

Diplomats, This Is What I Do

(Cam'Ron)

Yeah, Killa

What we getting ready to do is separate the men from the mice

The pit from the poddles, the villains from the heroes, huh

Dip Set Bitch

You know what that means?

You're amongst the Diplomatic Community

This my man Hell Rell, he locked up, he about to come home

Hit 'em Rell

(Hell Rell)

By the time this hit streets

I'll probably be shackled up, on the bus with beast

What I'ma ride anyway, get high anyway

And let me VVS jewels blind your eyes anyway, f**ka

You wanna be gangstas, listen to me

After two years teaching, you'll get your degree

I took over blocks, and put dope and coke on 'em

Send niggaz out, and put them under my deodorant

Just like my Speed Stick nigga, I see chips quicker

So hot tomorrow, I'm dropping the remix nigga

Oh yeah and your top on your 6, go 'head and drop that

Just make your waves more easier to get popped at, nigga

Roll the haze, let's get higher and higher

Picture you selling me coke, I supply your supplier

They asking about my flow, yeah, it's fire, it's fire

Y'all snitch niggaz was hired to be wired

And that's my word fam, I swore to my mother I'd get you

Made the phonecall, now I'm done with the issue

Now, all my guerillas gonna come through and get you

And merk off from the double-nickle the color of pickles

I got a serious pimp game, I rock a sick chain

Tote a two-tone ruger and roll with the Dip Gang

Y'all the type of niggaz to run from a rumble

Holla if you want birds I could front you a couple nigga

(Chorus 2x: Hell Rell and Cam'ron)

I stack chips, this is what I do (What he does)

Run through divas, give 'em to my crew (To his crew)

Send work out town, this is what I do (What he does)

Be with my niggaz, this is what I do (What he does)

(Hell Rell)

Shorty thought I had plans of spousing her

I just wanted to have sex on the couch with her

Do it in the mouth with her

Give her a few bricks, make her take it down south with her

I'm about my scrilla, come f**k with your nigga

And all these haters wanna bust at your nigga

And try to do me, so I rock the uzi under the Coogi

This shit you gonna feel in your bones

They ask if I'm down with the ROC, cause I be with Killa and Jones

I just put rocks on the block, rock rocks on my wrist

Get your hardest nigga, he ain't poppin' like this

Any nigga I'm tossing, nigga this is hungry season

We stopped flossing, you and your mans is getting it, we're our preportion

Yo Killa, the only reason they killas

Cause when they bust in they hoes, they make them get abortions

Smoke dro, flow awesome

I got two guns, you got two guns, let's have a foursome

See I start a riot in a minute, supply it if you sniff it

I'm giving out samples, go 'head, try it, it's terrific

The crack heads love me, female ones hug me, kiss me
Buy the whole pack with crumbled up 50s
Don't cop from that nigga Rell is what you tell the fiends
We getting all the money cause the dimes look like Jellybeans
Few blocks and a lock and key/ki, but I need the world
So it's time to lay my pressure game down like Preacher Earl
Everybody pay up or gonna get sprayed up
This year, I'm get my name back, and my weight up
Go see Premo, razorblade the plate up
Make some packs, hit some workers, and wrap some cake up
This is what I do

(Chorus 2x: Hell Rell and Cam'ron)

I stack chips, this is what I do (What he does)
Run through divas, give 'em to my crew (To his crew)
Send work out town, this is what I do (What he does)
Be with my niggaz, this is what I do (What he does)

(Cam'Ron)

This is what he does, KILLA
Santana, Jim Jones, FREEKY
Tito in here tonight
Whole Taliban
Brazi
45th Side
Diplomats man
You see what we do man, this is not a motherf**king joke
Holla at your boy
That's seven digit cake, man