

## **P. Diddy**

# **"Do You Know?"**

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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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