

# 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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