

All Over - Un Kasa, Jr Writer

The Diplomats

(Un Kasa)

Im the magnificent maroco, seats are peacata, quick ta let the gl
ock blow, chrome straight ta carta, asta minyata when u fuckin wi
t kasa, da gun will turn ya chest inta pasta, porsche boxster, col
or of lobster, chrome pipes and seats cinnamon cobbla, rap cats a
dore me notta, whoa, u full of candy like party pinatas, we da tal
iban diplomat, we party wit llamas, far as it goes im the realest
nigga spittin, niggaz talk hustle game but im really livin it, an
ything i want and need nigga im gettin it, 745 gucci top wit da
stick in it, ice so clear like the shit fishes swimmin in, i aint
diddy yall but im strictly for da benjimans, im da boss i aint
dealin wit no middle man, ill discharge da bomb ta leave dis cit
y tremblin

(J.R Writer)

When we step in da buildin, yeah dipset you messin wit millionai
res, dis da heat of the camp, leader and champ thatll give u a sh
ot like you need a chance, its over, what u don't understand, i l
et the thunder blam, J stay puttin up fours like a brother man, h
awk or da mac, hawk in his back, torch thru his hat, off wit his c
ap, how awful is that, fuck wit da dips get stuffed in a ditch, cl
apped in ya wig, cut in ya face, stuck wit a pick, yeah were disgu
sting and sick, quick ta gice you the gunplay, imagin me scuffin
for kicks, besides that im a hustler wit brick, ;holla at me if u
need weed crack and dusty and spliff, im on the strip wit a slu
t in the whip, face in my lap, noddin, like she tryin to say what'
s up to my hips, it over,

(J.R Writer)

Im on da strip wit ya favorite drugs, treys ta doves, nickname al
bundy, how i stay wit bud, im da one dat da haters gruge, spray d
a snub, play a thug, lay above, get knocked pay da judge

(Un Kasa)

Bad bitches, its the llana tub, come play wit thugs, pop cris all
night fill ya face wit suds, what ya thinkin love, we aint aint m
akin love, if ya man come in front fill his face wit slugs

(J.R Writer)

Look man i wreck frames wit da tech aim, trust me icey hot wont
help ya chest pain

(Un Kasa)

Niggaz runnin around no rims they neck plain, its the dipset get
it correct respect game

(J.R Writer)

When u see me either u duck or u dodge or jus run to ur car and

duck in ya dodge

(Un Kasa)

I jus wanna top ya prowler,ur truck and ur car, we da taliban d
iplomats u fuckin with stars