

# Diplomats

## "Push It"

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**(feat. J.R. Writer)**

*[Cam'Ron]*

Killah! Dip Set! Jim Jones, Santana  
Man, shit ain't changed since eighty-eight (nope)  
Get on the corner and push something  
Dip Set! (Killah!)

*[Cam'Ron (Jim Jones)]*

Yo baby yo, Hey, you, yes give me a kiss  
You better make it fast, I know you like what's on my  
wrist  
(Now y'all know me from that block where we move  
them rocks)  
(You better make it fast, watch your ass, or get pursued  
by cops)  
You don't know what its like up on that Peter Pan  
Paranoia, weeded damn, damn, but we the man  
Proceed to jam, call us if you need a hand  
Call us if you need some grams, (Jim Jones) Cesar Cam  
Every season man, Killah keep it seasoned, fam  
Call me a (?)dobo loco papo(?), believe it man  
(Now what's the chain, why's that because I need two  
things)  
(Satisfy my need, drinking Sizzurp, now bitch just roll  
my weed)

*[Chorus: Cam'Ron]*

Now push it, push it good  
Push it, push it real good

*[Juelz Santana]*

Ooh baby baby, ooh baby baby  
Ooh baby baby, Get up on this!

*[Jim Jones]*

D-I-P S-E-T, that gangsta crew  
Niggaz know the rules, follow codes, cuz that's how  
gangstas move  
Get your mayo, sell that yayo, strip clubs make it rain  
These thugs play the game, get bucks save that cane

*[Cam'Ron]*

After that, baby girl, Hey let's get some bub  
Love, love, don't rub, we fittin to hit the club  
Yeah they dance, but a lap dance they want a dub  
They don't know nan, ask Trick they love a thug  
Bam bam, jam jam, and a handstand, ha ha so tan in  
the tan stand  
Ra-ra, na-na, ha-ha, la-la, mama I keep that blam blam

*[Chorus: Cam'Rom]*

Now push it, push it good  
Push it, push it real good

*[Cam'Ron]*

All my ladies cry, all I say is "my"  
When I'm in them thighs, all you hear is "Aye!"  
Why, why, "Aye!", stop it stop it "Aye!"  
My cock a rocket cock over so I can pop it "Aye!"  
You fake old G's is corny, wack me and my breeze the  
dawny(?)  
Hard, we live too, just like the 2 Live Crew, me so horny  
Cuz I'm a choosy thug, you get your booty hugged  
Face down, ass up, don't stop, gitty gitty, I want some  
dookie love

*[Juelz Santana]*

I'm like hey baby hey, ain't no games to play  
It's money out there, yeah it's a gang to be made  
I'm a pimp baby hey, I'm screamin "pimp pimp hooray"  
Scream it with me okay, now hit the strip and get paid,  
hey  
Odd money's hard money, even money's cheating  
money  
Slow money's no money, and no money's a beating  
honey  
Push it good, push it fast, push it right  
If a nigga push that ass, push it back, push it twice, but  
push it

*[J.R. Writer]*

Hey, hey, whoa, whoa, yo, O's I bake and feed it  
To the fiends with the lean, in the beam with the cream  
With a team that's straight from phoenix  
That man that loses, face the music, still get cake like  
Regis  
Hey ma it's J.R., you know I had to make the remix  
See I push it cook it, push and cook it, push to cook it  
And roll wit cooks that's crooked, old G's who look and  
cooks it  
You'll get sprayed and showered, wit K's and Cal's,  
toupee devoured

Shots ring, bang bang, you hit, he hit  
Have your block put up a bouquet of flowers

*[Chorus: Cam'Ron]*

Now push it, push it good  
Push it, push it real good

*[Juelz Santana]*

Ooh baby baby, ooh baby baby  
Ooh baby baby, Get up on this!

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