

## **Jim Jones**

### **"My Diary"**

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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  
I'ma get drunk with my biscuit, 5 cent cup  
Take a sip kid, I'ma product of the P-jects

My teachers always told me that I'd probably 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 homey of that  
D-wreck  
He said it had him zonin' left the body in buldin' three  
steps

The project now on fire 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'

Take a look into my eyes  
And you'll see all the pain the ghetto brings  
Take a journey through my soul  
And let's 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

Now, we ran reckless, 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 right

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

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It's just a piece of my diary, yeah

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

Now let's ride, to where? To Harlem, the West side  
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

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