Do You Know?

Rup

Then there are the times in my life
When I feel trapped
Feel there's no way out
No escape
To be honest I don't know where my life is goin
Where I'll end up at
I just don't know
Verse One: Puff Daddy
I looked back and saw the cat focus took notice
Stayed away from the bogus til his rise began
Phillies stacked his grand played the brokest
til he seemed hopeless soon to be the dopest, cat comin
Track stunnin, fame singin, his name ringin
Money starts to pile, honeys start to wild
Top notch drop top make everything he drop hot
He dream, visualize, plot and scheme
Got the cream legally without the beam
Witcha fire eye drive slow, 8-5-0
Jet black tint still, they might know
Who the cat controllin the strings of rap and R&B
Trapped inside of a movie starrin me, so far
Chorus: repeat 2X
Do you know where you're goin to?
Do you like the things that life is showing you?
Where are you going to? Do you know?
Verse Two: Puff Daddy
Shorty was brimmin, singin, hangin with cats who move bricks
Heard she do backflips, for niggaz who stack chips
Suck for dough, now she fuck for Bills up in Buffalo
Real G's makin her back swell
Only givin head to those niggaz who rapped well
Owned a black cell, flip it, sippin on Whitman cool mints
Rumors spread, half a G she took, six or more
Two bagged up, four went raw
Back of my mind countin up the big score
Violators from the door, she lookin up from the floor

Sore from all the pain her body couldn't ignore
So far from pure, rotten to the core

Either or, for sure, trapped inside the world of a whore
Chorus
Verse Three: Puff Daddy
Hard to cope with, all these niggaz and dope whips
with cash flow, motherfuckers that gotta flash gold
to bag hoes, they not nice, 600 circle the block twice
In they Roleys they rock ice, to get they hit on
Bitches dyin to get on, suck a dick or get shit on
Don't understand they playin wit it
Players get these bitches open and let they man hit it
Fuck that, you can trust that, if I had a gun
I'd release slugs black and bust back
See how these players love that, to the point where
I can't take it, I'm a playa hater, I can't fake it
I wanna spill myself, to feel the thrill myself
And since I can't be a player, wanna kill myself, trust
Chorus w/ variations
I been on this road for a long time now
At time it seems like the road is never gonna end
On this road there's a lotta, hills and mountains
Peaks and valleys
Even a lot of potholes on this road
It's never smooth, on the road of life
I don't know where I'm going
I just know where I wanna end up at
Chorus w/ variations
Lord can you help me get there?
Please let me get there
piano interlude, Chorus again

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