

I Love You

The Diplomats

[Juelz Santana]

People say my theories is backwards
I tell them, sincerely, it's clearly, you hearing me backwrds
I tell 'em I'm great, but still I need practice
I tell them to wait, go and comeback quick, they don't understand me
It's not logic, I'm not logic, I got problems
I worship the late prophet, the great Muhammad Ali
For the words that he spoke, that stung like a bee
Soaked into me, you niggaz will see but
I'm still insane, I'm Rodman, dealing my brain
I'm grinding sharing my pain, fuck, where is the fame
Niggaz, they still rhyming, still in the game
They still dealing the cane, still cock shit in your brain, homie
I still smell the rotten people that lay
There in ground zero, forgotten, left in for days
Probably left there to stay, left in decay
Broken pieces of towers, left in their graves
I pray they be saved, until then, that's just a suggestion I made
Follow me homie, listen, I subjected my ways nigga
Weapons that spray, at your fucking face nigga
It's Santana the great, in the place niggaz, stay away nigga
Cause I'm headed straight to the top, niggaz
Diplomat Taliban slash ROC nigga
Oh yeah, I do this for my block niggaz
D train, Al Gator, pop niggaz
Young drugs, young twins, Shiest bug
Niggaz I love, my thugs
Now, come fuck with your boy
Jones, Killa, Freakay, come fuck with your boy, WHOA
It's Santana again nigga, no bandanas just him nigga
In the flesh, like

[Cam'Ron]

I seen it time, business and friendship
Friendships ended, business attended, clips get extended
Lawyers get called, accountants get faxed
That was my man, well I wish that he meant it
It's been a long time, hereing the mobsters
This ain't overnight, it's years in the process
Shed a tear in the process, now process is over

All my niggaz get prepared for the Oscars
Back to the block, sharing a lobster
Morris Malone, Sam Malone, preparing the vodka, holla
Hallejulah, no hum-do-allah, but respecting my Aki
He held me down, when it was getting real rocky
Hustling, isn't a hobby
I sit in the lobby, look at my ovie, have visions of Gotti
Visions of lotties, pictures of Blood, scenes of L
I want to see my son, piss in that potty
Jimmy, I'm going to make sure your wrist is real rocky
See my plans are for long term like Mr. Miyagi
Wax on, wax off, put our wax on, take that wack off
Over some nights, I had fights over the white
The roads to the lows, I knows what it's like
Now, career over like Mike: anyone
Tyson, Jordan, Jackson, it's over
This shit right here touched my soul, man
My grandmother or something, 56 bless her soul
Apartment 56 that is, 101, West 140th
Rest In Peace Liddiah Giles, Blood Shed..

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