

## **The Diplomats**

### **"All Over - Un Kasa, JR Writer"**

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(Un Kasa)

im the magnificent maroco,seats are peacata,quick ta  
let the glock blow,chrome straight ta carta,asta  
minyata when u fuckin wit kasa,da gun will turn ya  
chest into pasta,porsche boxster,color of  
lobster,chrome pipes and seats cinnamon cobble,rap  
cats adore me notta,whoa,u full of candy like party  
pinatas,we da taliban diplomat,we party wit llamas,far  
as it goes im the realest nigga spittin,niggaz talk hustle  
game but im really livin it,anything i want and need  
nigga im gettin it,745 gucci top wit da stick in it,ice so  
clear like the shit fishes swimmin in,i aint diddy yall but  
im strictly for da benjimans,im da boss i aint dealin wit  
no middle man,ill discharge da bomb ta leave dis city  
tremblin

(J.R Writer)

When we step in da buildin,yeah dipset you messin wit  
millionaires,dis da heat of the camp,leader and champ  
thatll give u a shot like you need a chance,its over,what  
u dont understand, i let the thunder blam,J stay puttin  
up fours like a brother man,hawk or da mac,hawk in his  
back,torch thru his hat,off wit his cap,how awful is  
that,fuck wit da dips get stuffed in a ditch,clapped in  
ya wig,cut in ya face,stuck wit a pick,yeah were  
disgusting and sick,quick ta gice you the  
gunplay,imagin me scuffin for kicks,besides that im a  
hustler wit brick,;holla at me if u need weed crack and  
dusty and spliff,im on the strip wit a slut in the  
whip,face in my lap,noddin,like she tryin to say whats  
up to my hips,it over,

(J.R Writer)

im on da strip wit ya favorite drugs,treys ta  
doves,nickname al bundy,how i stay wit bud,im da one  
dat da haters gruge,spray da snub,play a thug,lay  
above,get knocked pay da judge

(Un Kasa)

bad bitches,its the llana tub,come play wit thugs,pop  
cris all night fill ya face wit suds,what ya thinkin

love,we aint aint makin love,if ya man come in front fill  
his face wit slugs

(J.R Writer)

Look man i wreck frames wit da tech aim,trust me icey  
hot wont help ya chest pain

(Un Kasa)

Niggaz runnin around no rims they neck plain,its the  
dipset get it correct respect game

(J.R Writer)

When u see me either u duck or u dodge or jus run to  
ur car and duck in ya dodge

(Un Kasa)

I jus wanna top ya prowler,ur truck and ur car, we da  
taliban diplomats u fuckin with stars

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