

The Diplomats, Real Niggas (Interlude)

(Cam'ron)

Dip Set, Jim Jones, Freeky
Aight Santana man...let's do this
Killa, let's do it man, killa

(Cam'ron)

Aiyyo I argue with my mother, spring, summer, fall and winter time
Get that off the table Cam'ron it's dinner time
I got a line downstairs ma, I'm in the grind
From ten to nine, you do your business right, let me attend to mine
You cooking pork anyway, I ain't into to swine
You out ya mind, nah, you don't know what's in my mind
I'ma surpass crack, move on to Nasdaq
But still my connects move anthrax on Amtrak

(Juelz Santana)

Aiyyo Cam before the cops rush, close the spot
Load the glocks they stuntin', we control the block
They frontin' we throw them shots and laugh at 'em
Shoots from the 4-4 magnum, that's how we get back at 'em
Trap 'e, grab 'em and clap at 'em
Yeah, I do this for my lost tribes and Africans
Who lost lives in battling, 4-5s and hackling'
I believe in black soldiers, black covers
Black roses on your grave, snakes and black cobras
Black vultures, rats roaches, sleep now, they laughs over
Fucka

Chorus: 2x (Cam'ron and Juelz Santana)

You can catch real niggaz, doing some real things, for real money
Cause real niggaz get money, real niggaz don't snitch
Real niggaz dont lie for a bitch, real niggaz get rich

(Juelz Santana)

Now how you losers want it (Tell me)
We can war out, or ball out I used to frontin', holmes
I throw away 20s on boots and stuntin'
Waste 50s, and abuse my hundreds, I'm getting money, yep
I spend thousands on the shoes for the coup it's nothing
Plus big truckin too it's nothing

(Cam'ron)

I lick a shot so he know I meant it
His soldiers dented, so is his rented
Supreme soloist and still co-defendant
And you notice, a mean motorist that blows the fifth on defendants
Since roota-rooda, yes the Motorola yes sir I'm splendid
You see the furs and pendants, Austin Sigoto, drop though
Hitting curves like Emitt (From Europe) Smith
If you ain't get it, the fifth'll hit your fitted
Clips I get it spitted, flip your wig I really lift it

(Jim Jones)

I'm this burgundy Benz, swervin' B
As I'm watching the snow fall, I'm watching the heads they copping the coke y'all
And to the fiends and junkies, that go through dreams of drunkies
Hos with low-esteem, you know they scream in their monthly (Shut up bitch)
And to my soldiers rocking green in the country
Keep your dean and stay hungry, let get this cream and get money
Them haters wishing they could see my demise
See my moms hard to grief her eyes
Man that eats me alive, roll the weed and get high
This what keep me alive (Listen to me)
My Dip Gang man, the peeps that'll ride

Over me the same peeps that have died
If it's me that catch you, you're fried...

Chorus: 2x (Cam'ron and Juelz Santana)
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Cause real niggaz get money, real niggaz don't snitch
Real niggaz dont lie for a bitch, real niggaz get rich