

Diplomats, Take Em To Church

(Cam'Ron)

Uh, This that Harlem music right here
This that diddy bop, let's get ready for the winter music right here
This what it is

(Cam'Ron)

You know me dog I just wanna keep the peace
But sayin' my name that's only gon lead to beef
Tell my niggaz chill but they wanna heat the streets
Or do it on record check it, we spit heat to beats

(Juelz Santana)

Everybody welcomin' this and welcomin' that
He wasn't welcome in the first place how we welcome him back

(Un Kasa)

Gimmie that Mack let me work him wit that
Tell Mr. Rogers I'll leave his brain on the trolley track, now proolly that

(Cam'ron)

Listen, y'all stop it, I know you apalled dot it
But this my call by the false prophet, all profit
Harlem hustla, I can't at all knock it
But you hard when you go in the lords Pocket
What you offerin' put it right in offerin'
They take it all, cash, credit, silver down the porcelin'
Look at the porche he's in, and give a portionin'
No handicap, annie or and orphan friend, friend
But the sizzurp I'm drinkin' on, birds I'm bankin' on
Get cha Kirk Franklin on, word, so get ya Ben Franklin on
Just when you think it's wrong, one blink he's gone

(Hook)

Father forgive us but we gon take him to church
Father forgive us and the truth it hurts
Father forgive us and that won't work
No no no no no way, AY

(Cam'Ron)

Yo you try and handle us, get on the air and damage us
Screamin' out Harlem World, like you ain't just abandon us
Well let me fill you in, now its a whole clan of us
Blink so mad he went and beat us Cannibus
Then Zeek got shot, then Zeek locked up
E got Killed then, B popped up
But B hopped up, and stil poke out his Chest
I'm Probation, Doe on house arrest
Right out the flesh, sit in the house and rest
He don't pout get em gear, in the house we fresh
Not that you care, just get it clear and think
One glare and wink, everyone wearin pink
I'm the reason that ya two rings are clear, yeah
I'm the reason that ya earrings are square, ya hear
Now we take trips, casino's, lovely homes
We check on Lodi mom's, Meano, Huddy Combs
Homes, You tryna fake wit Cardan
Par-dan, we gon leave him naked like Tarzan, aw damn

(Hook)

(Cam'Ron)

Yo, I kill diamonds get wit pearls, I ain't tryna kid the world

I ain't got beef, when I do I say "Get em Girls"
Not at this dog, we just heard the frontin'
Do Harlem a favor, give the churches somethin'
A rec' center, in the winter where they youth can play
they don't even shoot the J, sell drugs, shoot and spray
I'm no better, still move a duece a day
Thats two keys, I still move VA
Found the new-away, my crew do and say
Fists fights to shoot outs, we won't move away

(1/2 Hook)

(Talking to the end)