## Diplomats, Stop-N-Go

(Cam'Ron) Dipseeeet!, Killa, In the buildin, Wanna welcome y'all back Diplomatic Immunity Vol. 2 You know alot of shit been goin' on Lot'a niggaz in Harlem runnin' snitchin' but I'll holla.. Nah mean...Wit all that bein' said I wanna give a shot out to all my partners Koch Records, Roc-A-Fella Records And my muthaf\*\*kin' niggaz down in sizzurp Know we done smashed the whole muthaf\*\*kin' liquor game...I'll holla Dipset all day long, go get Jim Jones album in stores now Freeky Zeeky hold ya head, you already know what it is Sarge hold ya head, Purple Haze will be out this December 7th Sorry for the delay, but its business never personal New people, new money, I had to get that check So wit that bein' said. The team lookin' right And look like we ready to go, its all solitified Jim Jones, Rider of Riders, Santana, Human crack in the flesh My nigga Hell Rell is home, I jus' brought my niggaz S.A.S over from London 40 Cal., Jha Jha what up ma, I got Miami in the house And the Writer of Writers, J.R.

(Hook)

(J.R. Writer {Cam Still talking}) This is how we roll (roll) {We about to set this shit off} This is how we flow (flow) {Killa} Can they stop us no Dipset stop and go {Here we go Vol. 2} Whoa (whoa), no (no), we don't stop we go! Leave you like Good-Bye, Au revoir, Adios

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(Verse 1 - J.R. Writer) YO, I'm jus' miraculous, accurate, gots ta have it The master, jus so I can laugh at it, show you jus how a savage get (talkin) - Lets get this shit started man, (uh), J.R. Writer I'm in the buildin' YO, yo yo, From the baggage to baggages Shook them baggages had 'em lit To me passin them half a bricks Out the back of the Acura whip (whoo) (talkin) Uh, I'm jus gettin warmed up, let's warm up, I'm still in my warm up suit y'all YO, that's how I had it locked Through the bags on the baddest block Newest Jag wen I pass the cops Who's as bad as a savage, I (I) You niggaz brag alot, talkin bout you brought raw You'se a ball hog you ain't never passed the +ROC+ I still dip and dab, stick my hand in bigger bags Link a gram or give 'em slabs, trips wit tan in gypsy cabs (outta tan) I be badder than Krueger, speedin' rapid confuse ya Keys backin' from Cuba, Tea bags for the users Relax you're a loser, ease back or get fuller These cats out the tula, Lean back in Madulla V's matchin' my mula, sleeves actually cooler Wrists look like I been playin freeze tag wit the Jeweler So I'm extra good, runnin' through this reckless hood

I floor, slide off, never would these hefers could Til' they seen me stun harder then I ever should Now woody ain't the only bird peckin wood

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Whoa (whoa), no (no), we don't stop we go! Leave you like Good-Bye, Au revoir, Adios

(Verse 2 - J.R. Writer)

YO, it's a miracle snakes, how I skip through the states And the crispiest Apes, all my whips up to date See this pistol and 8, It'll sit you is space You won't be able to sleep when I get you a wake That's a funeral, holla, get a funeral, holla Necessary you'll get pretty at the funeral parlor Roses, Dandelions send a few to yo father We manuever for dollas, in the newest impalas Listen beat it I'm hot every season I rock Chinchilla filler, leave you niggaz to freeze on ya block We don't believe that you pop, I'll put this eagle to pop You'd rather cop the plea and go plead to the cops And say shit like J, I don't need to be locked The year, the week or a day, I got a seed on the way (talkin') What?, Stop cryin' now, Let's keep it movin' Sissy I'll let a rattle clap, 60 up in this bastards cap Dig me I'm what you rappers lack, sicker than all your battle raps Slither up in the asta hatch, or watch young move On junk food, Twinkies sit on the caddilac Shit I go glock for glock, let's see you dodge a shot I get the hotties hot, just off my rocky rocks Them make the goggles drop Tyra Banks find the top models, shit I'm lookin' for the models top

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(Verse 3 - Killa Cam) Dipseeeet Y'all niggaz is feeble born, feinds I keep the heaters on You get the easle drawn, gettin' ya legal on Chico, glock cocked, pop goes the weasel's gone Desert on my waist I get my eagle on Padico, e-hola, lethal lethal, ya peoples on Donde viva, La vida loca, pop up like nezels on 'em Triple x sex, yes that Vin Diesel form Send ten winds, We like the black beatles tour I pick up the tools, lick up and hiccup you fools We bitter and bicker wit blickers nigga you'll sit in a pool (not water) Agua nada, you figure that my figures are cool Change my clothes for what, I switch up my jewels Ya'll sing sing sing, I'm from the sing sing bing Right to the wing ding bing, on to the spring bling fling Now it's round one dun, ding ding ding Cash ching ching, show me the bling bling king And I get fresh, shit yes, wrist blessed Necklace, reckless, look like a piss test (all yellow)

(talking) What the f\*\*k else I got to say (nothin'), Got damn B, I'm that nigga, Killa!

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