

Diddy**"Journey Through the Life"**

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[Nas] Yo, Yo
[Puffy] Gansta, Gansta
[Nas] Gansta Yo
[Puffy] That's Right
[Nas] Journey Through the life of some real niggas
[Puffy] Some real niggas, You'll never see what I've seen

[Puffy]
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 desolve 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

1 - [Lil' Kim & Joe Hooker]

Take a journey through the life of these real niggas
The things that they seen it would thrill niggas
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

[Beanie Sigel]

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
Ya'll 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 gaurd 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 faggots what this Swatz' is for
Hidding spots in the door for the glocks is for
Read the papers, '94 I took the cops to war
Half of ya'll niggas livin' a lie
Only reason you switchin' up your droid 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

Repeat 1

[Nas]

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
Throwin' 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 phonebooth
New York streets made me nigga, it's crazy nigga

Repeat 1

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