

# Diplomats, Dipset Symphony

(Mister C: Intro)

I don't give a f\*\*k who's first or who's last, the Dipset is gonna rock this shit out at a drop of a brick

(Juelz Santana)

All eyes on the honorable, who?

DipSet, back to the grill again live at the barbeque

Beefs on, all my kids ride like a carnival

Heats drawn, all you kids lie, like carpet do

Get up and get ready, what up, the kids ready

Now that im back, the game is f\*\*ked, the bitch let me

You front, you stunt, you get heat clown

Yeah, punks jump up, to get beat down

(Jim Jones)

Now eight years ago, I played the bench with dimes

Everybody in my park was getting bent off dimes

Pitchin packs on the block, tryin' to get us some sneakers

Sippin yak, henney, rock, puffin nickels of reefer

I'm pumpin on the strip, in the midst of the drug trade

Im watching for the blitz in the midst of the drug raid

For niggas gotta eat, its like my stomach is touching back

New York's ryder man, for you suckers im f\*\*kin back

(Hell Rell)

Now can I, kick it?

Yes I can

They wanna know if im G'd Up

Yes I am

Look, I over-paid my dues, I almost made the news

The block kinda hot but the coke came on move

If I was a brick, you wouldn't know what to do with me

You'd probably cook me up, get a stem, and start using me

Nobody built me, I made myself and

You don't know how to shoot guns, you'd graze yourself

(J.R. Writer)

I Was a fiend, before i became a teen

It was dreams, toss for the latest beams (urh)

Made in cream, 'cause hey, they kept the kept the powder in the tray

Way before it was maybelene

Im into major stacks, major stats, hate on that

Cam, holla 'cause im gonna bring his label plaques

That aint made of plat, whoa, your jewellery aint gold

You cop ya jewellery from Hov, they all fade to black

(40 Cal)

When I was nine years old i realized who was a roll (?)

At the end i cop a benz when i chop some O's, Forty

Smokin lye, optimoz, poppin mo's, we both shoppin?

Difference is you coppin clothes, I'll show you how to drop a rolls,

Whether a phantom or a flower, I'm a killa like Jaffi Joe

Im from where they made the cocky flow

While hoes puck up on my stick, like you trying to hit a hockey goal

(Un Kasa)

I keep a nine in my dresser, lyrical professor

Keep you under pressure, aint a nigga better

Mind like a com-puter, sick shooters

You'll get finned, go to war with six shooters

I bone bitches with coupes and big hooters

Give head, and piff buddha, pump bricks and sip luha

Ha you hard, you runnin with state troopers

My niggas is straight shooters, cock back, and straight shoot ya

(Mister C: Outro)

Not in my book, never that nigga, I'll ask y'all niggas to go till the motherf\*\*kin beat stops, When I h