

# Diplomats, Family Ties

(Verse 1 - 40 Cal.)

Y'all niggaz down on ya hard luck  
You must be takin' bird baths we can all see you're washed up  
See we the shower posse, throw you in the dodge trunk  
Treat you like a large blunt and smoke you in ya Von Dutch  
You think you live real, Its realer here  
Niggaz'll cut ya arm mail it to ya mom as a souvenir  
We smack niggaz like the dvd  
And say 40 ain't the sickest nigga rappin' since Easy-E  
I'm too strong for you, you need to go to GNC  
You're like 14 days too weak for me (two week)  
Look, I blow easily, beat emcee's repeatedly  
Your mouth is where this heat'll be, I just did it recently  
I'm the best ain't no bargainin' B  
The way I son rappers, you'll be the new Father MC  
But my truck is why the haters hate  
They think I'm drivin' attention 'cause it comes wit deep dishes and paper plates  
I'm in ya hood, sparkin' at ya peephole  
You can ask Suge all the hardest rappers he know  
Started at a c-note, bargain at the kilo's  
Now my pockets like I took the Carter after Nino  
Car jackin' steelo, pull up next to ya whip  
Wether snub or the club it's consecutive hits  
Dissin' niggaz in the yard doin' eleven to clip  
And Wreck Rock and Dipset doin' sets to the Dips, Holla

(Verse 2 - Cam'Ron)

From the back of the cop ride, the black on black black, when we cop rides  
I will not hide, Hi Ma, Hot thighs, dick on her nose now she's cock eyed  
From whippin'up bacon rolls to outside whippin the bacon rolls  
Saniyah Lathan knows, I rakin' but makin dough  
Eighty holes in ya shirt, there's ya own Jamaican clothes  
I ain't talkin to pokano's, I'm talkin to aspens the slopes we go  
You get the okie do, play me baby I hope he know  
We break noses, call 'em baby Pinocchio  
I hold wit wit blue mittens, two pigeons, what the f\*\*k are yoou pitchin?  
One house, Two kitchens, who's bitchin'  
I'll bring the diesel, won't see the Fu-Schnickens

And I don't trust a hoe, that's mother to baby mother  
motherf\*\*ker, you look like a lady lover  
I'll touch slap her, dap her, plus clap her  
Tell her drink cum, get drunk, its nutcracker  
And it's well known, that Rell's home  
Yep, hit E.T. up on the cell phone  
Ask ya family thighs, and my family rise  
Call the network Dipset, Family Ties

(Verse 3 - Hell Rell)

I got niggaz that's locked up in Attica El Mara  
Up in the mess hall, tellin' niggaz that Rell's fire  
Smack ya pops, sell coke to ya mother  
And my weed's the color purple like Oprah and Glover  
And fam tell me how you gettin extorted by Tom, Dick and Harry  
And all them niggaz is gay Tom kissin' Harry  
I got proper work if you wanna cop some work  
Diamonds in the ring the color of Papa Smirf  
Dipset worldwide now you haters kno us  
Beaver bedspreads, alligator sofas  
Range candy paint, Now or Later rovers  
Go to sleep so high I don't know how I wake up sober  
Went from livin' in the hungry ghetto  
To white girls sayin wow, what a lovely bezel

Diamonds in there, yummy yellow  
You just another funky, haters wanna snub and pump me  
And Pataki wanna lock me up and double bunk me  
Get on my feet wit the hard white a couple junkies  
I know I'm a piece of shit but my mother loves me  
Kill you take my ass to another country  
F\*\*k New York get my coke from another country  
Got Africans that's commin to America  
With the best dope thats comin' to America  
And yo own man's don't acknowledge yo G  
'cause you ain't wanna go to war like Muhammad Ali  
Dipset, bitch..