

# Diplomats, I Really Mean It

(Woman singing in background)

(Intro: Jimmy Jones)

You see man  
Let's get off of that lame man  
Let's get into what we like to do man  
This what we do preferably man  
We bring that powerful music to your table man  
Killa, let 'em know something

(Cam'Ron)

Young Guru, Just Blaze, Killa, Diplomats, huh  
Juelz Santana, Jim Jones, Freaky Zekey  
Hoffa, Dash, huh, Killa, huh

Ya'll niggas dreamed it, I have seen it  
Body warm, heart anemic (I really mean it)  
Coke, a nigga steamed it, fiends I leaned 'em  
Beemer leaned it (I really mean it)  
Guns, really beaming, rarely miss, what's really good?  
Bikes, wheelie and creamin' (I really mean it)  
I'm a genius, poppadopolis, never leaning  
On your Zenith (I really mean it)  
Killa, bury more mutts, they actually all ducks  
Caddy more trucks, its daddy Warbucks  
And you Orphan Annie  
Ma, take off your panties  
Sea soft and sandy (I really mean it)  
Yeah, let's get lost in candy  
I got lost in Boston, Austin, flossin' of course Miami  
Reno, Nevada sip pino colada  
Mama I'm seen on the Prada (I really mean it)  
I rock more in Phoenix road to glory  
Seen it, you seen it (I really mean it)  
The game abuse it, its pain in music  
But this year, wrist wear remains the bluest  
I get lame and lose it, beef came to do it  
Aim and shoot it, flames 'til your brains the fluid  
Ya'll just kids, see what I just did, take a couple bars off  
Let Just {Blaze} live

(Jim Jones)

Yeah, now that's powerful music man  
You need to pop something and roll something (I really mean it)

Killa we did it man, I got your back forever, Dip Set (I really mean it)  
And them lames, we pop them sideways and drag them faggots (I really mean it)

(Cam'Ron)

Ok, we back in  
Mami listen (I really mean it)  
Hey yo lock my garage, rock my massage  
F\*\*k it, bucket by Osh Kosh Bgosh  
Golly I'm gully, look at his galoshes  
Gucci, gold, platinum plaque collages  
From collabos, ghost writing for assholes  
Want to use my brain, than give Killa mad dough  
It's all good, increase Killa cash flow  
Increase my fame, that's why Killa smash hoes  
You'll get side swiped, look at my life  
First movie ever, merked out Mekhi Phife  
And papi got jerked out of pies twice  
Dip Set, we working with five dice

Cee-lo and craps, c-notes and stacks  
I send bodies with, read this note attached  
Ya youngin' f\*\*ked with boys in the hood  
Gave her a son like Ricky, from 'Boyz in the Hood'  
On the couch bloody, old lady sighing  
Wifey screaming (I really mean it)  
Pissy little baby crying  
F\*\*k upped man shit, there you seen it (I really mean it)  
Fam man, you terry cloth, that mean you very soft  
Gravy Mercedes, add the cranberry sauce

(Jim Jones)

Yeah, gangstas ride man, Flex we got you, guns up (I really mean it)  
And all my ladies man, the ghettos a diddy, I need you, I want you (I really mean it)  
Oh, pop something, roll something, get twisted, that's on Jim nigga (I really mean it)  
Harlem! Man we here to stay, it's nothing left to say man (I really mean it)  
Eastside, and as for that lame man, now see I ain't even gone say your last name  
'cause that's mine, I catch you, you know what it is  
You faggot!  
I ain't gone get to hyped over you man, we gone bury you  
Holla!  
See if you bout it, bout it  
'cause we is (I really mean it)  
NYC!