

**Jim Johnston****"My Diary"**

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(feat. Denise Weeks)

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 what's 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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