

The Best Out

The Diplomats

Okay, okay, okay, yes sir
Hell Rell, J.R. Writer, forty
This is how we do it, maan
I am one of a kind, yeah
It's now or never, nigga
Time's up, muthafucka
Let's do this

Aiyo, I stop paying for coke, get bricks on the muscle
Gorillas on they bullshit, welcome to the jungle
Fiends get served in the hallway, welcome to the hustle
Where bitches do anything for a hit of that glass dick
When I'm outta town, nothing less than a half brick
One-Sixty on the dash, nothing less than a fast whip
I floss when it's sunny, got money for a rainy day
In the dope spot a few blocks from where the Yankees play

Man, I'm heavy in that BX borough, we ain't gotta front for nobody
We just thorough and I'm sittin' on an arsenal, rockets and the missiles
Took my advance and got my strip poppin' with them nickels
And when I'm in ya neighborhood, you gotta go hide
Deliver bullets to ya door like them domino pies nigga
Say hello to my little friend like Scarface
I pull that fuckin' rifle right out the guitar case

Dipset, the best out, Hell Rell, he fresh out
Jones the kuffe smacker, he bringing them techs out
Sporty-style, 40 cal, he bringing Corvettes out
Bezel, the beast but I still show you what fresh 'bout
You know who shavin' the grams, 40k on the hand
Killa nigga, what more can I say about Cam
J.R. the writer of writers and Santana
Back like cooked crack, he even supplying suppliers

The type that I'm tighter, tight 'cause I'm writer
Write 'cause I'm nicer, site for the lifers
Knives in the cipher, writers a viper, listen this is butter
Even ringling brothers see I got the eye of the tiger
Before I met killa cam, I was dealing killa grams
I mean killer grams, throws a tan, fill a pan
Recorded in the hole, where you couldn't chill or stand
No booth, microphone hangin off the ceiling fan

Mass million fan sittin' in the Belly Hilton
Watch how I heavy kills him, Bessey, Chevy, Desi fill 'em
But I still ain't break a sweat, yes I'm chillin'
Veet wong, seat wrong, Tito gonna bet the building
I been grind to lean, sniff lines for fiends
Grams chopped, tan rock, I pitch lima beans
Piff grind was mean, had 'em dumb stuck
So when I say uncut, I don't mean behind the scenes

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Yo, I'm a NY G like Jeremy Shockey
Come through drop my coupe like I meant to be sloppy
I got DJ's kickin' karate
'Cause they throw my wax on and take your wax off like Mr. Myagi
Pimpin', I'm cocky, I slap your broad on the cheek
And send her home barefooted, you massaging her feet
You probably go down on a freak, you're hardly a meat
But we ain't mad 'cause you're proving, you are what you eat

Your squadron is weak, speak and get a broken something
Need a plate in ya grill like a toaster oven
Fuck it, they even got dojas frontin'
Shakin' your cola, only time your coke was bubbling cousin
Cal get weight with no problemo
Ride around ya block, sell it out the car window
And ya mom's been know, that I chop rocks
That make your father cop like Carl Winslow

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