

Diplomats, The

"Bloodshed R.I.P. Freestyle"

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"Six Figgahh...."

[Bloodshed]

Up in the 600 with Momo's, bluntin' friends with four-fours (.44's)

Po-pos, pullin' a nigga over, like they locos

Maybe its just my time whores, or is it just cuz im the crime boss

And swatch is mad cuz every dime cost

Plus the bad influence that you're proud of

Wettin' niggas up like showers

Sellin' crack, smackin powders

Dudes gigantic, ice flooded like the Titanic

Cash expanding, flash it for granted, stash it in the ceramic

And keep it in my crime family, -glaciers and ice-

Cuz life ain't nothing but papers and dice

And frontin, i used to profit slow-e-ly

Niggas they know of me, plus, all of the older G's

Never thought i would grow to be the Cash-Gettin

Mad flippin, soakin in the bath while ass-drippin'

Gettin' blast, thinking of past victims

I know it ain't hard to see son, I'm Nino

Inside the 320 killing, New Jacks and G-Money

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