

Sauce Boyz

The Diplomats

Heatmakerz

Crack Music

We just tryin' to be more diplomatic in certain situations
But don't ever forget, don't ever think that we slippin' or lackin'

Hrgh, I started with a grand of pack
Once I finished, then re-up and then I ran it back
Parked in front the buildin', I was watchin' where my grandma at
Seems like everybody watchin' through a camera snap
Checked the manifest and asked the pilot where we landin' at
Jumpin' off the isle while we dockin' where the sand was at
She love the sauce boss and I be drippin' like candle wax
This Bentley four-door is like the straw that broke the camel back
I was watchin' all these rappers rockin' fanny packs
I was askin' myself, "What kind of man is that?"
And that's a shot muhfucka, can you handle that?
Make a phone call and have you parkin' where it's handicap
And all these questions they be askin', me and Cam are back
It's Diplomats for life, muhfucka, and I stand on that (Dipset!)
Two desert eagles like the eagle in my chain
This game is like a drug, that's like a needle to the vein
Killa been said there's no needin' to explain
'Cause these selfish muhfuckas don't appreciate the game
They don't appreciate this shit
It's like they copped a new car, it just depreciates and shit

Yeah, how we walk, how we talk, how we talk
You could see it drippin', spillin' off, spillin' off
Them boyz got the sauce, got the sauce, got the sauce
Them boyz got the sauce, got the sauce
Yeah, how we walk, how we talk, how we talk
See it drippin', spillin' off, spillin' off
Them boyz got the sauce, got the sauce, got the sauce
Them boyz got the sauce, Dipset bitch

Slurp it up like spaghetti hoe
Got that sauce, got that flavor, that oregano
Kept it on me but I kept it low
Only time I let it show is when I let it go
Santana, hoe, you already know
Yeah, neck lookin' like the levees broke
Still got that perico straight from Mexico
'Bout my paper, every decimal
I ain't French but all my bitches c'est si bon
No time to love 'em, I just fuck 'em and I let 'em go
Uh, gigalo, Deuce Bigalow
Gotta hit her with the give-and-go
They all birds, gotta let 'em roam
When you see me, boy salute me, I'm a general
Or end up on my plate gettin' ate like a dinner roll
Still ridin' high, leanin' low

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Santa, yeah I'ma hit the bank, then to my crib with the lake
Inside a catfish, I don't mean no picture prank
I'm talkin' 'bout my dinner plate, mac and finished steak
What about my vegetables? Watch carats in the face
Did I indicate, baby you lookin' in the face
Of a man that every other month go out some different place
So fix your face, we flyin', fuck the interstate
You could bring a couple friends, the others I'll eliminate
She said why? 'Cause it's like the playoffs
Takin' some days off, you comin' or not girl?
This is the addy, be there or be square, 10 a.m. is the takeoff
No time to tongue wrestle
200K here on this young bezel
She left in a Camry, Plan B
It ain't my fault that she can't see

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