

Talking to My Diary

Dr. Dre

I just need y'all to try to bear with me for a minute
While I talk about the pages of my diary
Listen up I remember when I got started my intention was to win
But a lot of shit changed since then
Some old friends became enemies in the quest of victory
But I made a vow, never let this shit get to me
I let it pass, so I consider that part of my history
And I'm strong, financially, physically
Mentally I'm on a whole 'nother level
And don't forget that I came from the ghetto
Sold a new house for my moms, that's special
I let you going shopping till your feet get tired
Then a new Benz just for you to ride in
When I didn't have it, you provided
Don't be surprised that I built an enterprise
And my house got a view of the city like a highrise
I'm just talking to my diary, I'm just talking to my diary When I open up my book I think about the world later
No ink in the pen, no lines on the paper
I'm just, I'm just, I'm just talking to my diary
I'm just, I'm just, I'm just talking to my diary
Sometimes when I got a lot of shit on my mind
I'm just staring at the sky, you probably thinkin' I'm high
I'm just, I'm just, I'm just talking to my diary
I'm just, I'm just, I'm just talking to my diary Now puff-puff-pass got a nigga having flashbacks
I remember how it used to be
Now my money like NASDAQ, my checks you can cash that
I remember how it used to be I used to be a starving artist so I would never starve an artist
This is my passion, it's where my heart is
It gets the hardest when I think about the dearly departed
Like the nigga I started with
I know Eazy can see me now, looking down through the clouds
And regardless, I know my nigga still proud
It's been a while since we spoke but you still my folks
We used to sit back, laugh and joke
Now I remember when we used to do all-nighters
You in the booth and Cube in the corner writing
Where Ren at? Shout out to my nigga Yella
Damn, I miss that
Shit, a nigga having flashbacks When I open up my book I think about the world later

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