

Juelz Santana, This Is Me

[Intro]

Man, first I just wanna salute my soldiers
Knaahmean? We just trying to stay above water
Feel me? I mean I speak for the Gs, the hustlers
They understand me, knahmsayin?
Shit
Lock into this time and lock out (always)
I mean ain't nothing promised to niggaz like us
You know?

[Juelz Santana]

Just a, 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 creeping
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
Some niggaz day to day pitch, they local, and
Some niggaz day to day bricks, they coastal, and
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 (yeah)
To the burnt up black houses
To fiends inside with that burnt up glass out
And puffing weed makes my actions switch
I'm at the window, with the pistol, like Malcolm
Ain't that a bitch (man)
And I'm paranoid, paranoid
But still I got to get it, got to have it, make it happen boy

[Chorus]

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
And may this song play all the way
And if it skip a beat, hit repeat
This the realest shit I ever wrote, this is me
And if it skip a beat, hit repeat
This the realest shit I ever wrote, this is me

[Juelz Santana]

Look now
Another dead, another born
Vice versa
Another here, another gone
Pay attention
Another smile, another mourn
Another funeral, another baby shower going 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

And if your coke weak, cut it with Bo Peep sheep
I swear fiends will chase that high for four weeks
I'm still dealing with the day to day beef and
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 getting money, acting like they can't get robbed
And that don't mix

[Chorus]