

The Diplomats

"40 Cal"

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"40 Cal"

[40 Caliber]

Aiyo, the heat do spray
Oh dough, too cheap, toupee
I just blow his wig off like a C2K
I don't care what ya people say
When ya whole team fags, call your crew B2Gay
What you know about Couversier and the Denali gray
Halle Berry, Halle Robertson, that's how a holiday
I play the dotty way, bring it where ya mommy stay
See the gun, put ya hands up like hip hop hooray
I'm a Dr. Dre, stacks is high
Niggaz comin' at me wrong, and I ask 'em why
And they don't have the right answer, like Allen I.
Then put ya hands between ya legs, kiss ya ass
goodbye
And get ya, squad aware, Harlem's here
And if we ain't got Roc on, we got Rob 'Em Wear
Cardiare, army's, safari gear
With coke, will line up more heads than a barber chair
Them my fiend niggaz

[Chorus 2x: 40 Caliber]

This is 40 Cal., and the forty thou'
Every forty miles and running, screaming shorty wild
Laugh, flows, crack on the stove
When you hear that 4-0, act like you know

[40 Caliber]

40, I can show you how to get a mean stack
Supply you with crack that'll get your fiends back
Trust me, so keep talking and get ya team clapped
Gun smoking so much, it need a nicotine patch
And I'mma chain smoker, you got a chain, I smoke ya
Throw 'em on the M track, that's how I train doja's
Broke niggaz lie and steal, I leave 'em lyin' still
You got a watch, you dead, that's time to kill
It ain't right and when I show 'em the iron pills
I'mma bomb threat, you just a little fire drill
I buy out deals, why? Cuz I rhyme reals
So don't think it's millions, when I hit you with the 9 mil'

I'm like a mind field, niggaz scared to step to me
Drop two freestyles, already want the best of me
See what the Roc cooking up, this the recipe
Dipset Byrdgang, told you, consecutively

[Chorus 2x]

[40 Caliber]

Touch my jewels, niggaz love to palm a grenade
My gun hold twelve shells, like a carton of eggs
Ya'll know dudes from Harlem get paid
But I ain't talk about money, when it cost you an arm
and a leg
Sparkin' up haze in the Garcia Veg', have you cleaning
my house
That's the one way ya squad'll be me
Sparkin' the gaze, like barbers that fade
I turn ya head to the Red Sea, and I put a part in ya
waves
I'm why niggaz smoke a carton a day, I blow ya father
way
Just to make you go, farther away
Cuz in my hood, you try to floss fresher than Manny
You be sweet Vicks like the cough medicine candy
You mad my tom' heavy and fancy
Your money come in light bills, like ConEdison family
Tuck whammies in a mini hoster, so when I hit you with
the grand slam
Fuck Sammy, call me Semi Sosa

[Chorus 2x]

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