

The Diplomats f/ 40 Cal, Hell Rell, J.R. Writer

"The Pit"

Visit "[The Pit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[J.R. Writer]

Holla

No sorrow haters wrapped in a Tahoe

For all those who saw J smash the Apollo yikes

All covered in ice like I was standing in Times Square

On "The Day After Tomorrow" holla

I'm in to bigger dough, sicker flow

Rocky dial what make it possible to Rocky-bow hit your
hoe

I feel like Bigelow 'cause ever since I got the churp
number

All I been hearing was bleep like the Springer show

I got Poppa Al money you got pocket-style money

Doggie, these maurie's try a thou' dunny

Girl's dropping wild funny

Soon as I step in and want to grab on the gator like
Crocodile Dundy

See I'm the worst round, you'll hit the dirt ground

I surf towns in Jaguars that's dirt brown

I know it hurt clown, to see me laid in a suite

Under sheets, stuffed with more feathers than a First
Down

Comfortable

[Hell Rell]

Yo

I copped a couple K's for the beef when it goes down

I told niggaz that they couldn't eat in they own town

Fuck off the strip, for I bust off a clip

My time is money I got to get the fuck off this brick

Follow me around and we'll see the life of a hustler

Follow you around and we'll see the life of a buster

Beat down, smacked up, robbed every minute

And my soldiers, they treat me like I'm God every
minute

Hot as a fuck, but don't get acknowledged enough

This is grade-A piff you got garbage to puff

And when it come to my rocks get it polished and
buffed

Same thing with your girl I get polished and buffed

A few bricks on the table, I'm smoking by the pound

If I don't blow I'm on the next thing smoking out of town
I'm sitting on grenades, I'm sitting on some blades
Yay, flip it suede fitted sitting on my braids
Nigga I got gats to tuck and Cadillac the truck
I deal with mathematics homeboy and you ain't adding
up
Two plus two don't equal five
I eat the truth but feed you lies you bitch nigga
And I ain't ask to come through, man I'm barging out
From now on you address me as ?

[40 Cal]

I'm the kid from 140 baby
40 making all the cake
My dope like tsunami, I kill 'em off a water weight
You play 50 get your story straight
Niggaz up in 50 minus 2, that's ya number due, the 48
Well do the math, the nigga's a problem
You broke, ya dead broke when I kill 'em and rob 'em
40, niggaz think they can call shots.
Y'all ain't got no winds you lost hair like a bald spot
You want the Tupac Shakur props?
But it's like a disease now 'cause all y'all got is
smallpox
And that's off top at ya door with 4 knocks
40 catch vicks in they halls like coughdrops
Porsche box, school you how to sell the coke-a
'Cause "Diplomat" without the "t" spells diploma
Tryna, tell you dolja, the flame in ya ass
The game in a smash, 40 keep his name in a stash
You the type to go to jail, turn ya name to Shebazz
I'm a menace, the O-Dog with the 'Caine on the ave
40

Visit [The Diplomats f/ 40 Cal, Hell Rell, J.R. Writer](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.