The Diplomats, I Really Mean It

(Woman singing in background)

(Intro: Jimmy Jones)
You see man
Let's get off of that lame man
Let's get into what we like to do man
This what we do preferably man
We bring that powerful music to your table man
Killa, let em know something

(Cam'Ron)
Young Guru, Just Blaze, Killa, Diplomats, huh
Juelz Santana, Jim Jones, Freaky Zekey
Hoffa, Dash, huh, Killa, huh

Ya'll niggas dreamed it, I have seen it
Body warm, heart anemic (I really mean it)
Coke, a nigga steamed it, fiends I leaned em
Beemer leaned it (I really mean it)
Guns, really beaming, rarely miss, what's really good?
Bikes, wheelie and creamin' (I really mean it)
I'm a genius, poppadopalis, never leaning
On your Zenith (I really mean it)
Killa, bury more mutts, they actually all ducks
Caddy more trucks, its daddy Warbucks
And you Orphan Annie
Ma, take off your panties
Sea soft and sandy (I really mean it)
Yeah, let's get lost in candy
I got lost in Boston, Austin, flossin' of course Miami
Reno, Nevada sip pino colada
Mama I'm seen on the Prada (I really mean it)
I rock more in Phoenix road to glory
Seen it, you seen it (I really mean it)
The game abuse it, its pain in music
But this year, wrist wear remains the bluest
I get lame and lose it, beef came to do it
Aim and shoot it, flames til your brains the fluid
Ya'll just kids, see what I just did, take a couple bars off
Let Just {Blaze} live

(Jim Jones)
Yeah, now that's powerful music man
You need to pop something and roll something (I really mean it)
Killa we did it man, I got your back forever, Dip Set (I really mean it)
And them lames, we pop them sideways and drag them faggots (I really mean it)

(Cam'Ron)
Ok, we back in
Mami listen (I really mean it)
Hey yo lock my garage, rock my massage
Fuck it, bucket by Osh Kosh Bgosh
Golly I'm gully, look at his galoshes
Gucci, gold, platinum plaque collages
From collabos, ghost writing for assholes
Want to use my brain, than give Killa mad dough
It's all good, increase Killa cash flow
Increase my fame, that's why Killa smash hoes
You'll get side swiped, look at my life
First movie ever, merked out Mekhi Phife
And papi got jerked out of pies twice
Dip Set, we working with five dice
Cee-lo and craps, c-notes and stacks
I send bodies with, read this note attached

Ya youngin' fucked with boys in the hood
Gave her a son like Ricky, from Boyz in the Hood'
On the couch bloody, old lady sighing
Wifey screaming (I really mean it)
Pissy little baby crying
Fuck upped man shit, there you seen it (I really mean it)
Fam man, you terry cloth, that mean you very soft
Gravy Mercedes, add the cranberry sauce

(Jim Jones)
Yeah, gangstas ride man, Flex we got you, guns up (I really mean it)
And all my ladies man, the ghettos a diddy, I need you, I want you (I really mean it)
Oh, pop something, roll something, get twisted, that's on Jim nigga (I really mean it)
Harlem! Man we here to stay, it's nothing left to say man (I really mean it)
Eastside, and as for that lame man, now see I ain't even gone say your last name
Cuz that's mine, I catch you, you know what it is
You faggot!
I ain't gone get to hyped over you man, we gone bury you
Holla!
See if you bout it, bout it
Cuz we is (I really mean it)
NYC!