

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 sequel 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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