

# The Diplomats, Get Used To This

Dip Dip Dipset biotch  
Dip Dip Dipset biotch  
Dip Dip Dipset bitch

(J.R. Writer)

Yo I started the starters and fathered the fathers who fathered  
I slaughter the slaughters and slaughtered the slaughters who slaughtered  
I target than spark it, and Pa you'll be part of this target  
From artist to artist J.R. is that hardest regardless  
Put your fate in his hands, there'll be changin of plans  
A man did, I did it from standin in rain wit a gram  
Now I slither in glitter, Jacob throw glaze on my hand  
Shit, D-12 don't even know the name of my band  
Man I'm just super fly, two for five, bake the bait  
Eight for eight, eight to eight, wait I'm great, haters hate  
Cubs come to paper chase, I've dealt with major cake  
Ever since Jake the Snake, all I rocked was Bathin' Apes  
OOH yeah hun, those them old Air Ones  
Sneaks crispy, 350, you ain't never wear none  
I'm a pimp girl, get it through your ear drums  
No I'm not tellin' you where you can get a pair from  
I'm sicker than sicker, you sicker than sicker now ain't chu  
A Picturin picture, just picture this picture I paint you  
I'm swift with the fifth, when I grip it, it spit at an angle  
You'll be stiffer than stiff, prick, up sittin with angels  
I'm just doin' me jewelery, blue it be  
Pimp's ya pa, it's J.R. hittin hard, soon you'll see  
Act a fool we'll take you back to school like truency  
So give me my respect, I'm the best true indeed

(Hook)

Excuse the Dips (please)  
We movin' bitch (Move)  
We the truth, we the proof get used to this (yup)  
Our movements sick, your movements shit, that's a fact have a nap and get  
used to this(yeah)  
Excuse the Dips (please)  
We movin' bitch (Move)  
We the truth, we the proof get used to this (yup)  
Our movements sick, your movements shit, that's a fact have a nap and get  
used to this(yeah)

(Verse - 2)

Yo, I'm ice chain, bright range, nice rings, splice caine  
Cop the pound, chop it down, rock ya town, pipe game  
I can do a price change (why)  
What I pack is crunk I don't mean pass the Bronx when I say ya white plain  
Look J is built, to let the eighty tilt  
Gun brawl, one call, that'll get you haters killed  
Snap, pop, sprayed and peeled, so friend just chill  
Look here, I'm in fa mills and I ain't talkin baby milk  
When I spray with the mag, you will play in it glad  
That means lay in a bag, like some haters that I had  
Hoes I scrap up and rag  
Serious, shit I ain't talkin periods when I say pussy stay in my path  
I amaze 'em like dag, you ain't a killa please  
That ain't no killa weed, them twigs are filled wit seeds  
I hit the Philipines across the river seas  
O.C. for weeks where I don't feel the breeze  
So I got hefers, whores, with some excellent jaw  
Like the vet for sure, who want me to sex them raw  
But I X'd them all  
Get some head in the bed  
then walk the chickenhead right towards the exit door (out)

Just face it my nig', you can't stay with the kid  
I got paper, gators, many flavors ya dig  
They just hate how I live, cuz the only time they see me  
under the wing is when I'm in the basement of my crib

(Hook)