

Diplomats, Who I Am

Uh-huh, Santana

I like that man, that bad-da-ba-ba, that's hot

I like that, yeah who are you? Santana

Shit is crazy man

Y'all think niggaz don't cry? We do

Yeah, man I gotta get my thoughts together, I be thinking a lot

Light up a blunt, think of a rhyme sometimes too

But it's like yo... zone out

(Juelz Santana)

The time is now, my grind is here shit

My body is focused, my mind's in gear, let's start it

I'm moving at an unstoppable pace, I managed to reach the top of the race

Before it started damn, cold-hearted man

Rip apart your man, for that green dollar

Plain reppin' my target, stay and holla

Shoot and move from where ever my targets land

Damn, shit, I see ghosts when I sleep

It's really, I got to wake up, just to know I was sleep

Holding the heat, cold sweat all over my sheet

That's why I paint the most vividest pictures

My niggaz my bitches in the same position I live in

No oil and hot water, just boiling hot water

Cooking coke, to the oil and hot water, shit

But Who Am I

(ad libs)

(Juelz Santana)

I lived the life of a loner, with a righteous persona

But still sold crack right on the corner

My life consist of, a big puzzle that's mixed up

Big bucks, big drugs, if I get caught, then it's big cuffs

Big bailor gets up, I get out, shit what, this shit sucks

I need to find another road to follow

One that's new and strong, not old and hollow

As I hold this bottle and smoke this reefer

Listening to some old Aaliyah, I say, damn...

And a tear comes trimbling down

Never seen a man cry, well you witness it now

Shit, this isn't game from the heart, this pain from the heart

This is for you Dame, it came from the heart, so

(ad libs)

(Juelz Santana)

Momma, I just want you to know

I'm in love with you so, if you wasn't here I'd be in love with you soul

My angel, mommy I'd die faithful

Just knowing someone tried to violate you

I'll slide 8ths through the side of their facial

Squeeze and rip apart a side of their facial

I'd take a slug, eat a bullet, swallow a gun

Shit, you gotta know I'm your son

Damn, this type of love, could only come from a son

Hold up mommy, I'm twisted I'm drunk...listen

(ad libs)

(Juelz Santana)

Yeah, but it's more then the liquor and weed

Yeah it's more then the liquor in me

Shit, I gotta get it together
I was falling off, with drunk words and sober thoughts
So, I'm still speaking the truth
And what I'm still speaking is truth, this is your younger sons speaking to you

(ad libs to fade)