

Diplomats, Bloodshed R.I.P.

"Six Figgahh...."

[Bloodshed]

Up in the 600 with Momo's, bluntin' friends with four-fours (.44's)
Po-pos, pullin' a nigga over, like they locos
Maybe its just my time whores, or is it just 'cause im the crime boss
And swatch is mad 'cause every dime cost
Plus the bad influence that you're proud of
Wettin' niggas up like showers
Sellin' crack, smackin powders
Dudes gigantic, ice flooded like the Titanic
Cash expanding, flash it for granted, stash it in the ceramic
And keep it in my crime family, -glaciers and ice-
'cause life ain't nothing but papers and dice
And frontin, i used to profit slow-e-ly
Niggas they know of me, plus, all of the older G's
Never thought i would grow to be the Cash-Gettin
Mad flippin, soakin in the bath while ass-drippin'
Gettin' blast, thinking of past victims
I know it ain't hard to see son, I'm Nino
Inside the 320 killing, New Jacks and G-Money