

Dipset Symphony

The Diplomats

I don't give a fuck who's first or who's last, the Dipset is gonna rock this shit out at a drop of a brick nigga. I don't care what y'all say, I don't care what y'all do, but y'all better rep Harlem until the god-damned music is through. Mister C, Lets Go!

All eyes on the honorable, who?
DipSet, back to the grill again live at the barbeque
Beefs on, all my kids ride like a carnival
Heats drawn, all you kids lie, like carpet do
Get up and get ready, what up, the kids ready
Now that im back, the game is fucked, the bitch let me
You front, you stunt, you get heat clown
Yeah, punks jump up, to get beat down

Now eight years ago, I played the bench with dimes
Everybody in my park was getting bent off dimes
Pitchin packs on the block, tryin' to get us some sneakers
Sippin yak, henney, rock, puffin nickels of reefer
I'm pumpin on the strip, in the midst of the drug trade
Im watching for the blitz in the midst of the drug raid
For niggas gotta eat, its like my stomach is touching back
New York's ryder man, for you suckers im fuckin back

Now can I, kick it?
Yes I can
They wanna know if im G'd Up
Yes I am
Look, I over-paid my dues, I almost made the news
The block kinda hot but the coke came on move
If I was a brick, you wouldn't know what to do with me
You'd probably cook me up, get a stem, and start using me
Nobody built me, I made myself and
You don't know how to shoot guns, you'd graze yourself

I Was a fiend, before i became a teen
It was dreams, toss for the latest beams (urh)
Made in cream, 'cause hey, they kept the kept the powder in the tray
Way before it was maybelene
Im into major stacks, major stats, hate on that
Cam, holla 'cause im gonna bring his label plaques
That aint made of plat, whoa, your jewellery aint gold
You cop ya jewellery from Hov, they all fade to black

When I was nine years old i realized who was a roll (?)
At the end i cop a benz when i chop some O's, Forty
Smokin lye, optimoz, poppin mo's, we both shoppin?
Difference is you coppin clothes, I'll show you how to drop a rolls,
Whether a phantom or a flower, I'm a killa like Jaffi Joe
Im from where they made the cocky flow
While hoes puck up on my stick, like you trying to hit a hockey goal

I keep a nine in my dresser, lyrical professor
Keep you under pressure, aint a nigga better
Mind like a com-puter, sick shooters
You'll get finned, go to war with six shooters
I bone bitches with coupes and big hooters
Give head, and piff buddha, pump bricks and sip luha

Ha you hard, you runnin with state troopers
My niggas is straight shooters, cock back, and straight shoot ya

Not in my book, never that nigga, I'll ask y'all niggas to go till the mothe
rfuckin beat stops, When I had the dipset right, I had Juelz Santana, Jim Jo
nes, Hell Rell, JR Writer, 40 Cal, Un kasa, DipSet Forever nigga, Mister C s
ignin' off, Duke Da God