

# 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