

Diplomats, The Best Out

Intro

(Hell Rell)

Okay,okay,okay

Yes sir

Hell F**kin Rell,

J.R. Writer, Forty

This is how we do it

I am one of a kind(yeah)

Its now or never nigga

Times up muthaf**ka

Lets do this

(Hell Rell)

Aiyo, I stop paying for coke, get bricks on the muscle

Gorillas on they bullshit, Welcome to the jungle

Fiends get served in the hallway, welcome to the hustle

Where bitches do anything for a hit of that glass dick,

When Im outta town, nothing less than a half brick,

One-Sixty on the dash nothing less than a fast whip,

I floss when its sunny, got money for a rainy day,

In the dope spot a few blocks from where the Yankees play,

Man Im heavy in that BX borough, We aint gotta front for nobody,

We just thorough, and Im sittin' on an arsenal, rockets and the missiles,

Took my advance and got my strip poppin with them nickels.

And when Im in ya neighborhood, you gotta go hide,

Deliver bullets to ya door like them Domino pies nigga,

say hello to my little friend like scarface,

I pull that f**kin rifle right out the guitar case

(Chorus: Bezel)

Dipset, the best out, Hell Rell, he fresh out

Jones the kuffe smacker, He bringing them techs out

Sporty-style, Forty Cal, He bringing corvettes out

Bezel the Beast but I still show you what fresh bout

You know who shavin the grams, 40k on the hand

Killa Nigga, what more can I say about Cam,

J.R. the Writer of writers and Santana,

Back like cooked crack

He even supplying suppliers

(J.R. Writer)

Dipset, lets do it man

The type that im tighter, tight cause im writer

write cause im nicer, site for the lifers

knives in the cipher, writers a viper,

listen this is butter,

even ringling brothers see i got the eye of the tiger

before i met killa cam, i was dealing killa grams

i mean killer grams, throws a tan, fill a pan

recorded in the hole, where you couldn't chill or stand

no booth, microphone hangin off the ceiling fan

mass million fan sittin in the belly hilton

watch how i heavy kills him, bessey,chevy,desi fill em

but i still aint break a sweat, yes Im chillin,

Veet wong, seat wrong, tito gonna bet the building

I been grind to lean, sniff lines for fiends,

grams chopped, tan rock, I pitch lima beans

Piff grind was mean, had em dumb stuck,

so when i say uncut, i dont mean behind the scenes

(Chorus)

(40 Cal)

40

Yo Im a NY G like Jeremy Shockey,
come through drop my coupe like i meant to be sloppy
I got DJ's kickin karate,
cause they throw my wax on and take your wax off like Mr. Myagi
Pimpin, Im cocky, I slap your broad on the cheek
and send her home barefooted, you massaging her feet
you probably go down on a freak, youre hardly a meat
but we aint mad cause your proving, you are what you eat
your squadron is weak, speak and get a broken something
need a plate in ya grill like a toaster oven
f**k it, they even got dojas frontin
shakin your cola, only time your coke was bubbling cousin
Cal get weight wit no problemo
ride around ya block, sell it out the car window
and ya moms been know, that I chop rocks
that make your father cop like Carl Winslow

(Chorus)