

Diplomats

"Get Use To This"

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Dip dip dipset bitch
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Let's do it man
I'm in the building

Yo, I started the starters and fathered the fathers who
fathered
I slaughter the slaughters and slaughter the slaughters
who slaughtered
I target than spark it, and Pa you'll be part of this target
From artist to artist J.R. is that hardest regardless
Put your fate in his hands, there'll be changin' of plans
A man did, I did it from standin' in rain wit a gram
Now I slither in glitter, Jacob throw glaze on my hand
Shit, D-12 don't even know the name of my band

Man I'm just super fly, two for five, bake the bait
Eight for eight, eight to eight, wait I'm great, haters
hate
Cubs come to paper chase, I've dealt with major cake
Ever since Jake the Snake, all I rocked was Bathin' Apes
Ooh yeah hun, those them old Air Ones
Sneaks crispy, 350, you ain't never wear none
I'm a pimp girl, get it through your ear drums
No I'm not tellin' you where you can get a pair from

I'm sicker than sicker, you sicker than sicker now ain't
chu
A Picturin' picture, just picture this picture I paint you
I'm swift with the fifth, when I grip it, it spit at an angle
You'll be stiffer than stiff, prick, up sittin' with angels
I'm just doin' me jewelery, blue it be
Pimp's ya pa, it's J.R. hittin' hard, soon you'll see
Act a fool we'll take you back to school like truancy
So give me my respect, I'm the best true indeed

Excuse the Dips, please, we movin' bitch, move
We the truth, we the proof get used to this, yup
Our movements sick, your movements shit
That's a fact have a nap and get used to this, yeah

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Yo, I'm ice chain, bright range, nice rings, splice Caine
Cop the pound, chop it down, rock ya town, pipe game
I can do a price change
What I pack is crunk I don't mean pass the Bronx
When I say ya white plain, look J is built, to let the eighty
tilt
Gun brawl, one call, that'll get you haters killed
Snap, pop, sprayed and peeled, so friend just chill
Look here, I'm in fa mills and I ain't talkin' baby milk

When I spray with the mag, you will play in it glad
That means lay in a bag, like some haters that I had
Hoes I scrap up and rag serious
Shit I ain't talkin' periods when I say pussy stay in my
path
I amaze 'em like dag, you ain't a killa please
That ain't no killa weed, them twigs are filled wit' seeds
I hit the Philippines across the river seas
O.C. for weeks where I don't feel the breeze

So I got heifers, whores, with some excellent jaw
Like the vet for sure, who want me to sex them raw
But I X'd them all, get some head in the bed
Then walk the chickenhead right towards the exit door
Just face it my nig', you can't stay with the kid
I got paper, gators, many flavors ya dig
They just hate how I live, 'cuz the only time they see me
Under the wing is when I'm in the basement of my crib

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