

# Certified Gangstas

The Diplomats

You know I keep my eyes wide  
East side high risers  
West side low riders  
Vest with the four-fire  
Yes I fo sho fire  
D-I-P low rider  
See police, slow the ride  
See scwalay, nigga  
'Cause they be thinking that the ride stolen  
Keep your head up and your eyes open  
Load the lead up while the ride rollin  
Creep up on a mark like what you say fucka  
Well fuck him and if he live smoke him  
We don't appeal to the law  
You know we ride this motherfucker till them wheels fall off  
And the first bastard get fly  
You know blad, blad, blad, was my reply  
89 wolf pack and we wylin  
P-89 pull gats 'cause we violent, shit, yea  
We put coke on the strip  
Don't quote me boy 'cause I ain't said shit

Since I made a gang of bucks  
Nah I ain't been hanging much  
Still slide through fly coupes, and the chains is plush  
Keep the banger tucked 'case I had to bang a fuck  
'Cause we Certified Gangstas  
All day we hanging smut, dog with a gang of ducks  
Hundred grand on the hand, Game got the range of trucks  
Kill wit the deal, still got cane to cut  
'Cause we Certified Gangstas

We still in ages of glocks  
Razors or octs  
'Cause I lay in the drop  
Pump the base on the pocket  
Move the H on our block, in front of H&R Block  
See the face on our watch, put your face on our cock  
I keep the looga hug  
Show you how to use the snub  
Whoop-te-woo, fuck around be you I plug  
I don't do the drugs, baby I move the drugs  
Right on the computer love, it sound like computer love  
Duck the cop-cappers  
And them top-hatters  
Fock flavors, harlem world we got gators  
Not dead I said they alive  
Lions, Tigers, Bears, oh my  
It's a straight zoo  
A to Z, May to April  
Bring the Apes through  
Fuck around you be ape food, baked food  
9 bitches 8 dudes  
Diamond visions, great cubes  
Get it straight fool

You know I ride through Lennox

All eyes on my pendant  
But I'm moving like oh dog was ridding a menace  
With that automatic weapon, blowing live through my tennant  
While I'm breezin' through the jects, blowing live on the tennants  
I'm pouring liquor for the dead and gone  
And we retaly same night, load the blinkers with the leaders on  
We come to get you till the dead and morn  
(Knock, Knock wake up mothafucker, you know who it is)  
Killa and Jones coppin one dawn  
Big birds, the rocks and our charms  
He got the bird, the glocks in my palm  
I got the word from King Joffrey the bomb  
My nigga zeekey surely a hard rock  
How he survived them 40-sum-odd shots  
As we ride he screamed out eastside  
All the time as I reply

[Chorus]