

The Diplomats, What's Really Good

(Cam'Ron)

Uh, Uh Yeah

We back in the fucking building

Diplomats, Young Guru, Jim Jones, Santana, Freaky

Came in second half

Shit man, only thing we really wanna know right now is

What? Is what's really good? That's the question

(Cam'Ron)

Suicide sickness, child negligence

Homicide fingerprints, wild evidence (But what?)

But thou shall, respect me bloa, bloa

Clap, clap, pow, pow, bow down, nigga

Be in Columbus never seen Bow Wow (Nope)

We big dogs, all on the chow down

Chow, and Mr. Giles lay back

Santana locked up, get 'em out ASAP

Aight, now boy, not tonight

I where a bomb to the court like it's a ice white

I'm real ice right, still in the hood

But the question for y'all is

(DMX) What's Really Good?

(Cam) Nothing, see me on 55th, black scooped it up

A-k activated, act stupid, one did act stupid

Mac had to move it, from the hood like

(DMX) What's really good?

(Cam) I had to lay 'em down, clip him up, sprayed around

Split him up, he played the ground, leave, nine stayed around

Outlaw on the street, shot four from the three

Southpaw Portuguese (What's Really Good?)

(Chorus: Cam'Ron) + (DMX)

To all my ladies, ghetto to ghetto

Heals, sneakers, slipper stilettos, hello

Diplomats are coming to your hood

And we wanna know (What's really good?)

All my niggaz, block for block

Rock for rock, top for top

Top a top, stash your clocks under the hood

And niggaz wanna know (What's really good?)

(Jim Jones)

Okay I admit

I mean they said I was trippin' had to re-edit the spin

44 lead when I'm spitting

Shots to the head of my victims

Big deserts we grippin' to dry out, you in the desert is slippin'

They go through extreme measures to get 'em

Them chains and them treasures the glistening

You got three hideouts, a bed in the system

My brethren I miss them

So please tell me y'all

(DMX) What's really good?

(J.Jones) Top of the drop when it's missing

MY block when it's clickin', these rocks when they glistening

(DMX) What's really good?

(J.Jones) 145th on this crunk, big 45th in my trunk

Big gouty wrists on you chumps

Mostly me and sometimes them

But mostly me, oh shit man, that's one time them

Squally, so through your set up please

And let me know if you really good

And let me know if you really hood

(Chorus)

(Cam'Ron)

I like this beat, drums and bells
Remind me of bullets, bodies, guns and shells
I don't talk the verse, Polly wanna cracker
When she on the stand, you probably wanna smack her
Probably wanna clap her, end your day properly
Air the shit out like the end of State Property
No run away robber, gunner stay half of me the end I see prophecy
(DMX) What's Really Good?
I'm in the buggy mon', with the Rugby on
Air Force Ones, looking like Lucky Charms
Lotta dudes, yelling out "Fuck me, uh?"
I'll blow this bitch dog, what the fuck we on

(Juelz Santana)

It's Santana, I'm straight out the box homey
Straight to the stoop, straight to the booth when I stepped out the box homey
I still got the sun of the box on me
Grimy clothes, funky arms, my socks dirty
I told you I can count on my boy
I'm in trouble, needed bail money, dialed on my boy
Shit, and just when I thought it was getting worst
I was bailed out scot-free, spittin' this verse, uh-huh
You don't sit in the dirt, clips'll disperse
(Dmx) What's Really Good
(Santana) ME MOTHERFUCKER!!!
Don't play with this, I'm so great at this
Santana, bandana, release the eight a spit (COME ON...)

(Chorus)