

# Diplomats

## "I Love You"

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Yuh dip set, nigga  
Luca, fuck with your boy  
Santana, fuck with your boy  
You know, I'm feelin' like Rocky again  
My reason to fight

People say my theories is backwards  
I tell them, sincerely, it's clearly, you hearing me  
backwards  
I tell 'em I'm great, but still I need practice  
I tell them to wait, go and comeback quick

They don't understand me  
It's not logic, I'm not logic, I got problems  
I worship the late prophet, the great Muhammad Ali  
For the words that he spoke, that stung like a bee

Soaked into me, you fucker's will see  
But still I'm insane, I'm rod man, dealing my brain  
I'm grinding sharing my pain, shit, where is the fame  
My niggaz, they still rhyming, still in the game  
Still grindin', still dealing the cane  
Still cockin' shit at your brain

Homie, I still smell the rotten people that lay  
Down in ground zero, forgotten, left in for days  
Probably left there to stay, left to decay  
Broken pieces of towers, left in their graves

I pray let them be saved, till then, that's just a  
suggestion I make  
You follow me homie, listen, I subjected my ways  
To cocaine, weapons that spray, at your face  
motherfucker  
It's Santana the great motherfucker, in the place  
motherfucker  
Stay away motherfucka 'cause I'm headed  
Straight to the top motherfucka Diplomat Taliban  
Slash rock motherfucka

Oh yeah, I do this for my block motherfucka  
D train, Al Gator, pop motherfucka

Young drugs, young twins, Shiest Bug  
The niggaz I love, my niggaz, my thugs

Now, come fuck with your boy  
Jones, killa, Freaky, come fuck with your boy, whoa  
It's Santana again nigga, no bandanas just him nigga  
In the flesh motherfucka, like

Yeah, I can pass this, yo man I got to get this out  
Let's do it my nigga, it's touch my heart right here  
nigga  
Go

I seen it time, business and friendship  
Well fuck it, friendships get ended, business attended  
Clips get extended lawyers get called, accountants get  
faxed  
That was my man, well I wish that he meant it, fuck it

It's been a long time, hearin' the mobsters  
This ain't overnight, it's years in the process  
Shed a tear in the process, now process is over  
All my niggaz get prepared for the Oscars

Back to the block, sharing a lobster  
Morris Malone, Sam Malone, preparing the vodka, holla  
Hallelujah, no hum-du Allah, but respecting my Aki  
He held me down, when it was getting real Rocky

Hustling, isn't a hobby  
I sit in the lobby, look at my ovie, have visions of Gotti  
Visions of lotties, pictures of blood, scenes of L  
I wanna see my son, piss in that potty

Jimmy, I'm going to make sure your wrist is real Rocky  
See my plans are for long term like Mr. Miyagi  
Wax on, wax off, put our wax on, take that wack off

Over some nights, I had fights over the white  
The roads to the lows, I knows what it's like  
Now, niggaz career over like Mike anyone  
Tyson, Jordan, Jackson, it's over

This shit right here touched my soul, man  
My grandmother or something, 56 bless her soul  
Apartment 56 that is, 101, west 140th Street  
Rest in peace Liddiah Giles, blood shed  
Let's get our shit now

