

# Beautiful Noise

## The Diplomats

My homey Cash, well he gone for five  
Send my prayers, do your thing, I'll be going for mine  
Shit, we live life to the fullest  
Three hundred and sixty five nights on the strike, that's a bullet  
Shit, and uncle Ricky got a month and some change  
And it feels like the garbage truck just dumping the pain  
All on my shoulders, I'm warning my soldiers  
The nights could get chilly, but the morning's much colder  
I've seen summers get cold  
And niggaz do it up until the point they done and the fold  
They can't succumb to the cold  
Those of frostbitten, up north sitting, just like some fucking lost kittens  
They get locked up for carrying boy  
Doing time underground up in Marion, boy  
Shit, I respect you  
You do your time like Gotti, and come home like that Marion boy

You got weed? Smoke it, You got dice? Roll it  
You got guns? Shoot it, You got a ho? Stroke it  
You got money? Spend it, You got cars? Whip 'em  
You caught a bid? Do it, You got kids? Love 'em, hug 'em

I gotta keep striving, I gotta keep moving, I gotta keep grinding  
If this was the road, and I was a trucker, then shit man, I gotta keep driving  
Through the lies and deception, had to ride through neglect  
I'm an insomniac, up all night, pops and moms was an addict, shit  
My puffing scums is a habit  
I need me a contingency plan, my pops with the syringe in his hand  
He was leaning and nodding  
Uncle Ricky your mission is like Afeni was Robin  
Shit, you should've seen the apartment  
All I ever wanted was franks and beans I was starving  
Crack fiends on the carpet, shit  
But if it wasn't for grandma  
I swear I'm in love with my grandma  
That's why I only does it for grandma  
That's when I roll in the street  
I pray she covers me from the crown of my head, to the sole of my feet

I figured its means as a minor, huh  
Look at the foods ad fibers  
The dude with the cubes will snipe ya  
More tools then snider  
Exclusive writer  
The jewels are fire  
I learned don't fool with rider from pop  
I don't need a gun, just a screwdriver  
Two tires, two pliers, a wrench and a few wires, shit  
I take it all from the buyers  
Bonfire, all from a lighter, call me "Macgyver"  
Need a rehab I'll call up Shania  
Bitch hungry, good, we gonna stall in papaya  
Take your recession special, yeah you less then special  
Me and Jim Jones, extra special  
Check it, Dre to Snoop, Gotti to Ja  
Dame to Jigga, Puff to Big, D n' Y

Doggy you next up, get your respect up  
Or a vest can't protect you when I hit you in your chest, duck  
The big heads done pushed me  
You gotta be sex: dickheads is pussy, killa  
I bring the hammers to the gunfight  
One night stand, only standing for one night  
Doggy, cause when it come to that cash  
No homo, I will jump in that ass, jump and I flash  
Then jump in that jag, jumpsuit  
Jump back from the coroner, I have you jump in that bag  
Come with that cash