

Real Ni***s

The Diplomats

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

Aiyyo, I argue with my mother
Spring, summer, fall and winter time
Get that off the table Cam'ron it's dinner time (What?)

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 (At all)

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

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 'em, grab 'em and clap at 'em
Yeah, I do this for my lost tribes and Africans
Who lost lives in battling, 4-5s and hacklin'
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'

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

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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

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 Emmitt Smith
(From Europe)
If you ain't get it, the fifth will hit your fitted
Clips I get it spitted, flip your wig I really lift it

I'm this burgundy Benz, swervin' be
As I'm watching the snow fall
I'm watching the heads they copping the coke y'all
And to the fiends and junkies, the broken dreams of drunkies

Hoes with low esteem, you know they scream on 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

Break my moms heart, the grief in her eyes
Man that eats me alive, let's roll this weed and get high
This what keep me alive (Listen to me)

My Dip Gang man, they the peeps that'll ride
Over me the same peeps that have died
If it's me that catch you, you're fried

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