

## **P Diddy Puff Daddy "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

I looked back and saw the cat focus, took notice  
Stayed away from the bogus, till his rise began  
Phillies stacked his grand played the brokest  
Till 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

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? Yeah

Do you know where you're goin' to?  
Do you like the things that life is showing you?  
Do you know?

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

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? Yeah

Do you know where you're goin' to?  
Do you like the things that life is showing you?  
Do you know?

Hard to cope with all these niggaz and dope whips  
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

Do you know where you're goin' to?  
Do you like the things that life is showing you?  
Do you, do you know? Yeah

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

Lord, can you help me get there?  
Please let me get there

Do you know where you're goin' to?  
Do you like the things that life is showing you?  
Do you know? Yeah, do you know?

Do you know? Yeah

Where are you going to? Do you know?  
Do you know where you're goin' to?  
Do you like the things that life is showing you?  
Do you know? Yeah

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