

Diplomats, Get Use To This

[Intro]

Let's do it man
(I'm so bad!!!)
I'm in the building

[J.R. Writer]

Yo, I started the starters, and fathered the fathers who fathered
I slaughtered the slaughters, and slaughtered the slaughters who slaughtered
I target then spark and Pa you'll be part of this target
From artist to artist, J.R. is the hardest regardless
Put your faith in his hands, they'll be changing of plans
Admit, I did it from standing in rain with a gram
Now I sliver and glitter, Jacob throw glaze on my hand
Shit! D12, dont even know the name of my band
Man I'm just superfly, two for five, bake the bake
Eight for eight, eight to eight, wait I'm great, haters hate
Cars come to paperchase, I've dealt with major cake
Ever since Jake the Snake, all I rock was Babe and Ape's
Ouhh yea hun, does them old Air 1's
Sneaks crispy, \$350, you aint never wear none
I'm a pimp girl, get it through your eardrums
No I'm not telling you where you can get a pair from
I'm sicker the sicker, you sicker the sicker then aint you
A picture in picture, just picture this picture I paint you
I'm swift the 5th when I grip it, it spit at an angle
You'll be stiffer than stiff, prick up sitting with angels
I'm just doing me, jewelry, blue in beads
Pinch it Pa, it's J.R., hitting hard, soon you'll see
Act a fool, we'll take you back to school like truancy
So give me my respect, I'm the best, true indeed

[Chorus 2x]

Excuse the Dip (Please)
We moving bitch (Move)

We the truth, we the proof, get use to this (Yup)
Our movement sick (Yea), your movement shit (Yea)
That's the fact, have a nap and get use to this (Yea)

[J.R. Writer]

Yo, I'm ice chained, bright rims, nice range, slice cain
Cop the pound, chop it down, rock in towns, pipe game
I can do a price change (why?), but our pack is crunk
I dont mean pass the Bronx, when I sell you Whiteplain
Look J is built, to let the .80 tilt
Gun brawl, One call, that'll get you haters killed
Snap, pop, sprayed and pilt, so friends just chill
Look here, I'm end for mills, and I aint talking baby milk
When I spray with the mag, you will play in the glad
That mean lay in the bag, like some haters that I had
Ho's I strip up in rags, serious shit
I aint talking periods when I say pussy stay in my pad
I amaze 'em like "Dag", you aint a killer please
That aint no killer weed, them nick's are filled with seeds
I hit the philippines, then cross river seas
Whole sea for a week, where I dont feel a breeze
So I got Hefner's whores, with some excellent jaw
Like the vet for sure, who want me to sex 'em raw
But I asked them more, give some head in the bed
Then whoop the chickenhead right towards the exit door
Just face it my nig, you cant stay with the kid
I got paper, gators, many flavors you dig
They just hate how I live, 'cause the only time

They see me under the wing is when I'm in the basement of my crib

[Chorus 2x]

(I'm so bad!!!)