

Jim Jones f/ Denise Weeks**"My Diary"**

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Pardon the Syzzrup...

[Jim Jones]

Now we try corners
Old folks try and warn us
The cops try and swarm us
Blocks hot like saunas
Well fuck it I'ma risk it
Got a bunt nigga twist it
Imma get drunk with my biscuit
5 cent cup, take a sip kid
Imma product of the p-jects
My teachers always told me that I'd prolly be a reject
I came up by my lonely now I'm a product of that D-Set
Two twelvin with my homie, he caught a homy of that d-
wreck
He said it had him zonin' left the body in bulding three
steps
The project now on fire every where you see the
detects
His high is coming down cause now he's nervous
smokin bogeys
And now he findin out that fuckin murder was his co-D
And this the shit that happens all too often up in Harlem
No shit you smell a rat you better off him whats the
problem
In this business sellin crack we cook that raw shit up to
hard shit
And tell my fellas that and to my coffin steady mobbin'
to my coffin
steady mobbin'

[Chorus: Denise Weeks]

Take a look into my eyes and you'll see all the pain the
ghetto brings
Take a journey through my soul and lets
roll through the streets of reality
They tell me slow down I'm livin' life fast See they don't
all wanna
ride with me
I know it ain't right but this is my life

It's just a piece of my diary yeah

[Jim Jones]

Now, we ran wreckless, no grown-ups to guide us
So it's the man what you expect, I've grown-up to
violence

I had my eye up on the pushers, the ones that stay fly
Fiends got high off the suga, you know that ain't riiight
That sweet cane, some got buried to the street game
My niggaz only worried bout the jewelry and the street
fame

And what the bitches thought of them, it's all about the
money

Well shit I cop some Porsche or trucks

'Member I was hungry, I was whippin in the Corsica
Hoopty muthafucka, hoppin the double four's
My pants droopy muthafuckas

And pardon my grammar, my nana died '95

So I done left my heart wit my grandma

I hid outside and played the park wit the hammer

And I'm watchin for the narcs, they movin cars with
antennas

Thug and respect, for all my goons behind bars in the
slammas

To my G's on rikers, to all my three time lifers

[Chorus]

[Bridge - 2X]

This is my life we die young cause we livin fast
So I'ma let you read my diary I'ma let you read my
dairy

[Jim Jones]

Now lets ride (to where), to Harlem, the Westside

I show you blocks and murals, dawg where some of the
best died

(Like who...like who?) Like Porter and them

I heard Po put the order on him, now that's more than a
friend!

But he stitched of course, now let's talk about Fritz the
boss

And he got rich off snort, they said 500 bricks was
brought

So in hindsight, it's a shorty who couldn't get a gist of
his thought

But if you grind right wit the snorpy, a whip could be
bought

Now think about po-9, if it caught me, how it get you in
court

But now the feds, they still tailin me, DA think he nailin

me

I had to turn in the goons come and post the bail for me
Still in the Byrd Gang myself, you say Byrd Gang is
wealth
And all the liquor stores, man the Syzzurp on the shelf
I rose from the dump you see, now it's Dipset, Byrd
Gang the company

[Chorus]

[Bridge 2X]

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