

# The Diplomats, Gangsta Music

(Juelz Santana)

Oh, come on, fuck with your boy  
It's Santana, Heatmakers, where we at?  
Let me see you through this  
Killa, Jones, Freakay  
Yeah man, I'm back at it

Today's a new day, got the boo-lay up in the suitcase  
Go uptown to Harlem, tell 'em that I sent ya  
Tell 'em it's August, I'm "Gon' Til' November"  
I need a couple birds, get a broad, have 'em sent up  
Call my bird, get my broad have her sent up (Please)  
Call my niggaz, call my squad, have 'em sent up (Please)  
I see a town I'm likin'  
See some niggas getting money in a town I like it  
I run up on them with the pound and light it  
Like it's my block now, all right kid?  
He understood me quite clear  
Then that thing banged out, ranged out the side of his right ear  
And I got back to my business, back to my bitches  
Back to the kitchen, that pyrex vision  
Pop, I let that white stuff sit in  
Get hard, get rock, get to the block and pitchin'  
Yeah I'm sorry but this is how I'm livin'  
And this is how I'm getting, fuck how I get it  
Hey!

(Chorus: Juelz Santana)

I stood alone watching the wall, in the zone, hand on my handles  
Listening to gangsta music  
I stood at home hand on a chrome, with a zone, flippin' the channels  
Watching how the gangstas do it  
I stood alone, getting dome, from a thick chick in sandles  
Watching Shaft, clocking math

(Juelz Santana)

Now I see death around the corner  
Gotta stay high, will I survive in the city where the skinny niggas die?  
Nope, it's the city where the skinny niggas ride  
.45 semi on the side, twisting when they drive, yeah  
Lick a shot for Big Pop and 'Pac, yeah  
One more for Shyne locked inside, yeah  
Two more for Cam, for taking over the Roc  
Yeah, yeah, it's my year  
So, okay, okay, okay, y'all can't fuck with me, no way  
Jose or Hector Camacho  
Tech blows and watch yo' chest close and tacos  
Motherfucker I'm the best, I told y'all before  
I should y'all before, ey!

(Chorus: )Juelz Santana)

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(Cam'Ron)

I'm on the westside of Chicago, lookin' for a bust down  
And make me put my two arms up, Touchdown!  
You stay in touch now, but when I tough down  
I'm like Buckshot shorty, you better "Duck Down"  
Yeah I must clown, I'm from Harlem, Uptown

Where we flash money, take your bitch and ask you, what now?  
Birds flip a dozen, chicks is dicks they suckin'  
Swallow my kids, go and kiss they cousin  
Yes, they kissing cousins, toys kissing muppets  
Worst then that, they go home and kiss they husband  
That shit's disgusting  
Keep the chickens clucking, keep the pigeons buggin'  
This on my wrist is nothing  
To me it's just yellow hearts and pink diamonds  
Where I get the money for this? Don't think rhymin'  
You fucking with Pablo, Bravo, Mario Via Bolo ho, Ta-to

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