

# The Diplomats, Dutty Clap

(Jim Jones)

May been shifty, siz a nickle, pent me  
Will be that boy, up on the strip, try and stick me  
He from Harlem, down the bricks, then you know  
We cop whips with kicks and pinstrip uno  
Who wanna test? Mr. Don Dada  
Who rough harder, to go sucka ya ma-ma  
See? Blow the track out, just in the house now  
Man done shook out, gun the skin out ya  
What you checker? You running your lip?  
You get smoked like I'm blunting a spliff, you  
sonofabitch  
This is blitz town, and a sound boy will come one way  
Spit rounds, on your town, then you run semi  
Bluck papa, the doggin' top shotta  
In love with fame or the stardom  
Oh, now what's the remedy on all ties  
Spit sixteen bars, the streets want more fire, see?

(Chorus 2x: Jim Jones (S.A.S.))

You with me, then clap clap  
Keep moving yor back back  
You doing it like that that  
Stay and two in the track  
(We flipping them baggies  
My niggaz is aggie  
From bricks in to hag me  
It's fishy and bassy)

(S.A.S.)

Spit in, juan, when you see that link is on  
Got the linkest charm, by the time you blink it's gone  
Aiyo, I run for it, your done off, my gun blow  
Buck your aim, if you effin' around like Sonny Dames of  
Sneezies man, believe me man  
I'm off the, heezy and, got the greasy plan  
Your crew sweet like a ishi man  
That's why the use on your street call you Chichi, man  
I get respect in the streets, smoking cess in the jeep  
Sittin' back, sip the yac', you be stressin' the freaks  
Spittin' raps, not a skit on my meat  
Cuz I'm thick from the, fitted cap to the crest in my feet  
I ain't conceited, believe it, I'm just fillin' I'm jake  
The pull Benz, got the gat and I'm feelin' the kid  
Yo, I'm good to go, and it's evident fam  
I leave the nigga Pon De River like Elephant Man

(Chorus 2x)

(Jim Jones)

Jim Jones a gangsta, stay blownd in gangsta  
I'm rollin' that stanksta, the chrome on my tank truck  
What? Enter in the slave roots  
Fly til I die, like izzo in suade boots  
Yeah, let's talk about ice, the chain on my neck  
Looks like New York in it's lights, cocaine on my jets  
I'm a New Yorker for life, new porsche in white  
Who thought of this life, two wrongs make it right  
I'mma get lost in the light, I speed in my cars  
Outlaw all my life, police on my car  
Cuz I don't pause for the light, I don't show no respect  
Dipset out in Euro, S.A.S., we connect

(Chorus 2x)

