

# Puff Daddy

## "Journey Through The Life"

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**(feat. Beanie Siegal, Lil' Kim, Nas, Joe Hooker)**

*[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  
Streached 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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