**Juelz Santana** 

Now once again, a deep thought of Aaliyah Crosses my mind, I rethought that I seen her, all in my mind Memories of Big, all in the lime light, all of the time, all on his grind, right I'm blacking out about 'Pac, blacking out on them cops Middle finger, after blacking out from them shots And I go visit Shyne, in my distant mind I tell him stay up, cause in there it's a different grind I see Eazy and Jam Master laughin' Big L still rappin, like it never happened I got a sick sense with me, God picked then sent me To this earth place, to win in the first place Visions of mommy, on an Island somewhere, yeah, I designed just for my mommy My whole life is a blessing, that's why I'm so nice, so right Approach mics with aggression I got the type of obsession I would like to progress in I write about me, and the life of my henchmen I blow dice, roll twice to the deuce That was nights, that was life on the stoop This shit gotta change Can't forget the hard white in the boot White car stripped with the blue, narc parked right in the coup , damn They riding around with a license to shoot I'm riding around with no license and hoop, follow me now Follow me down, this yellow brick road 187, hello, every ghettos zip code I had to change my pace up, so I went left, while everybody wen t right Had to switch the waste up, now I'm better off Met Cam set it off, did the mix tape now look dip set is off Put the bid in Def Jam bet it all First writers refusal, Dame wouldn't let us off So we matched it, we signed labels with Dashius Cam goes platinum, the set is up next A double album, we set for the best Juelz is the test, which is me, fail or succeed But still I'm here in the flesh, handing you breath Mixed with a lot of thought, The Santana, Robb Report I bring you more than just music I bring you me and all of my m ovement I bring my whole life all in the booth shit And I'm all in the booth with, the headphones on, the lights cu t down And all of this true shit