

# The Diplomats, If Only You Believe

(Intro)

\*Kids Singing Throughout\*

"If only you believe, if only you believe, I believe we'd get by  
If only you believe, if only you believe, in miracles so do I"

(J.R. Writer)

uh, big up the boy J.R. Writer in the building y'all  
Only this time around, it's sentimental  
You know what I'm sayin'? It's miracles  
Uh, watch how I paint this picture, let's get vivid

(Verse 1)

Yo, my vision is just ill, I'm picturin' it still  
How my life revolves around a miracle foreal  
Vision it just vivid, so I spit it through a deal  
A song album, wow, these miracles are real  
Still, yet through tragics, you seen it, bet it's magic  
I said "I bet that's magic", it's like he never had it (word)  
To his fans in the stands it was just extatic  
I know the back of his mind he thought he'd never last it (true)  
But he did, and he lived, like you gots to be kiddin'  
This song goes out to them tsunami victims  
Who got ditched homeless, without a spot to live in  
Family gone, not a car knorr a pot to piss in  
Kids ya livin', let's start basically rebuildin'  
A couple days y'all managed to raise a couple million (that's crazy!)  
I ain't spiritual, but it had to be God's wonders  
That helped Zeke through gettin' shot and hit with a car bumper, I wonder

(Talking over singing)

uh, I'm just tryna show y'all man  
If only you believe man, this miracles are real man  
Uh, I need you to zone out with me though, dim the lights a little bit  
Uh, yo, check it

(Verse 2)

Through the trial with a girl, gettin' outta Lapearl  
I would never think that I would bring a child in the world  
It's a miracle from seein' the birth next  
To seein' the burp yes, first words, even the first steps  
Goo-goo ga-ga, who-who ha-ha  
peek-a-boo, I see you, you-who papa  
Guy I'm just God blessed  
This whole song is based why you seen Kan West, survive through that car wreck  
For gettin' away where murderers get at you  
To my man down on trial for a murder he didn't do  
Whoever thought we'd get through slavery and racism  
Slavery was racism, pacin' through, hey livin'  
To Martin for heart, a heart that was smart  
The proudest step to Malcolm X for marchin' his march  
To the cops when there's trouble at the spot on the double  
To firefighters pullin' bodies out of the rubble, let's sing

(Talking over singing)

Whoo! Hey Killa, hey Killa now I understand why you call me the writer of writer's  
I feel like a miracle in the making man

\*Kids singing till fade\*