

# 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 prolly 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 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)