

Diplomats, The

"Hell Rell Freestyle"

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Nigga what cha money like I keek doe E ho
Spice the track up like a do bo Sasone a freethrow
My hitman Janito
He don't speek no english lingo
and he fresh off the plane from Puerto Rico
Find a nigga and kill em's the only thing that he know
He'll ring ya doorbell and pop you right through the
peephole
Far as this key go
It's gon' get stepped on, cooked up, broke down
Probably get distributed in yo town
Block got me grindin', watch keepin me bright
nigga why Im a knock ya hustle if mine treatin' me right
And a nigga too busy to get in some beef with a loser
Keep my bitch up out the bed just to sleep wit my ruger
Cuz if I finger fuck my gun and play wit her trigger
She ain't gon' scream I don't feel like it today on a
nigga
Im sayin my nigga
This is real facts, real truth
I will shoot you to go rap about it in a real booth
Spit and pop heron, liquid crack
park the siz next to ya five and tell you get wit that
380's ain't gon' do it fam switch to macks
Before you talk shit or even think startin' up a war
Plush condo in my bedroom, mink carpet on the floor
Two spanish bitches runnin' 'round reckless and butt
naked
If you a ladies man I'll bury you wit cha chick
If you a true hustler I'll bury you wit a brick
See the streets is watchin', more money more haters
Fuck em' all keep flosin', more linen, more gators
I rap now, still hit the block for a buck
A thousand channels sattelite on top of the truck what's
really good nigga

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