

The Diplomats

"Funkmaster Flex Hot 97 Freestyle"

Visit "[Funkmaster Flex Hot 97 Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[DukeDaGod]

It's Dipset all day. The Movement Moves On

[Cam'Ron]

New York City, you are now tuned in to America's # 1 station, Hot 97

In conjunction with America's # 1 DJ, Funkmaster Flex

In collaboration with America's, pardon me, #1

independent rap label

Dipset. And right now I'm accompanied by greatness

Uhh-huh. My man Hell Rell's in the building, BX

borough. Uhh-huh

J.R. Writer's here, you know he's the writer of writer's

Right now, I don't know where Santana's out, he

probably in Brazil

Act up homie. They told us not to stay at Def Jam, we

eatin' over there

You was right, put work on they block. Sell more than they sell

I feel you. Ayo Capo act up. Do what you do homie. Go ahead homie

I'm waitin in the wings for somebody to act stupid. I'm right here

You heard. I used to be Jaffe-Jo, I used to be Killa

I think I'ma go with something different this year. I'ma go with...

[Hook: J.R. Writer and Cam'Ron]

We guerilla breathin', we guerilla breeding

It's the Dips, get the drift, This is Killa Season

Watch him kill the season, Paid checks heavy

It's King Jaffe-Jo get ya tape decks ready

We guerilla breathin', Killa Season

Feel the Evening, Killin' Season

Watch him kill the season paid checks heavy

It's Diplomat Records get ya tape decks ready

[Cam'Ron]

Say what cats did I hang with, slang with, bang bang with

Blain gangsta ganked it left lane to the banquet

Live from the borough where Rich Porter became Rich
Purple Rain in the rain explains it, on that same spit
To the day of a reign, I aim and flame leave a lane
The clips change, obtain bricks, exchange bricks
Bricks exchange, throw the kid some change
Look homeboy, I ain't trying to get no names
Must of sniffed cocaine, lookin' at my Diplo chain
The biscuit turn you to bisquick mixed with shrimp lo
mein
Old ladies just stop and say it's yo thang
Can't deny 'em, look down my wrist go bling
Bling bling, listening, come and get some cash
First kiss my ring, ohh no, well kiss my ass
Back in my zone homes, get ya mind right
The 2-3 or 3-2, na it's the twilight
It's the highlights of my life
Every gun, car, crib, chicken-head that I like
Ten on the dope, ten that's beside knife
Ten in the hood, ten that's besides night
And they tied tight, my family ties tight
Ten town 200 bricks, forget 5 mics

[Hook: J.R. Writer]

You gotta feel the heathen, we guerilla breathin'
It's the Dips, get the drift, this is Killa Season
Watch him kill the season, paid checks heavy
It's King Jaffe-Jo get ya tape decks ready
You gotta feel the heathen, we guerilla breathin'
It's the Dips, get the drift, this is Killa Season
Watch him kill the season, paid checks heavy
It's King Jaffe-Jo get ya tape decks ready

[Cam'Ron]

That's 1 and out, let's go, let's keep it movin'. That's 1
song
I mean let's go, you wanna get... I mean Hell Rell you
ain't say nothing that song
Let's go, Let's go. I mean that's 1 and out. That's 1
song down
That's heat rock. Let's go. I'ma step out. J.R. lace 'em up
I'ma come back in a minute. Ya'll get busy
Alright we got this man (Hell Rell). Let me hear a hook
on this

[Hook: J.R. Writer]

It's kinda hard to doubt that we ain't a slaughterhouse
Dip radio you're now tuned in to the Hardest Out
Slash the first to ride, you ain't never heard of fly
Have you mourning, nicca my G's is certified

[Hell Rell]

