Dipset Anthem

Dipset

[Juelz Santana]
Oh, come on, fuck with your boy
It's Santana, Heatmakers, where we at?
Let me see you through this
Killa, Jones, Freakay
Yeah man, I'm back at it

Today's a new day, got the boo-lay up in the suitcase
Go uptown to Harlem, tell 'em that I sent ya
Tell 'em it's August, I'm "Gon' Til' November"
I need a couple birds, get a broad, have 'em sent up
Call my bird, get my broad have her sent up (Please)
Call my niggaz, call my squad, have 'em sent up (Please)
I see a town I'm likin'
See some niggas getting money in a town I like it
I run up on them with the pound and light it
Like it's my block now, all right kid?
He understood me quite clear
Then that thing banged out, ranged out the side of his right ear
And I got back to my business, back to my bitches
Back to the kitchen, that pyrex vision
Pop, I let that white stuff sit in
Get hard, get rock, get to the block and pitchin'
Yeah I'm sorry but this is how I'm livin
And this is how I'm getting, fuck how I get it
Hey!

[Chorus: Juelz Santana]
I stood alone watching the wall, in the zone, hand on my handles
Listening to gangsta music
I stood at home hand on a chrome, with a zone, flippin' the channels
Watching how the gangstas do it
I stood alone, getting dome, from a thick chick in sandles
Watching Shaft, clocking math

[Juelz Santana]
Now I see death around the corner
Gotta stay high, will I survive in the city where the skinny niggas die?
Nope, it's the city where the skinny niggas ride

.45 semi on the side, twisting when they drive, yeah
Lick a shot for Big Pop and 'Pac, yeah
One more for Shyne locked inside, yeah
Two more for Cam, for taking over the Roc
Yeah, yeah, it's my year
So, okay, okay, okay, y'all can't fuck with me, no way
Jose or Hector Camacho
Tech blows and watch yo' chest close and tacos
Motherfucker I'm the best, I told y'all before
I should y'all before, ey!

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[Cam'Ron]
I'm on the westside of Chicago, lookin' for a bust down
And make me put my two arms up, Touchdown!
You stay in touch now, but when I tough down
I'm like Buckshot shorty, you better "Duck Down"
Yeah I must clown, I'm from Harlem, Uptown
Where we flash money, take your bitch and ask you, what now?
Birds flip a dozen, chicks is dicks they suckin'
Swallow my kids, go and kiss they cousin
Yes, they kissing cousins, toys kissing muppets
Worst then that, they go home and kiss they husband
That shit's disgusting
Keep the chickens clucking, keep the pigeons buggin'
This on my wrist is nothing
To me it's just yellow hearts and pink diamonds
Where I get the money for this? Don't think rhymin'
You fucking with Pablo, Bravo, Mario Via Bolo ho, Ta-to

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