My Diary

Abreast

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
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
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
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
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/