

The Diplomats f/ Hell Rell

"Back in the Building"

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You see man?

These coward-ass niggas don't understand nothin' 'til
you apply pressure to 'em

Hell Rell, Heatmakerz, DipSet all day

[Verse 1]

Gangstas fuck with me, hustlers fuck with me

'Cause they grew up on the same blocks that corrupted
me

And if you ain't real right don't throw it up to me

A bunch of coward cocksuckers y'all grewed up to be

You ain't walking right, get your diddy-bop together

Give a fuck if its broad daylight let my city pop

whenever and

We can get it scrapping, I'm a fighter not a lover man

I'll never be broke, stretch coke like its rubber-bands

My dope from Africa, straight from the motherland

Your girl can't suck a good dick but your mother can

You had to get a deal to ice your wrist, your hands,
neck

I did that without show money or advanced check

Niggas I used to smack up, sent to the store

Think they gangsta now, posted up in front of the store

Man, y'all still lil niggas to me;

Y'all just grew some sideburns and a long goatee

Remember me?

[Chorus]

I told you this is what I do on Diplomatic Immunity

I was gone for a while but now y'all got to get used to
me

Yes, Hell Rell's back in the building

I got everybody hostage I took over the building

Plus you always wanna talk about what y'all niggas gon'
do to me

I'm standing right here on my hip is where the Rugers
be

Yes, Hell Rell's back in the building,

I got everybody hostage I took over the building

[Verse 2]

Fuck with me, get in this DipSet groove
I had a flow before Doug was screaming "Get Fresh Crew"
I bust my guns, get fresh too
Now I don't work out but I'll pull up on the block and bench-press you
And these bricks they get moved like they in my way
And if I shoot down to MIA
Naw I ain't gonna see Trick Daddy or run up in the Zino Club
I came to cop a couple kilos thug
This is big business
Killa's the head honcho, Jim Jones the Capo
I'm Hell Rell chase cheese middle name Nacho
And my nigga Santana, yeah he's human crack
And this that fresh-out-of-jail flow, can't lose with that
You wanna get a nigga shot, it gotta come from me
You wanna open up a spot, it gotta come from me
You wanna take over a block, it gotta come from me
When them boys start asking questions, it ain't come from me

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I got a good relationship when it come to them fiends
Fair exchange, no robbery when it come to them things
They money go in my pocket, my crack go in they stems
Stem go in they mouth, they light it, they love it, they like it
Runnin' from jail, dodging bullets, dunking indictments
I don't do it for the money, I just love the excitement
And y'all niggas wanna go and buy custom-made kicks
Me, I went and bought bigger guns, custom-made clips
Niggas can't scheme on 'em (not at all)
'Cause Hell Rell got that thing on 'em
Trucked up, VS's blinged on 'em
Confusing when dudes think its just music
I lean on 'em, get to reaching, pull out guns wit' beams on 'em
These niggas got me in the mix
We organized crime; we only not Gotti cause a snitch
You gonna hear the shotti when it spit
These bullets and these pellets separate your upper body from your hip

[Chorus]

