

Diplomats

"What Is This"

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Yeah, Killa
What we gettin' ready to do is separate
The men from the mice, pit from the poodles
And the villains from the heroes

Dip set, bitch, you know what that means?
You amongst the diplomat community
This my man hell rell, he locked up
He 'bout to come home, hit 'em Rell

By the time this shit touch the streets
I'll prolly be shackled down on the bus wit' beats
But I'ma ride anyway, get high anyway
And let my vvs jewels blind your eyes anyway fucker

Y'all wanna be gangsta's listen to me
After two years of teachin', you'll get your degree
I took over blocks and put dope on it, coke on it
Subbed niggas out and put them under my deodorant

Just like my speed stick nigga, I see chips quicker
So hot, tomorrow I'm droppin' a remix nigga
And yeah, your top on your six, go head drop that
Just makin' it ways more easier to get popped nigga

Roll the haze, let's het higher and higher
But G you sellin' me coke, i supplier, supplier
They ask bout the flow, yeah, it's fire, it's fire
Y'all snitch niggas, y'all was hired to be wired

And that's my word fam, I swore to my mother I'd get
you
Made a phone call, now I'm done wit' the issue
Now all my gorillas gon' come through and get you
And murk off in a double nickel the color of pickles

I got a serious pimp game, I rock a sick chain
Toe the two tone rugger and roll wit' da Dip game
Y'all the type of niggas that will run from da rubble
Holla if y'all want birds, I can front you a couple nigga

I stack chips, this is what I do
Run through divas, give them to my crew
Send work out of town, this is what I do
Be wit' my niggas, this is what I do

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Shorty thought I had plans of spousin' her
I just wanted to have sex on the couch wit' her
Do it in the mouth wit' her
Give her a few bricks, make her take it down south wit'
her

I'm bout my scrilla, come fuck wit' your nigga
And all these haters wanna buss at your nigga
And try to do me, so I rock the Uzi under the coogi
This shit you gon feel in your bones

They ask if I'm down wit' the Roc, 'cause I be wit' Killa
and Jones
I just, put rocks on da block and rock rocks on my wrist
Get you hardest nigga, he ain't poppin' like this
Anybody I'm tossin', nigga this is hungry season

We stopped flossin' you and your mans is gettin' it
Where's our portion?
Killa, only reason they killas, when they buss in their
hoes
They make 'em ger abortions, smoke dro, flow
awesome
I got two guns, you got two guns, lets have a foursome

See I start a riot in a minute, supply it if you sniff it
I'm giving out samples, go head try it it's terrific
The crack head love me, females wanna hug me, kiss
me
Buy the whole pack wit crumbled up fifties

Don't cop from that nigga Rell is what you tell the fiens
We gettin' all the money 'cause the dimes look like
jellybeans
A few blocks and locking key, but I need a world
So it's time to lay pressure game down like Preacher
Earl

Everybody pay up or get sprayed up
This year, I'ma get my name back and my weight up
Go see primo, razor blaid the plate up

Make some packs and some workers
And start rackin' cake up this is what I do

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This is what he does
Killa, Santana, Jim Jones
Freaky, Tito here tonight
Whole talaban, Brozzy

Forty-fifth side
Diplomats man, see what we do man
This is not a motherfuckin' joke
Holla at your boy, that's seven digit cake, man

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