

# The Diplomats, More Than Music

(Juelz Santana)

Yo I try to be easy

I try to be calm breathe easy, it don't seem easy

I'm on my Ps and Qs, Ys and Zs, .45 on the side of me

Plus, four guys on the side of me, with .45 on the side of them

We can play now, this is a war not a playground

We came here to lay or get laid down, spray or get sprayed down

Wills for us anyday now, cops with their wall to wall raids down

I'm ducking and weaving, running and leaving

Not trying to feel the cuffs when they squeezing

Or the plugger they stuck to Lumina

So I'm stuck with this nina, I'm stuck with this finger

Itchy as fuck, you're fucked if I leave ya chump

Went to school, but ain't stay in class, hated class

Only for period, yep, I could relate to math

Played games, but the games was bad

You know, cops and robbers, laser tag, see what I was aiming at

Hop scotching on niggaz faces kept my ankles bad

That ain't stop me from working I got me a worker

Gotta him to work, and yeah, chopping the work up

Keep him on my clock, clocking my work up, niggaz know me

Taught him how to cook, livin his work up

Told him it's not the pot, it's the worker, gotta mix shorty

Gotta do it like this shorty

Clockwise, counter-clockwise, it's all in the wrist shorty

Fuck with me

(Chorus)

This is a movement, this is a union

This is more then what you people call music

I'm part of this Dip Set confusing

Tecs we moving, catch up, y'all losing

Y'all ain't big enough to be at the table, nope

Y'all ain't big enough to eat at the table, nope

This is powdeful music that I bring to the table

The sequal of Able, fuck with your boy

(Juelz Santana)

You motherfuckers really don't know

You motherfuckers really wont know

I'm real fucka, I really wont fold

I kill fuckas and wheelie off roads

Bangie rapper, like I'm really off road

The pain I feel, I really wont show man

The game is real, I really don't know Cam

If I'ma make it or not

But my plan was to take it straight to the top

Bring my fame to the block, with me

Harlem's my home, so I'm making it hot with me

'Til the day I'm layed on the block, with shots in me

Stay weeded, stay cheifing a blunt

Stay losing some more pounds, I ain't eating enough, nope

Stop fronting homes, you wont do nothing homes

Killa locked this, I'm what's up and coming homes

You better believe, one thing I was always taught in my household you better achieve

No matter what you do, you better succeed

That was embedded in me, yeah, the rest was left up to me

So I, played my position, I stayed in the kitchen

Base tripping on the bottom of the plate when I'm mixing

Cake whipping on the bottom of the plate when I left it

Eight digits when I take it, break it and flip it

This is the Matrix, I take it we live in

Shit, I'm seeing the sun, I'm Neo the one, believe me

Hand picked like cotton, I've been sent here not to be forgotten

My hands grip the dots in, I get ya poppin'  
Shoot shit, shit is poppin'  
Move bricks get it rocking, y'all know me  
Ya young homie from the block, y'all forgot me already?  
Holla back, the young Rocky is ready whoa!

(Chorus)

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