

Diplomats "Purple Haze"

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Tito, crack that dutch
Roll that purple up
Niggaz slackin' in they mackin'
Simpin' in they pimpin'
Glad I got you baby
You the only one, I can count on man
You my crutch man, yo

We leaves spots milt, you get your top tilt
Mop filled, my block leave cops killed, duck shots still
You not built, you had zirconia's, those was zirconia's
I kept it spot built, I can ensemble linen
Grinnin' on rock silk, I'm hittin' bitches like switches
I'm a top Wilt, that's Chamberlain
Mami became a friend
Said she had the lamest men, wanted to learn the
game I win

I had to game her then, you rearrange your friends
Then you change that Benz, we need a range with rims
She bought a gravy Rover, it had a pastry odor
Yes she made the quota, 'cause I'm like Ray Liotta
Fiends in a caskets, leanin' them bastards
But the meanest of fabrics when I'm with Athena
Onassis
Or Ms. Trina, the queen of the asses
'Cause when it come to purple, I've seen it in masses

Tino, you almost finished?
(This ain't purple, neither Tito)
This blunt almost out right here
(I don't know what this is)
I love you man
(I'm not smokin' this)
Only thing I count on is you
(Tito I want him, I don't want him)

Tito just got the blunt
(Don't fuck with nothin' else but you)
I'm reloaded now
(Goddamn)
(Tito roll me up another blunt)

Killer
(Somethin' ain't right with this)

And I'm a nuisance child, gamin' her stupid now
Plus, I'm stupid foul, pulled a coup to trial
I come through canal and let the Luger style
In the D.A. mouth shit, here's a root canal
Right on center street, put 'em on front street
Next day the front page, "Who gonna front on me?"
Girls deranked and chumped, I call 'em skank and cunt
Take a trip with the dip bitch to the bank to stunt

Serena Williams, downtown vacant and trump
Who wanna bang her rump, chump, yes I bring the
pump
That's why I'm kinda hyped because my money's good
Which means my mind is right, so I got time to write
How I grind at night, next tab, China White
Army hat, army jacket, yes sir my line is right
Diminish his army, we finished the Don P
Now let's get purple like Grimace and Barney, holla

You my crutch man
I gotta come in now
I don't know what Tito's rollin' up
I gotta roll it up myself
I don't know what's in them dutch masters

If you don't crush your own weed up
And put it in the blunt yourself
Your own brother'll hand you some dust
That's what time it is, I gotta come in
Give me two minutes y'all, I'll be back with y'all in a
minute
I gotta roll up

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