

This Is Me

Juelz Santana

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Man, first I just wanna salute my soldiers
Knahmean? We just tryin' to stay above water
Feel me? I mean, I speak for the Gs, the hustlers
They understand me, knahmsayin'? ShitLock into this time an' lock out, always
I mean ain't nothin' promised to niggaz like us
You know? Just another day, another dollar
Now look what you got, another hater, another plotter
Shit, you know the drill, a brother pay, a brother holla
Watch 'em, they creepin', another raid, another copperAw, man, another case, another lock-up
What? Another bail, know that cake better pop up
Yup, that's just day to day shit we go through
And results of the day to day shits we go throughYou know, some niggaz day to day pitch, they local
An' some niggaz day to day bricks, they coastal
An' some niggaz day to day snitch, they vocal
I don't honor them fools
Them type of dudes get they tonsils removedI speak from the heart of the hood
From the boarded up apartments with wood
From the cracked down crack houses
To the burnt up black houses
To fiends inside with that burnt up glass outAn' puffin' weed makes my actions switch
I'm at the window with the pistol
Like Malcolm, ain't that a bitch?
An' I'm paranoid, paranoid but still I got to get it
Got to have it, make it happen, boyNow I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord, my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord, my soul to take
An' may this song play all the wayAn' if it skip a beat, hit repeat
This the realest shit I ever wrote, this is me
An' if it skip a beat, hit repeat
This the realest shit I ever wrote, this is meLook now, another dead, another born
Vice versa, another here, another gone

Pay attention, another smile, another mourn
Another funeral, another baby shower goin' on
Get it, huh, that's just life in the hood
You earn scars, you earn stripes in the hood
Huh, get it, I live the life of a hustler
No sleep all night for a hustler, buster
An' if your coke weak, cut it with Bo Peep
I swear fiends'll chase that high for four weeks
Plus I'm still dealin' with the day to day beef
An' stress, hunger, patience, the day to day basics
Yep, shit that we go through, you know
Shit, look at the shit that we go through, you know
Niggaz come home, can't get jobs
Niggaz gettin' money, actin' like they can't get robbed
An' that don't mix
Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord, my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord, my soul to take
An' may this song play all the way
An' if it skip a beat, hit repeat
This the realest shit I ever wrote, this is me
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