

Diplomats "Beautiful Noise"

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Charlemagne, told ya, I got ya, nigga, holla

My homey, Cash, well, he gone for five
Send my prayers, do your thing, I'll be goin' for mine
Shit, we live life to the fullest
Three hundred an' sixty five nights on the strike
That's a bullet

Shit, an' uncle Ricky got a month an' some change
An' it feels like the garbage truck just dumpin' the pain
All on my shoulders, I'm warnin' my soldiers
The nights could get chilly, the morning's much colder

I've seen summers get cold
An' niggaz do it up until the point they done an' they
fold
They can't succumb to the cold
Those of frostbitten, up north sittin'
Just like some fuckin' lost kittens

They get locked up for carryin', boy
Doin' time underground, up in Marion, boy
Shit, I respect you
You do your time like Gotti
An' come home like that Marion boy, holla

You got weed? Smoke it, you got dice? Roll it
You got guns? Shoot it, you got a ho? Stroke it
You got money? Spend it, you got cars? Whip 'em
You caught a bid? Do it, you got kids? Love 'em

You got weed? Smoke it, you got dice? Roll it
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You caught a bid? Do it, you got kids? Love 'em, hug
'em

I gotta keep strivin', I gotta keep movin'
I gotta keep grindin', If this was the road an' I was a
trucker
Then shit, man, I gotta keep drivin'
Through the lies an' deception, had to ride through

neglection

I'm an insomnia addict, up all night, Pops an' Moms
was an addict
Shit, my puffin' scums is a habit
I need me a contingency plan
My pops with the syringe in his hand

He was leanin' an' noddin'
Uncle Ricky, your mission is like Afeni was Robin
Shit, you should've seen the apartment
All I ever wanted was franks an' beans I was starvin'
Crack fiends on the carpet, shit

But if it wasn't for grandma, I swear
I'm in love with my grandma, that's why I only does it
for grandma
That's when I roll in the street, I pray
She covers me from the crown of my head to the sole
of my feet

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I figured it's means as a minor, look at the foods ad
fibers
The dude with the cubes will snipe ya
More tools then snider, exclusive writer
The jewels are fire, I learned don't fool with rider from
Pop

I don't need a gun, just a screwdriver
Two tires, two pliers, a wrench an' a few wires, shit
I take it all from the buyers
Bonfire, all from a lighter, call me 'MacGyver'

Need a rehab, I'll call up Shania
Bitch, hungry? Good, we gonna stall in papayas
Take your recession special, yeah, you less then
special
Me an' Jim Jones, extra special, check it

Dre to Snoop, Gotti to Ja

Dame to Jigga, Puff to Big, D n' Y
Doggy, you next up, get your respect up
Or a vest can't protect you when I hit you in your chest,
duck

The big heads done pushed me
You gotta be sex, dickheads is pussy, Killa
I bring the hammers to the gunfight
One night stand, only standin' for one night

Doggy, 'cause when it come to that cash
No, homo, I will jump in that ass, jumpin' jack flash
Then jump in that jag, jumpsuit, jump back for the
coroner
I have you jump in that bag, come with that cash

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