

The Diplomats f/ J.R. Writer

"If Only You Believe"

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[Intro]

Kids Singing Throughout

"If only you believe, if only you believe, I believe we'd
get by
If only you believe, if only you believe, in miracles so
do I"

[J.R. Writer]

uh, big up the boy J.R. Writer in the building y'all
Only this time around, it's sentimental
You know what I'm sayin'? It's miracles
Uh, watch how I paint this picture, let's get vivid

[Verse 1]

Yo, my vision is just ill, I'm picturin' it still
How my life revolves around a miracle foreal
Vision it just vivid, so I spit it through a deal
A song album, wow, these miracles are real
Still, yet through tragics, you seen it, bet it's magic
I said "I bet that's magic", it's like he never had it
(word)
To his fans in the stands it was just extatic
I know the back of his mind he thought he'd never last
it (true)
But he did, and he lived, like you gots to be kiddin'
This song goes out to them tsunami victims
Who got ditched homeless, without a spot to live in
Family gone, not a car knorr a pot to piss in
Kids ya livin', let's start basically rebuildin'
A couple days y'all managed to raise a couple million
(that's crazy!)
I ain't spiritual, but it had to be God's wonders
That helped Zeke through gettin' shot and hit with a car
bumper, I wonder

[Talking over singing]

uh, I'm just tryna show y'all man
If only you believe man, this miracles are real man
Uh, I need you to zone out with me though, dim the
lights a little bit
Uh, yo, check it

[Verse 2]

Through the trial with a girl, gettin' outta Lapearl
I would never think that I would bring a child in the
world
It's a miracle from seein' the birth next
To seein' the burp yes, first words, even the first steps
Goo-goo ga-ga, who-who ha-ha
peek-a-boo, I see you, you-who papa
Guy I'm just God blessed
This whole song is based why you seen Kan West,
surivive through that car wreck
For gettin' away where murderers get at you
To my man down on trial for a murder he didn't do
Whoever thought we'd get through slavery and racism
Slavery was racism, pacin' through, hey livin'
To Martin for heart, a heart that was smart
The proudest step to Malcolm X for marchin' his march
To the cops when there's trouble at the spot on the
double
To firefighters pullin' bodies out of the rubble, let's
sing

[Talking over singing]

Whoo! Hey Killa, hey Killa now I understand why you
call me the writer of writer's
I feel like a miracle in the making man

Kids singing till fade

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