

Diplomats

"First"

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[Jim Jones]

Come on, yo, yo

[Verse]

Aiyoo my Dip Set Taliban, we are not a crew
We're more like a movement, more like in tuned with
The moon and the stars, some say I'll soon be doomed
for them bars
But I could be caught, pissy clubs, saloons and some
bars
Industry think that they grooming a star nah
I'm more like a thug misproving the odds, run around
my city all crazy
With my goons in some cars

[Bridge: Cam'Ron]

I tell 'em
Wake up, wake up
Gotta go get that cake up, break up
Divide that payroll, aiyoo
Go get that ya-yo, ya-yo
Killa, paper, holla at Pedro
On the 8-0 and wait for my son the lay low
Ba' bro

[Cam'Ron]

When I beef, names will be said tool will be spread
Two in your head, body be bagged, eulogy read
Dog in the news will get read, cause what I deal with is
usually feds
On the first

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Aiyoo, aiyoo, aiyoo, aiyoo, aiyoo, aiyoo
It's the first of the month..
Ya-yo, ya-yo, ya-yo, ya-yo-, ya-yo, ya-yo, ya-yo, ya-yo,
ya-yo
It's the first of the month..

[Juelz Santana]

Now I'm the type of dude, post up sell drugs on your
property

Stone cold hustler, ain't no fucking denying me
I sell drugs in varieties, you want it, I got it
You see it, you like it, we count it, you buy it from me
I'm what the people call a menace to the public society
Fuck 'em I'm riding, my gun on the side of me
Fuck it I'm driving, I'm puffing high as can be
I'm speeding, I'm weaving, I'm bugging my eye on the
street

Cam signed to the Roc it's time that we eat
Harlem's back, this time it's for keeps
You rolling or not?

The Takeover's now, y'all focused or not?
We been ready it's just that our promotion was not
But I can't blame no one for this, I'm all right with that
Can't be racist cause I sell too much white for that
So I decided I'mma milk these crackers for all they milk
and crackers

Until I'm rich and these mills don't matter
Uh, you niggaz follow my plot?
If not, swallow these shots, Santana swallow your block
I run with enforcers, big dudes and bosses
Black, British and Walter, the phone call will cost ya'
Keep rolling in them caravans acting
We got big trucks with chrome Taliban action
Send one up to Jabar, my nigga maxed in
T-Money's home and he's never going back in

[Chorus]

[Cam'Ron]

Aiyo, I swear to God, you think I had a violin the way I
fiddle triggers
How you older than me, and still a little nigga
On the first, I hate these chickens
Get their check, hair, nails done, steak and chicken, for
they friends
And they kids fly, I ain't open friend, on the 11th, you
gonna be broke again
Word to Jehova man, hoes in they shoes, barking like a
Doberman
Coming to see Cam, for some coke again

[Jim Jones]

Shit, it's the first of the month
Yo, I'm the first on the block for the cycle
A rock that is first like shoots from a rifle
See they tainted our image, it's fucked up how the
game painted our image
They say we dangerous people, why, because we sell
caine to the people
That don't be the reason I be aiming this eagle, my

aims to get equal
The first and fifteenth's got some restraints on my
people

[Chorus]

[Jim Jones - talking]
Dip set nigga, Jim Jones, Capo Status
Killah the don, Juelz Santana, FREEKY
Harlem, my Taliban
Eastside, B's up
The first and fifteenth
We still going through it
Welfare, medicade, some liquor stores
Broadway, 7th, 15th, 40th
Y'all know the struggle
Holla
Roc-A-Fella (Whoo!)

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