

Bout It Bout It..., Part III

The Diplomats

Yo Cam, let's flip this thing on these niggaz
Ya'heard me
(Let's do it my nigga)
Well do your dizang
(There's nothin', man)
(Up top, down south, right)
Oh yeah, oh yeah
(We bout it)
Aiight whoadie
(Yeah)
Yo, this one here goes out to them boys
That's bout it, bout it
Master P, Cam'Ron
We takin' this from the South to the East
Uhhhhh

I represent, where them killers at
145th and Broadway you get your head cracked
Get your legs snapped, arm trist, ribs cracked
Wig tapped, play fair day care kids napped
You think you real, well my posse is crazier
Your moms mobbin' and rapin' her, Saudi Arabia
I'm 89 and oh, Audi and eightiers
Beef in N-O I had to call No Limit up
Baby mack baby gat love the way the baby
Got my baby boo, cop the X5, that's a baby truck
Santana rollin' big, Jimmy in the Caddy
Dayton, Youngstown, Cleveland, Cincinnati
In the Double-O I represent the C-O
Please ho, Harlem World forty if that's me, yo
Clipse eleven or bricks get seven off
Snow so white only thing missin' is seven dwarfs

Killa Cam, you know he bout it, bout it
Jim Jones, you know he bout it, bout it
Freekey Z, you know he bout it, bout it
Santana, that boy bout it, bout it
Harlem World, you know they bout it, bout it
Diplomats, you know they rowdy, rowdy
145th and Broadway, them boys real
You know them boys, they don't play

Aiiyo, I'm bouncin' through an ounce or two
My crib look like the Fountainblue
A fountain too, no water, only pumpin' Mountain Dew
Front on y'all little cats I was bound to do
I made a weird, chickenheads can't pronounce my shoes
I got head but need more mouth
119th to the whorehouse, soon as the tour's out
Papi's rotten, my block top was spoppy poppin'
I pop ack over some oxi cotton
Cotton club and Roxy Robins
Rubies and rocks we poppin'
Booties, oozies and glocks'll stop 'em
Battery on his head, copper top him
When I'm in the building dogg, you got to watch him
Got to spot him tray eight a floor revolver

The D.A., seargent and coroner's problem - now
Highs get eight done, dips that don't play none
Jim Jones, Freeky, Killa and the great one - Santana

You know I claim (What you claim?) where them gangstas bang
15th and Lennox, nine tray they do they own thing
In uptown, up on 40 a phat Sean hit the block
Dogg he move that water shit, he like the network
Over wet work, you come up short on that paper get a wet shirt
Then if you walkin' through Foster and Taft
Flossin' that cash and gangstas put the torch to your ass
And I can't forget AK and Wagner
My dogs straight crazy cuz the AK'll blast ya
One callin' daddy Sheik and Q
LB's and Sally beat your crew, now come on
And dope stacks, right in front the liquor store
Hennessy, lil' me me you know the flipped the raw
Much upset, oh yeah they bout it
16 shots up out the glock I come about it

140 Lennox, you know they bout it, bout it
Taliban and up top, you know they rowdy, rowdy
Master P, the New No Limit
You see us hustlas keep it real, that's why we keep winnin'
Blackadome, you know he bout it, bout it
Lucius Sheist, you know they rowdy, rowdy
Gameface on, man we gangstas fo' sho
CP-3 representin' Dirty South, the N-O
C-Murder, hold the block down
We get paper whoadie even on lockdown
ATL, you know they bout it, bout it
Mississippi, Detroit, you know they rowdy, rowdy
L.A., you know they bout it, bout it
Florida and North Carolina, you know they rowdy, rowdy
Oklahoma and Tennessee, Boston and Texas, they B-O-U-T
Seattle bout it, Hawaii rowdy
Alaska, Chicago, I mean they bout it, bout it
Indiana, you know they bout it
St. Louis, Kentucky, you know they rowdy, rowdy
Phoenix bout it, Milwaukee bout it
The N-O to the N-Y, you know we rowdy, rowdy

Bounce bounce bounce bounce
Bounce bounce bounce bounce
(You know they rowdy, rowdy)
Bounce bounce bounce fool
Bounce bounce bounce bounce
(You know they rowdy, rowdy)
Bounce bounce bounce bounce
Bounce bounce bounce bounce
(You know they rowdy, rowdy)
Bounce bounce bounce fool