

# The Diplomats, I Love You

(Juelz Santana)

People say my theories is backwards  
I tell them, sincerely, it's clearly, you hearing me backwrds  
I tell 'em I'm great, but still I need practice  
I tell them to wait, go and comeback quick, they don't understand me  
It's not logic, I'm not logic, I got problems  
I worship the late prophet, the great Muhammad Ali  
For the words that he spoke, that stung like a bee  
Soaked into me, you niggaz will see but  
I'm still insane, I'm Rodman, dealing my brain  
I'm grinding sharing my pain, fuck, where is the fame  
Niggaz, they still rhyming, still in the game  
They still dealing the cane, still cock shit in your brain, homie  
I still smell the rotten people that lay  
There in ground zero, forgotten, left in for days  
Probably left there to stay, left in decay  
Broken pieces of towers, left in their graves  
I pray they be saved, until then, that's just a suggestion I made  
Follow me homie, listen, I subjected my ways nigga  
Weapons that spray, at your fucking face nigga  
It's Santana the great, in the place niggaz, stay away nigga  
Cause I'm headed straight to the top, niggaz  
Diplomat Taliban slash ROC nigga  
Oh yeah, I do this for my block niggaz  
D train, Al Gator, pop niggaz  
Young drugs, young twins, Shiest bug  
Niggaz I love, my thugs  
Now, come fuck with your boy  
Jones, Killa, Freakay, come fuck with your boy, WHOA  
It's Santana again nigga, no bandanas just him nigga  
In the flesh, like

(Cam'Ron)

I seen it time, business and friendship  
Friendships ended, business attended, clips get extended  
Lawyers get called, accountants get faxed  
That was my man, well I wish that he meant it  
It's been a long time, hereing the mobsters  
This ain't overnight, it's years in the process  
Shed a tear in the process, now process is over  
All my niggaz get prepared for the Oscars  
Back to the block, sharing a lobster  
Morris Malone, Sam Malone, preparing the vodka, holla  
Hallejulah, no hum-du-allah, but respecting my Aki  
He held me down, when it was getting real rocky  
Hustling, isn't a hobby  
I sit in the lobby, look at my ovie, have visions of Gotti  
Visions of lotties, pictures of Blood, scenes of L  
I wanna see my son, piss in that potty  
Jimmy, I'm going to make sure your wrist is real rocky  
See my plans are for long term like Mr. Miyagi  
Wax on, wax off, put our wax on, take that wack off  
Over some nights, I had fights over the white  
The roads to the lows, I knows what it's like  
Now, career over like Mike: anyone  
Tyson, Jordan, Jackson, it's over

This shit right here touched my soul, man  
My grandmother or something, 56 bless her soul  
Apartment 56 that is, 101, West 140th  
Rest In Peace Liddiah Giles, Blood Shed..