

# Who I Am

## The Diplomats

Uh-huh, Santana  
I like that man, that bad-da-ba-ba, that's hot  
I like that, yeah who are you? Santana  
Shit is crazy man  
Y'all think niggaz don't cry? We do  
Yeah, man I gotta get my thoughts together, I be thinking a lot  
Light up a blunt, think of a rhyme sometimes too  
But it's like yo... zone out

The time is now, my grind is here shit  
My body is focused, my mind's in gear, let's start it  
I'm moving at an unstoppable pace, I managed to reach the top of the race  
Before it started damn, cold-hearted man  
Rip apart your man, for that green dollar  
Plain reppin' my target, stay and holla  
Shoot and move from where ever my targets land  
Damn, shit, I see ghosts when I sleep  
It's really, I got to wake up, just to know I was sleep  
Holding the heat, cold sweat all over my sheet  
That's why I paint the most vividest pictures  
My niggaz my bitches in the same position I live in  
No oil and hot water, just boiling hot water  
Cooking coke, to the oil and hot water, shit  
But Who Am I

I lived the life of a loner, with a righteous persona  
But still sold crack right on the corner  
My life consist of, a big puzzle that's mixed up  
Big bucks, big drugs, if I get caught, then it's big cuffs  
Big bailor gets up, I get out, shit what, this shit sucks  
I need to find another road to follow  
One that's new and strong, not old and hollow  
As I hold this bottle and smoke this reefeer  
Listening to some old Aaliyah, I say, damn...  
And a tear comes trimbling down  
Never seen a man cry, well you witness it now  
Shit, this isn't game from the heart, this pain from the heart  
This is for you Dame, it came from the heart, so

Momma, I just want you to know  
I'm in love with you so, if you wasn't here I'd be in love with you soul  
My angel, mommy I'd die faithful  
Just knowing somone tried to violate you  
I'll slide 8ths through the side of their facial  
Squeeze and rip apart a side of their facial  
I'd take a slug, eat a bullet, swallow a gun  
Shit, you gotta know I'm your son  
Damn, this type of love, could only come from a son  
Hold up mommy, I'm twisted I'm drunk...listen

Yeah, but it's more then the liquor and weed  
Yeah it's more then the liquor in me  
Shit, I gotta get it together  
I was falling off, with drunk words and sober thoughts  
So, I'm still speaking the truth  
And what I'm still speaking is truth, this is your younger sons speaking to  
you