

# Juelz Santana, This Is Me

[Intro]

Man, first I just wanna salute my soldiers  
Knahmean? 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]