

## **Diplomats, The**

### **"Real Niggaz"**

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(Cam'ron)

Dip Set, Jim Jones, Freeky  
Aight Santana man...let's do this  
Killa, let's do it man, killa

(Cam'ron)

Aiyyo I argue with my mother, spring, summer, fall and  
winter time  
Get that off the table Cam'ron it's dinner time  
I got a line downstairs ma, I'm in the grind  
From ten to nine, you do your business right, let me  
attend to mine  
You cooking pork anyway, I ain't into to swine  
You out ya mind, nah, you don't know what's in my  
mind  
I'ma surpass crack, move on to Nasdaq  
But still my connects move anthrax on Amtrak

(Juelz Santana)

Aiyyo Cam before the cops rush, close the spot  
Load the glocks they stuntin', we control the block  
They frontin' we throw them shots and laugh at 'em  
Shoots from the 4-4 magnum, that's how we get back  
at 'em  
Trap 'e, grab 'em and clap at 'em  
Yeah, I do this for my lost tribes and Africans  
Who lost lives in battling, 4-5s and hackling'  
I believe in black soldiers, black covers  
Black roses on your grave, snakes and black cobras  
Black vultures, rats roaches, sleep now, they laughs  
over  
Fucka

Chorus: 2x (Cam'ron and Juelz Santana)

You can catch real niggaz, doing some real things, for  
real money  
Cause real niggaz get money, real niggaz don't snitch  
Real niggaz dont lie for a bitch, real niggaz get rich

(Juelz Santana)

Now how you losers want it (Tell me)

We can war out, or ball out I used to frontin', holmes  
I throw away 20s on boots and stuntin'  
Waste 50s, and abuse my hundreds, I'm getting  
money, yep  
I spend thousands on the shoes for the coup it's  
nothing  
Plus big truckin too it's nothing

(Cam'ron)

I lick a shot so he know I meant it  
His soldiers dented, so is his rented  
Supreme soloist and still co-defendant  
And you notice, a mean motorist that blows the fifth on  
defendants  
Since roota-rooda, yes the Motorola yes sir I'm  
splendid  
You see the furs and pendants, Austin Sigoto, drop  
though  
Hitting curves like Emitt (From Europe) Smith  
If you ain't get it, the fifth'll hit your fitted  
Clips I get it spitted, flip your wig I really lift it

(Jim Jones)

I'm this burgundy Benz, swervin' B  
As I'm watching the snow fall, I'm watching the heads  
they copping the coke y'all  
And to the fiends and junkies, that go through dreams  
of drunkies  
Hos with low-esteem, you know they scream in their  
monthly (Shut up bitch)  
And to my soldiers rocking green in the country  
Keep your dean and stay hungry, let get this cream  
and get money  
Them haters wishing they could see my demise  
See my moms hard to grief her eyes  
Man that eats me alive, roll the weed and get high  
This what keep me alive (Listen to me)  
My Dip Gang man, the peeps that'll ride  
Over me the same peeps that have died  
If it's me that catch you, you're fried...

Chorus: 2x (Cam'ron and Juelz Santana)

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