

The Diplomats, Hell Rell Freestyle

(Hell Rell)

Nigga what cha money like I keep dough, E-Hole
Spice the track up like a doe bow Sasone's a free throw
My hitman Janito
He don't speak no English lingo
And he fresh off the plane from Puerto Rico
Find a nigga and kill em's the only thing that he know
He'll ring ya doorbell and pop you right through the peephole
Far as his key go?
It's gone get stepped on, cooked up, broke down
Probably get distributed in yo town
Block got me grinding, watch keeping me bright
Nigga why I'm a knock ya hustle if mine treating me right
And a nigga too busy to get in some beef with a loser
Keep my bitch up out the bed just to sleep wit my ruger
Cuz if I finger fuck my gun and play wit her trigger
She ain't gone scream I don't feel like it today on a nigga
I'm sayin my nigga
This is real facts, real truth
I will shoot you then go rap about it in a real booth
Spit Hip-Hop heroin, liquid crack
Park the six next to ya five and tell deal with that
380's ain't gone do it fam switch to macks
Before you talk shit or even think starting up a war
Plush condo in my bedroom, mink carpet on the floor
Two Spanish bitches running round reckless and butt naked
If you a ladies man I'll bury you wit cha chick
If you a true hustler I'll bury you wit a brick
See the streets is watching, more money more haters
Fuck em' all keep flossing, more linen, more gators
I rap now, still hit the block for a buck
A thousand channels satellite on top of the truck what's really good nigga