

Puff Daddy P Diddy

"Do You Know"

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w/ The Family

Then, there are the times in my life

When I feel, trapped

Feel there's, no way out

No escape

To be honest, I don't know where my life is goin

Where I'll end up at

I just don't know

Verse One: Puff Daddy

I looked back and saw the cat focus, took notice

Stayed away from the bogus, til his rise began

Phillies stacked his grand played the brokest

til he seemed hopeless, soon to be the dopest, cat
comin

Track stunnin, fame singin, his name ringin

Money starts to pile, honeys start to wild

Top notch drop top make everything he drop hot

He dream, visualize, plot and scheme

Got the cream legally without the beam

Witcha fire eye drive slow, 8-5-0

Jet black tint still, they might know

Who the cat controllin the strings of rap and R&B

Trapped inside of a movie starrin me, so far

Chorus: repeat 2X

Do you know where you're goin to?

Do you like the things that life is showing you?

Where are you going to? Do you know?

Verse Two: Puff Daddy

Shorty was brimmin, singin, hangin with cats who move bricks

Heard she do backflips, for niggaz who stack chips

Suck for dough, now she fuck for Bills up in Buffalo

Real G's makin her back swell

Only givin head to those niggaz who rapped well

Owned a black cell, flip it, sippin on Whitman cool mints

Rumors spread, half a G she took, six or more

Two bagged up, four went raw

Back of my mind countin up the big score

Violators from the door, she lookin up from the floor

Sore from all the pain her body couldn't ignore

So far from pure, rotten to the core

Either or, for sure, trapped inside the world of a whore

Chorus

Verse Three: Puff Daddy

Hard to cope with, all these niggaz and dope whips

with cash flow, motherfuckers that gotta flash gold

to bag hoes, they not nice, 600 circle the block twice

In they Roleys they rock ice, to get they hit on
Bitches dyin to get on, suck a dick or get shit on
Don't understand they playin wit it
Players get these bitches open and let they man hit it
Fuck that, you can trust that, if I had a gun
I'd release slugs black and bust back
See how these players love that, to the point where
I can't take it, I'm a playa hater, I can't fake it
I wanna spill myself, to feel the thrill myself
And since I can't be a player, wanna kill myself, trust
Chorus w/ variations
I been on this road for a long time now
At time it seems like the road is never gonna end
On this road there's a lotta, hills and mountains
Peaks and valleys
Even a lot of potholes on this road
It's never smooth, on the road of life
I don't know where I'm going
I just know where I wanna end up at
Chorus w/ variations
Lord can you help me get there?
Please let me get there
*piano interlude, Chorus again

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