Who I Am

The Diplomats

Uh-huh, Santana
I like that man, that bad-da-ba-ba, that's hot
I like that, yeah who are you? Santana
Shit is crazy man
Why'all think niggaz don't cry? We do
Yeah, man I gotta get my thoughts together, I be thinking a lot
Light up a blunt, think of a rhyme sometimes too
But it's like yo...zone out

The time is now, my grind is here shit
My body is focused, my mind's in gear, let's start it
I'm moving at an unstoppable pace, I managed to reach the top of the race
Before it started damn, cold-hearted man
Rip apart your man, for that green dollar
Plain reppin' my target, stay and holla
Shoot and move from where ever my targets land
Damn, shit, I see ghosts when I sleep
It's really, I got to wake up, just to know I was sleep
Holding the heat, cold sweat all over my sheet
That's why I paint the most vividest pictures
My niggaz my bitches in the same position I live in
No oil and hot water, just boiling hot water
Cooking coke, to the oil and hot water, shit
But who am I

I lived the life of a loner, with a righteous persona
But still sold crack right on the corner
My life consist of, a big puzzle that's mixed up
Big bucks, big drugs, if I get caught, then it's big cuffs
Big bailor gets up, I get out, shit what, this shit sucks
I need to find another road to follow
One that's new and strong, not old and hollow
As I hold this bottle and smoke this reefeer
Listening to some old Aaliyah, I say, damn...
And a tear comes trimbling down
Never seen a man cry, well you witness it now
Shit, this isn't game from the heart, this pain from the heart
This is for you Dame, it came from the heart, so

Momma, I just want you to know
I'm in love with you so, if you wasn't here I'd be in love with you soul
My angel, mommy I'd die faithful
Just knowing someone tried to violate you
I'll slide eighths through the side of their facial
Squeeze and rip apart a side of their facial
I'd take a slug, eat a bullet, swallow a gun
Shit, you gotta know I'm your son
Damn, this type of love, could only come from a son
Hold up mommy, I'm twisted I'm drunk...listen

Yeah, but it's more then the liquor and weed
Yeah it's more then the liquor in me
Shit, I gotta get it together
I was falling off, with drunk words and sober thoughts
So, I'm still speaking the truth
And what I'm still speaking is truth, this is your younger sons speaking to you
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