

# The Diplomats, Wouldn't You Like To Be A Gangsta

Okay  
I'm sure you heard

He's back in the building  
It's official ticial  
Hell Rell DipSet all day nigga let's do it  
Talk to me I talk back  
Yea  
Yea

Now I'm a hustla he's a hustla we some motherfuckin  
hustlaz wouldn't you love you be a hustla too? Talk to me  
I'm a gangsta he's a gangsta we some motherfuckin  
gangstaz wouldn't you love to be a gangsta too?

(Hell Rell)  
Yo, from a lonely jail cell back to the bricks  
Its Hell Rell motherfucker from the the the Dips!  
See I got to put work back on the street again  
Bounce back on my feet again  
Gators back on my feet again  
Bought some guns these haters back with the beef again  
Red-dot them infared lasers back on the heat again  
And they wanna lock me up throw away the key  
Cuz I'm sitting on enough coke to throw away a key  
Fuck em you wanna kill me come and do it I don't give a fuck  
Diplomats live it up  
Clack Clack give it up  
Hard dick have money what I give a slut  
Chocolate Escalade call that this nigga truck  
My gun bust need I say more  
Now I've got my moms telling me I should pray more  
Mami please I don't get on my knees that shit ain't for geez  
I'm bout to take my ass to hell for all the triggers I squeeze (Let's go)

(Chorus)  
Now I'm a hustla he's a hustla we some motherfuckin  
hustlaz wouldn't you love you be a hustla too? Now talk to me  
I'm a gangsta he's a gangsta we some motherfuckin  
gangstaz wouldn't you love to be a gangsta too? Holla at me  
I'm a ridah he's a rider we some motherfuckin ridaz  
wouldn't you love to be a rider too? Holla at me  
Hell Rell, Dipset, Bird gang, what's good  
Wouldn't you like to be a gangsta too? Talk to me!

(Hell Rell)  
Yea I'm still gettin out  
So what the judge boost the bail  
Niggaz run around saying what they gonna do to Rell(Nothin)  
Two P-89's on me call me Ruger Rell  
Y'all niggaz talk about your bodies I don't shoot and tell  
And you still playing you ain't even close to culture  
First you up then you down what you rollercoaster?  
Tre pound rubber grip what my holster holding  
And there's a baby being born a fiend overdoser  
Must have been my dope that did em man  
I party on the yacht with some hoes or her pigeon friends  
You tell a slut you love her and miss her hug her and kiss her  
I fuck her and diss her probably was your cousin or sister  
I got mami sucking dick, put product on the strip  
Spray a nigga pay a nigga just to bottle up a brick  
But I'm trying to make sure that my dust move  
A young nigga what I was laid I hamma dosage

(Chorus)

(Hell Rell)

For that paper snatch you daughter up  
Cruise pulling Porches up  
Cam I'm hungry now go head and kick your Air Jordans up  
Put your hand on me your moms'll get it in the mail  
I was buzzing more than you when I was sitting in a cell  
All the streets wanted to know was where's Hell Rell  
There go Jim there go Killa but where's Hell Rell  
There go Freaky Santana but where's Hell Rell  
I'm here now everybody thanks for all the fan mail  
But fuck a bitch I don't love them either (Naw)  
The powder black the coke is white so when I cook it's like jungle fever  
A couple niggaz going to be shot in their face  
Robbed for every dollar that they got in their safe  
See I'm something like a phe-no-me-non (Yea)  
I kidnap your kids with their pajamas on (Yea)  
And I still slap a nigga just for stepping on my white on whites  
I'm in the hood like peeling cheese and Mike and Ikes

(Chorus)