

Diplomats, The

"Get Used To This"

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Dip Dip Dipset biotch
Dip Dip Dipset biotch
Dip Dip Dipset bitch

[J.R. Writer]

Yo I started the starters and fathered the fathers who
fathered

I slaughter the slaughters and slaughtered the
slaughters who slaughtered

I target than spark it, and Pa you'll be part of this target
From artist to artist J.R. is that hardest regardless
Put your fate in his hands, there'll be changin of plans
A man did, I did it from standin in rain wit a gram
Now I slither in glitter, Jacob throw glaze on my hand
Shit, D-12 don't even know the name of my band
Man I'm just super fly, two for five, bake the bait
Eight for eight, eight to eight, wait I'm great, haters
hate

Cubs come to paper chase, I've dealt with major cake
Ever since Jake the Snake, all I rocked was Bathin' Apes
OOH yeah hun, those them old Air Ones
Sneaks crispy, 350, you ain't never wear none
I'm a pimp girl, get it through your ear drums
No I'm not tellin' you where you can get a pair from
I'm sicker than sicker, you sicker than sicker now ain't
chu

A Picturin picture, just picture this picture I paint you
I'm swift with the fifth, when I grip it, it spit at an angle
You'll be stiffer than stiff, prick, up sittin with angels
I'm just doin' me jewelery, blue it be
Pimp's ya pa, it's J.R. hittin hard, soon you'll see
Act a fool we'll take you back to school like truency
So give me my respect, I'm the best true indeed

[Hook]

Excuse the Dips (please)

We movin' bitch (Move)

We the truth, we the proof get used to this (yup)

Our movements sick, your movements shit, that's a
fact have a nap and get
used to this(yeah)

Excuse the Dips (please)
We movin' bitch (Move)
We the truth, we the proof get used to this (yup)
Our movements sick, your movements shit, that's a
fact have a nap and get
used to this(yeah)

[Verse - 2]

Yo, I'm ice chain, bright range, nice rings, splice caine
Cop the pound, chop it down, rock ya town, pipe game
I can do a price change (why)
What I pack is crunk I don't mean pass the Bronx when I
say ya white plain
Look J is built, to let the eighty tilt
Gun brawl, one call, that'll get you haters killed
Snap, pop, sprayed and peeled, so friend just chill
Look here, I'm in fa mills and I ain't talkin baby milk
When I spray with the mag, you will play in it glad
That means lay in a bag, like some haters that I had
Hoes I scrap up and rag
Serious, shit I ain't talkin periods when I say pussy stay
in my path
I amaze 'em like dag, you ain't a killa please
That ain't no killa weed, them twigs are filled wit seeds
I hit the Philipines across the river seas
O.C. for weeks where I don't feel the breeze
So I got hefers, whores, with some excellent jaw
Like the vet for sure, who want me to sex them raw
But I X'd them all
Get some head in the bed
then walk the chickenhead right towards the exit door
(out)
Just face it my nig', you can't stay with the kid
I got paper, gators, many flavors ya dig
They just hate how I live, cuz the only time they see me
under the wing is when I'm in the basement of my crib

[Hook]

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