I slow flowed y'all to death
These hustlas actin' like they coke hard to stretch
Any broads wantin' me to put cash in they purse
Like they wrote half of my verse, nope
I give a few some credit, Dipset ya dude bring my cash
on a verse
Plus I hold a welfare card cause that's how I work
I'm bout to buy a Aston Martin, throw you in the trunk
Be at the Funk Flex show with you in the trunk
If they said I couldn't do it, they put me to the test
But I proved to all them suckers I was worthy of success
Teacher said I was a uhh, was wastin' time in her class
It was more like she was wastin' mine, I had them
dimes on the ave
Mamma said I was a dead shot locked up in a can
Nope, got it poppin' with Cam, up in a drop like shabam
But why they knockin' that man, cause of the rocks on
his hand
Or the Air Forces they'll never see cause they got
copped at Japan
Damn, man I know he a gangsta, and he pop his steel
He supposed to be dead or locked up why he got a
deal
He was just shootin a uzi, now he shootin a movie
And all his mans startin' to act like groupies
I slow flowed y'all to death
These hustlas actin' like my flow hard to catch
Man Diplomats we the strongest force
On or off the court we ball and ball the sport

[Hook: J.R. Writer]

It's kinda hard to doubt that we ain't a slaughterhouse
Dip radio you're now tuned in to the Hardest Out
Slash the first to ride, you ain't never heard of fly
Take it how you want it coward our G's is certified

[Hell Rell]

Sleepin' high with visions of my enemies
Beggin' for mercy crawlin on the floor like a centipede
Screamin' Rell please don't shoot me I got children
Should've thought about those snotty nose kids when
you was snitchin'
But now I'm on a mission, yeah fresh out the kitchen
A stand up dude who only sit when he shhh
You sit when you pissin', dude listen
My talent was God-given, got wise by hard livin'
I Sleep all day, smoke haze, monage women
I spit these hard rhythms it feel like a car hit 'em
So leave that boy a lone can't you see he in the zone
Dudes try to be like 'em can't you see he gettin' cloned
All this blue and this yellow can't you see it in the

stones
And yeah we brought them hammers Cam we never
leave 'em alone
So move back, I'm poppin off the 4
Heaven let me in because I'm knockin' on ya door
It's Prada on my whores
And na I don't really do to many funerals, but I gotta go
to yours
I gotta see the face of a coward
Please man let the homie breathe give me a taste of
that power
My chain hate my watch, my watch hate my ring
My jewelry goin' crazy, gotta get some new bling
So all praise is due to Hell Rell it's the new religion
Smack ya girl pop 2 in her ?????

[Hook] - 2X

[Cam'Ron]

That's 2 and out. Let's go Dennis. You movin' slow
Dennis
Let's go Dennis. That's 2 and out good work. Good work
J.R. you up man. Hold on. Stop it. Stop it
D, I mean, you got something to say. That's 2 and out
We early. Koch put that E.P. together. That's 2 songs
Nuts and dirty (Funk Flex). I mean c'mon. I mean
excuse me Flex
Excuse me, 2 minutes. Can I get 2 minutes. Let's do
what we told to do
New York we run this here. I mean pa listen it's J.R.'s
turn
I'ma do the chorus you ready. Let me get this son. I just
wrote son
Let me see I'ma... It's my turn I ain't get a chorus off yet
I'ma go in first then. Aiight
That's 3 songs and out. Let's do it

[Cam'Ron]

My dude ridin, he ridin in Lamborghinis
The oyster mixed with linguini, you hear me?
He's a rida!
All in together, together we gettin cheddar
Yo cheddar we get together, you hear me?
He's a rida!
My dude ridin, he ridin in Lamborghinis
The oyster mixed with linguini, you hear me?
He's a rida!
All together, together we gettin cheddar
You dude's you know better, why?
He's a rida!

[J.R. Writer]

Listen pal, I ain't gotta spit, child you was not as sick
Foul for a while, look my style is anonymous
(Anonymous!)

Pound for pound of piff, smile cuz I'm drownin it
Yous a fake G like a thousand in counterfeits
I can show you how to flip that bird
How to hit that curb, how to get that served
Youngin, I'm the shhh, that's word
Yous a prick, fag, herb, you get pimped slapped
heard?

Huh, come get wit a rebel, I'll put the kid to the pedal
The clip and the metal, I'm sickenin nephew
Listen here...Your F-in engineer couldn't get to my level
Dipset is forever B, bet y'all remember me
Stretch all my enemies, heckler send 'em three
But, I got a tech that'll get a G
To drop his flag like a ref on a penalty
I'm fresher than lemon squeeze, wrist wrap chill
Pitch black car wit them pitch black wheels
Nice more stash box, big black steel
Leave you at the red light, the kid's that real!
Steppin in his Nikes, freshest in your sight
You ain't never seen these F-in Pella in ya life!
I throw on fresh gear, throw on fresh wear
This is something you will have to throw on next year,
Yea!

