in the yard get broke
I done took blocks through war, took blocks for fall
Took blocks to Wall for box of raw
What you think 33 in the glock is for?

Black fatigues, skullies and binoculars,
C4, block your doors, nigga's can't stop this war
I show you fagots what this Swartz is for
Hidding spots in the door for the glocks is for

Read the papers, '94 I took the cops to war
Half of y'all niggas livin' a lie
Only reason you switchin' up your druid is
'Cause you keep gettin' robbed

I looked that nigga in the eyes
Before I send him to God
Beanie Sigel, desert eagle
The realest nigga alive

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Aiyo, Aiyo, gansta, gansta
The Bible has words that Christ wrote
Evil men sacrifice goats
I speak all my life under oath

Since a kid, troublesome, thrownin' shit at little girls jump ropes
Bustin' B-B Guns at stray cats, that was way back
Watched it die, covered in flies
Then I picked up a stick, try to dig in it's eyes

Makin' dirt pies, na, being buggy eyed shit
And every other nigga that rap, sound like my shit
I wear chrome 45's with ice on the grip
I don't shoot it, I roll with killers and criminals

With heroin habits they picked up from the penile
They let you have it, all I do is give them a smile

Lifestyles of the realest, you ain't ruthless you bitch
I got a pine box just your size, I know it'll fit

Your whole life's a mistake, stop holdin' the pen
Kill yourself, come back as a man over again
'Cause in this lifetime I'm reignin', slay men
Leave your whole body cold

Your nails grow long, you get gray skin
May this nigga rest in peace, Amen
I run with brave men, straight out the housin', we wildin'
Names engraved in the pavement

Brick building, grown ladies jump off the roof
Nigga get paged, then murdered at the phone booth
New York streets made me nigga, it's crazy nigga

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