

# More Than Music

## The Diplomats

Yeah, ok (We gonna do it like this)  
Back again  
Santana (ohh) F\*\*\* with yo boy (dipset)  
Dipset

Yo I try to be easy  
I try to be calm breathe easy, it don't seem easy  
I'm on my Ps and Qs, Ys and Zs, .45 on the side of me  
Plus, four guys on the side of me, with .45 on the side of them

We can play now, this is a war not a playground  
We came here to lay or get laid down, spray or get sprayed down  
Wills for us anyday now, cops with their wall to wall raids down  
I'm ducking and weaving, running and leaving

Not trying to feel the cuffs when they squeezing  
Or the plugger they stuck to Lumina  
So I'm stuck with this nina, I'm stuck with this finger  
Itchy as f\*\*\*, you're f\*\*\*ed if I leave ya chump

Went to school, but ain't stay in cla\*\*, hated cla\*\*  
Only for period, yep, I could relate to math  
Played games, but the games was bad  
You know, cops and robbers, laser tag, see what I was aiming at

Hop scotching on n\*\*\*\*z faces kept my ankles bad  
That ain't stop me from working I got me a worker  
Gotta him to work, and yeah, chopping the work up  
Keep him on my clock, clocking my work up, n\*\*\*\*z know me

Taught him how to cook, livin his work up  
Told him it's not the pot, it's the worker, gotta mix shorty  
Gotta do it like this shorty  
Clockwise, counter-clockwise, it's all in the wrist shorty  
F\*\*\* with me

[Chorus]

This is a movement, this is a union  
This is more then what you people call music  
I'm part of this Dip Set confusing

Tecs we moving, catch up, y'all losing  
Y'all ain't big enough to be at the table, nope  
Y'all ain't big enough to eat at the table, nope  
This is powdeful music that I bring to the table  
The sequal of Able, f\*\*\* with your boy

[Juelz Santana]

You motherf\*\*\*ers really don't know  
You motherf\*\*\*ers really wont know  
I'm real f\*\*\*a, I really wont fold  
I kill f\*\*\*as and wheelie off roads

Bangie rapper, like I'm really off road  
The pain I feel, I really wont show man  
The game is real, I really don't know Cam  
If I'm a make it or not

But my plan was to take it straight to the top  
Bring my fame to the block, with me  
Harlem's my home, so I'm making it hot with me  
'Til the day I'm layed on the block, with shots in me

Stay weeded, stay cheifing a blunt  
Stay losing some more pounds, I ain't eating enough, nope  
Stop fronting homes, you wont do nothing homes  
Killa locked this, I'm what's up and coming homes

You better believe, one thing I was always taught in my household you better achieve  
No matter what you do, you better succeed  
That was embedded in me, yeah, the rest was left up to me  
So I, played my position, I stayed in the kitchen

Base tripping on the bottom of the plate when I'm mixing  
Cake whipping on the bottom of the plate when I left it  
Eight digits when I take it, break it and flip it  
This is the Matrix, I take it we live in

S\*\*\*, I'm seeing the sun, I'm Neo the one, believe me  
Hand picked like cotton, I've been sent here not to be forgotten  
My hands grip the dots in, I get ya poppin'  
Shoot s\*\*\*, s\*\*\* is poppin'

Move bricks get it rocking, y'all know me  
Ya young homie from the block, y'all forgot me already?  
Holla back, the young Rocky is ready whoa!

[Chorus]

This is a movement, this is a union  
This is more then what you people call music  
I'm part of this Dip Set confusing  
Tecs we moving, catch up, y'all losing  
Y'all ain't big enough to be at the table, nope  
Y'all ain't big enough to eat at the table, nope  
This is powdeful music that I bring to the table  
The sequal of Able, f\*\*\* with your boy

---

Lyrics powered by [lyrics.tancode.com](http://lyrics.tancode.com)

written by JAMES, LARON L. / DUKES, ROBERT / LEVERT, EDDIE

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>