

# The Diplomats, Purple Haze (Virgin Radio Version)

(Cam'Ron)

Tito, crack that dutch  
Roll that purple up  
Niggaz slacking in their macking  
Simpin' in their pimpin'  
Glad I got you baby  
You the only one I can count on man  
You may crutch man, yo

(Verse 1)

We leaves spots milt, you get your top tilt  
Mop filled, my block leaves cops killed, duck shots still  
You not built, you had zirconia's, those was zirconia's  
I kept it spot built, I can ensemble linen  
Grinin' on rock, silk, I'm hitting bitches like switches  
I'm a top Wilt, that's Chamberlain, mama became a friend  
Said she had the lamest men, wanted to learn the game I win  
I had to game her then, you rearrange your friends  
Then you change that Benz, we need a Range with Rims  
She bought a gravy Rover, it had a pastry odor  
Yes she made the quota, cause I'm like Ray Liotta  
Fiends in a caskets, leaning them bastards  
But the meanest of fabrics, when I'm with Athena Onassis  
Or Ms. Trina, the queen of the asses  
Causes when it come to purple, I've seen it in masses

(Cam - talking)

Whoo! Tino, you almost finished? (This ain't purple neither Tito)  
This blunt almost out right here (I don't know what this is)  
I love you man (I'm not smoking this)  
Only thing I count on is you (Tito I want him, I don't want him)  
Tito just got the blunt, (Don't fuck with nothing else but you)  
I'm reloaded now, (God damn)  
(Tito roll me up another blunt, something ain't right with this)

(Verse 2)

And I'm a naissance child, gaming her stupid now  
Plus, I'm stupid foul, pulled a coup to trial  
I come through Canal, and let the luger style  
In the DA mouth shit, here's a root canal  
Right on center street, put 'em on front street  
Next day the front page, who gonna front on me  
Girls deranked and chumped, call 'em skank and cunt  
Take a trip with the Dip bitch, to the bank to stunt  
Serena Williams, downtown vacant and Trump  
Who wanna bang her rump, chump, yes I bring the pump  
That's why I'm kinda hyped, because my money's good  
Which means my mind is right, so I got time to write  
How I grind at night, Next tab, china white  
Army hat, army jacket, yesir my line is right  
Diminish his army, we finished the Don P  
Now let's get purple like Grimace and Barney  
Holla

(Cam - talking)

I gotta come in now, I don't know what Tito's rolling up  
I gotta roll it up my self (I don't know what's in them Dutch Masters)  
If you don't crush your own weed up  
And put it in the blunt yourself  
Your own brother'll hand you some dust  
That's what time it is  
I gotta come in  
Give me two minutes y'all, I'll be back with y'all in a minute  
I gotta roll up

