

# This Is Me

## Juelz Santana

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'? Shit  
Lock 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 copper  
Aw, 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 through  
You 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 removed  
I 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 out  
An' 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, boy  
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  
An' if it skip a beat, hit repeat  
This the realest shit I ever wrote, this is me

Look 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  
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