

# What's Really Good

## The Diplomats

Uh, Uh Yeah  
We back in the fucking building  
Diplomats, Young Guru, Jim Jones, Santana, Freaky  
Came in second half  
Shit man, only thing we really wanna know right now is  
What? Is what's really good? That's the question

Suicide sickness, child negligence  
Homicide fingerprints, wild evidence (But what?)  
But thou shall, respect me bloa, bloa  
Clap, clap, pow, pow, bow down, nigga  
Be in Columbus never seen Bow Wow (Nope)  
We big dogs, all on the chow down  
Chow, and Mr. Giles lay back  
Santana locked up, get 'em out ASAP  
Aight, now boy, not tonight  
I where a bomb to the court like it's a ice white  
I'm real ice right, still in the hood  
But the question for y'all is  
What's Really Good?  
Nothing, see me on 55th, black scooped it up  
A-k activated, act stupid, one did act stupid  
Mac had to move it, from the hood like  
What's really good?  
I had to lay 'em down, clip him up, sprayed around  
Split him up, he played the ground, leave, nine stayed around  
Outlaw on the street, shot four from the three  
Southpaw Portuguese (What's Really Good?)

To all my ladies, ghetto to ghetto  
Heals, sneakers, slipper stilettos, hello  
Diplomats are coming to your hood  
And we wanna know (What's really good?)  
All my niggaz, block for block  
Rock for rock, top for top  
Top a top, stash your clocks under the hood  
And niggaz wanna know (What's really good?)

Okay I admit  
I mean they said I was trippin' had to re-edit the spin  
44 lead when I'm spitting  
Shots to the head of my victims  
Big deserts we grippin' to dry out, you in the desert is slippin'  
They go through extreme measures to get 'em  
Them chains and them treasures the glistening  
You got three hideouts, a bed in the system  
My brethren I miss them  
So please tell me y'all  
What's really good?  
Top of the drop when it's missing  
MY block when it's clickin', these rocks when they glistening  
What's really good?  
145th on this crunk, big 45th in my trunk  
Big gouty wrists on you chumps  
Mostly me and sometimes them  
But mostly me, oh shit man, that's one time them  
Squally, so through your set up please

And let me know if you really good  
And let me know if you really hood

I like this beat, drums and bells  
Remind me of bullets, bodies, guns and shells  
I don't talk the verse, Polly wanna cracker  
When she on the stand, you probably wanna smack her  
Probably wanna clap her, end your day properly  
Air the shit out like the end of State Property  
No run away robber, gunner stay half of me the end I see prophecy  
What's Really Good?  
I'm in the buggy mon', with the Rugby on  
Air Force Ones, looking like Lucky Charms  
Lotta dudes, yelling out "Fuck me, uh?"  
I'll blow this bitch dog, what the fuck we on

It's Santana, I'm straight out the box homey  
Straight to the stoop, straight to the booth when I stepped out the box home  
y  
I still got the sun of the box on me  
Grimy clothes, funky arms, my socks dirty  
I told you I can count on my boy  
I'm in trouble, needed bail money, dialed on my boy  
Shit, and just when I thought it was getting worst  
I was bailed out scot-free, spittin' this verse, uh-huh  
You don't sit in the dirt, clips'll disperse  
(Dmx) What's Really Good  
(Santana) ME MOTHERFUCKER!!!  
Don't play with this, I'm so great at this  
Santana, bandana, release the eight a spit (COME ON...)

[Chorus]