[Hook]

[J.R. Writer]

Listen scrap believe me, you need crack to see me
I'm a classic, one of your old scratched up CD's
Check my swag it's easy
That you can see I do the damn thing and I ain't Fab or
Jeezy

I stepped to the crap wit Weezy
Front of the tenements
Posted up on post, hundred Dominicans
That'll clap you soon as you go to beef wit J
Throw a couple at you once they hear Dida Le!
Putcha brains all across the pavement
You niggaz singin like you singin how you talk to
agents

But drop my name, and I'ma stop
Throw in a box like some caps at a hop-scotch game
I cop drops mane, come peep what I whip whore
A 62, got it jumpin like a 6-4
Soon as I hit tour, brrr, caught a chill
Sleeves on freeze, add up to a quarter mil!
I'm bout to talk my deal, that's what a thug about

Killa, hate sharing, tell 'em I need another house!
I dig ya motha out, then put her in a cab
Gas her up then hit the hooker wit them slabs
What you think? Naw I ain't a rookie wit it fag
She'll have to boof that in a cookie like a pad
You rookies are just mad, you can't say shit to me
You gotta get ridda me, I'm bout to make history

[Hook]

[Cam'Ron]

I mean, hold on, that's three and out, hold on
Don't even play yet put that on pause B
New York City, we gonna take a slight intermission
because if you do this up here, you bitin
We knocked three songs out. You can only do it in one
take
That means we didn't punch in. That means I one taped
it
J.R. one taped it. Hell Rell one taped it. We chorused it
out
That means the business is right
The rhymes is right and if you come up here and try
freestyle a song
you're bitin (you swagger jackin)
I mean you did a solo song Hell Rell right
that means you repped BX Borough, you repped the
Dominicans
I'm 140 and Lennox to the death
So we might as well do something together
Capo get ready to take the motherfu...uh...
Capo take the Mazoratti up to 200, we goin in, lets go
Tape this for Santana when he get back
Let's get 16's off, I got the chorus on this, y'all back up
Let's go, I got the chorus
You ready, New York City we run the motherfuckin
building, pardon me
Take it, take it back B I messed up because I'm talking
too much
Take it from the top. Take it from the top
New York, I mean, I mean I know y'all gon home and
write hard tonight
I know y'all gon home and write hard tonight

[Cam'Ron]

Ya'll Diplomats, y'all kickin this chicken scratch
What you can't g-get wit that, homeboy go flip a pack
Dip-Dip-Dip-Dipset!
Dip-Dip-Dip-Dipset!
I said It's the Diplomats, what y'all kickin this chicken
scratch

Ya'll can't g-get wit that, homeboy go flip a pack
Dip-Dip-Dip-Dipset!
Dip-Dip-Dip-Dipset!

[J.R. Writer]

Listen, I'm worth a couple figures, always hurtin all
these niggaz
That I'm OC, tryin to stuff the purple in the swisher
Convertible just picture, how I swerve up on your sister
Wit a dance, tip dance that'll turn her to a stripper
Ya the burner by the zipper, burn em, turn 'em to a
pisser
Shit 'em mister in a river, you gon learn that I am sicker
Determined to be bigger, birds I serve 'em to these
niccas
Call the cops, they ain't seen these type of murderers
since Hitler
Shit if I know em, I'm quick to expose 'em
Wristery frozen, reason why your chick on my scrotum
I'm lifted and potent on some shit that is potent
Fresh out the pot, 2Pac couldn't picture my rollin

[Hook: Cam'Ron]

I said It's the Diplomats, y'all kickin this chicken scratch
Ya'll can't g-get wit that, homeboy go flip a pack
Dip-Dip-Dip-Dipset!
Dip-Dip-Dip-Dipset!
I said It's the Diplomats, what y'all kickin this chicken
scratch
Ya'll can't g-get wit that, homeboy go flip a pack
Dip-Dip-Dip-Dipset!
Dip-Dip-Dip-Dipset!

Visit [The Diplomats](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.