

Hell Rell, Gladiators

Hell Rell:

Oh we told y'all niggaz last time it was More Than Music
Y'all ain't wanna listen huh, okay
Ruger (Rell) Ruger (Rell)
Check it man, okay

Hell Rell:

I heard this nigga was lookin' for a body bag
100 bricks, that's a come-up, rob papi's stash
I'm Jason Vorheas without the hockey mask
Rap game is Crystal Lake, what you need, I'll get you weight
How you want it, cooked or uncooked
Bagged or unbagged
Quick jackin' my swag, fag
You know Rell, I show you how to mack a diva
I'm tired of niggaz callin' me, I'm goin' back to beepers
Valore match my sneakers, Porsche, fantastic features
I feel god, but I'm crooked like all the pastor preachers
Ya wife middle name is Train nigga, choo-choo
Ya know what I claim, Dipset, Soo-Woo
Yeah, Weeks is the Ave
Plus Ruger's the name
Familiar with Ferraris
I ain't new to the Range
I know y'all niggaz was waitin' for it, the waitin's over
Here it come y'all, Diplomat takeover

40. Cal:

These rappers better keep my name out they mouth
For they really end up with my name in they mouth
What they complaining about, there's no paper to count?
The type to re-up with papi, and pay for a ounce
You niggaz flippin' basuda, y'all gettin' no mula
Ya copped a lil' whip now, dippity-doo-dow
Sick when I cruise by, 6 when the goons by
Diplomat plates when they ship me a new ride
Your worst nightmare
Think the Birds fight fair
My niggaz really would like termite stairs
Turnpike yeah, with that work right here
Make everybody want it like its pearl white Airstreams
What you know about bud with furry white hairs
Only bud you know is when you hurl light beer
I still Dip with the Set that make ya set dip
Set-trip, get hit with the Tec, I don't stretch shit
I'm 40.

J.R. Writer:

I'm from the bottom of the bottom queer
Get your riot gear, Writer's here
I'll knock you out the night you wear
Yeah, I'm everywhere with that white to spare
Got the corner store lookin' like a white affair

Quite aware, the D's on alert

Creppin' for perps, but my V, it gon' surf
Screech and reverse, Spree's' will disperse
Ya easy to murk, you'll need you a nurse
Why beef with these jerks
When I can put a seed in the dirt
And try to grow a tree out the earth
Indeed I'm the worst, sleeve fulla Smurfs
Other than that, it look like you can ski down my shirt

They mad the monster made it
But I'm beyond the greatest
You're never honored, favored, nor nominated
This is easy, but to them it's complicated
You ain't dropping shit, your career is constipated

Juelz Santana:

What you know 'bout it, I'm a rich pimp
I get dough then have your bitch go count it
I'll hit you with the quarter pound, not 4 ounces
The .4 pound'll pound ya
Leave ya shiverin' like he just took a ice-cold shower

Bezel:

Bloaw ya, leave ya there for a nice cold hour
The bitch real thick, then I might go holla
I'm getting big chips, you got micro dollars
Small, see I ball like a new draft
Your crew mad ock
Cuz I chopped the top off of that new Jag
"Who that" is what the bitches yell when I cruise past
Two Mags, I wave it and pave it through his durag
Two K's of blue haze I stuff up in that blue bag
Blue 5th, two clips I got up in that Lou bag
You mad cuz nigga's money coming in too fast
Too bad there ain't a better crew fag
Dipset

DukeDaGod:

Yeah
I told y'all niggaz man
Y'all niggaz can't f**k wit' us
We the muthaf**kin' Gladiators, Dipset
We a true force to be reckon with
Shotu-out to all my hustlers
All my bitches all about a dollar
All my niggaz in the pen
Hold ya head
I'll see y'all niggaz real soon
Y'all niggaz know what it is
Take a stand, for the most powerfulest movement moving
It's Dipset all muthaf**kin' day
Yeah