

The Diplomats

"The Best Out"

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Intro

[Hell Rell]

Okay, okay, okay
Yes sir
Hell Fuckin Rell,
J.R. Writer, Forty
This is how we do it
I am one of a kind (yeah)
Its now or never nigga
Times up muthafucka
Lets do this

[Hell Rell]

Aiyo, I stop paying for coke, get bricks on the muscle
Gorillas on they bullshit, Welcome to the jungle
Fiends get served in the hallway, welcome to the hustle
Where bitches do anything for a hit of that glass dick,
When Im outta town, nothing less than a half brick,
One-Sixty on the dash nothing less than a fast whip,
I floss when its sunny, got money for a rainy day,
In the dope spot a few blocks from where the Yankees
play,
Man Im heavy in that BX borough, We aint gotta front
for nobody,
We just thorough, and Im sittin' on an arsenal, rockets
and the missiles,
Took my advance and got my strip poppin with them
nickels.
And when Im in ya neighborhood, you gotta go hide,
Deliver bullets to ya door like them Domino pies nigga,
say hello to my little friend like scarface,
I pull that fuckin rifle right out the guitar case

[Chorus: Bezel]

Dipset, the best out, Hell Rell, he fresh out
Jones the kuffe smacker, He bringing them techs out
Sporty-style, Forty Cal, He bringing corvettes out
Bezel the Beast but I still show you what fresh bout
You know who shavin the grams, 40k on the hand
Killa Nigga, what more can I say about Cam,

J.R. the Writer of writers and Santana,
Back like cooked crack
He even supplying suppliers

[J.R. Writer]

Dipset, lets do it man

The type that im tighter, tight cause im writer
write cause im nicer, site for the lifers
knifes in the cipher, writers a viper,
listen this is butter,
even ringling brothers see i got the eye of the tiger
before i met killa cam, i was dealing killa grams
i mean killer grams, throws a tan, fill a pan
recorded in the hole, where you couldn't chill or stand
no booth, microphone hangin off the ceiling fan
mass million fan sittin in the belly hilton
watch how i heavy kills him, bessey, chevy, desi fill em
but i still aint break a sweat, yes Im chillin,
Veet wong, seat wrong, tito gonna bet the building
I been grind to lean, sniff lines for fiends,
grams chopped, tan rock, I pitch lima beans
Piff grind was mean, had em dumb stuck,
so when i say uncut, i dont mean behind the scenes

[Chorus]

[40 Cal]

40

Yo Im a NY G like Jeremy Shockey,
come through drop my coupe like i meant to be sloppy
I got DJ's kickin karate,
cause they throw my wax on and take your wax off like
Mr. Myagi
Pimpin, Im cocky, I slap your broad on the cheek
and send her home barefooted, you massaging her
feet
you probably go down on a freak, youre hardly a meat
but we aint mad cause your proving, you are what you
eat
your squadron is weak, speak and get a broken
something
need a plate in ya grill like a toaster oven
fuck it, they even got dojas frontin
shakin your cola, only time your coke was bubbling
cousin
Cal get weight wit no problemo
ride around ya block, sell it out the car window
and ya moms been know, that I chop rocks
that make your father cop like Carl Winslow

[Chorus]

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