

# Somebody Gotta Die Tonight

The Diplomats

Zeek Dip, Dip, Dip, Dipset bitch  
Dip Dip Dip Dipset bitch  
Dip Dip dip Dipset Bitch  
Dipset bitch Dipset Bitch

Why should I entertain, live in the game  
Pies to my name, E-5 in his brain, die for the chain  
Zeek hit the side of his frame, bang bang  
Fight in the lane, Dip Gang still ride with the Chain  
Four guns to none, survive with the chain  
We know who did it I ain't crying insane, I hide from the fame  
A V in the vain, i'm seing his pain, damn  
This my nigga, 10 deep in the game, mane  
We hit the streets with Cane, hit the streets in the Range  
Shh, Shh, We aint repeatin they names  
Keep heat, creep creep, leap leap, 3 jeeps, beep beep, set em' sleep with th  
e rain  
Fuck a mic, Mac sound check, I back down sets (sets)  
Ask about me, do your background check (check)  
40th guns revolve around history  
40 wolves or the unsolved mysteries  
Give your corner caution, I go on flossin  
Fuck ya robbery! i'll be on distortion  
Embrace the lecture, tech taste the texture  
Not Lance Rivera, nor Mason Betha  
Get a eighth and stretcher, til they laid in stretchers  
Til the red van come, try to raid and wreck us  
Legal aid respect us, Evil yes infections  
Dips stamp dope if you got them needles check us

Hey Zeek you alright (yea)  
You wanna ride (yea)  
45 on my side (yeeea yea)  
Dip Dip Dip Dipset Bitch, Somebody gotta die tonite  
Now Zeek in the pen (yea)  
I want revenge (yea)  
Mack 10 it extend (ooooooooowieeee)  
Dip Dip Dip Dipset Bitch, Sombody gotta die tonite

Aye Yo, I get the raw double, to cop more bubbles  
Leave my case open hope I get in more trouble  
More scuffles, so the Law could shuffle  
To my door they know when I get bored HUSTLE  
Killa Joffe Joe, still stop and go  
Get a block of blow if I yell DA-DA-DOE!  
Is you Raba (NO) Even mama know  
Im the shit but shit Vamoose gotta go  
I visit Peru, just to canoe  
Witnesses vision is too, they Mr. Magoo  
Who, You, Me, Oh I'm Killa Bitch  
Hustler that's on what that gorilla stitch  
20 years go by man still a snitch  
Niggaz fronted on Zeek man still I itch  
No hammers that night Goddamn man  
They was sand with ya night i'll play sandman  
I keep that Bam Bam Bigilo, Cam the Damn nigga though  
Fam Fam every damn nigga know

Fam blam blam every damn trigga blow  
Yes-man, toe ring and that damn Figaro

Fuck yall niggaz that's word to my mother B. If I catch anyone of yall nigga z runnin by, walkin by, driven by, sneakin by, Imma kill yall motherfuckerz. that's word to me, my Dipset fam, Killa C..Every motherfucken body. I nigga z wish, wish I was dead, but too bad for yall motherfuckerz. Here I go. Then yall gone run soon as see anything that looks anything like yall. I don't give a fuck, it's fucked up for everybody. i told Im half Coo koo, half motherfuckin crazy. I seen yall walkin round wit the chain out talkin bout try to rob me, try to rob me, I hope these motherfuckers try to do it 'cause I got somethin for they stinkin ass oh I got somethin for they stinkin ass. My foot in they ass. my fist in they face, My knee in the ribs, My finger in they eeeyyyyyeee. Ima kill them. Dipset nigga