

What's Really Good

The Diplomats

Uh, Uh Yeah
We back in the fucking building
Diplomats, Young Guru, Jim Jones, Santana, Freaky
Came in second half
Shit man, only thing we really wanna know right now is
What? Is what's really good? That's the question

Suicide sickness, child negligence
Homicide fingerprints, wild evidence (But what?)
But thou shall, respect me bloa, bloa
Clap, clap, pow, pow, bow down, nigga
Be in Columbus never seen Bow Wow (Nope)
We big dogs, all on the chow down
Chow, and Mr. Giles lay back
Santana locked up, get 'em out ASAP
Aight, now boy, not tonight
I where a bomb to the court like it's a ice white
I'm real ice right, still in the hood
But the question for y'all is
What's Really Good?
Nothing, see me on 55th, black scooped it up
A-k activated, act stupid, one did act stupid
Mac had to move it, from the hood like
What's really good?
I had to lay 'em down, clip him up, sprayed around
Split him up, he played the ground, leave, nine stayed around
Outlaw on the street, shot four from the three
Southpaw Portuguese (What's Really Good?)

To all my ladies, ghetto to ghetto
Heals, sneakers, slipper stilettos, hello
Diplomats are coming to your hood
And we wanna know (What's really good?)
All my niggaz, block for block
Rock for rock, top for top
Top a top, stash your clocks under the hood
And niggaz wanna know (What's really good?)

Okay I admit
I mean they said I was trippin' had to re-edit the spin
44 lead when I'm spitting
Shots to the head of my victims
Big deserts we grippin' to dry out, you in the desert is slippin'
They go through extreme measures to get 'em
Them chains and them treasures the glistening
You got three hideouts, a bed in the system
My brethren I miss them
So please tell me y'all
What's really good?
Top of the drop when it's missing
MY block when it's clickin', these rocks when they glistening
What's really good?
145th on this crunk, big 45th in my trunk
Big gouty wrists on you chumps
Mostly me and sometimes them
But mostly me, oh shit man, that's one time them
Squally, so through your set up please

And let me know if you really good
And let me know if you really hood

I like this beat, drums and bells
Remind me of bullets, bodies, guns and shells
I don't talk the verse, Polly wanna cracker
When she on the stand, you probably wanna smack her
Probably wanna clap her, end your day properly
Air the shit out like the end of State Property
No run away robber, gunner stay half of me the end I see prophecy
What's Really Good?
I'm in the buggy mon', with the Rugby on
Air Force Ones, looking like Lucky Charms
Lotta dudes, yelling out "Fuck me, uh?"
I'll blow this bitch dog, what the fuck we on

It's Santana, I'm straight out the box homey
Straight to the stoop, straight to the booth when I stepped out the box home
y
I still got the sun of the box on me
Grimy clothes, funky arms, my socks dirty
I told you I can count on my boy
I'm in trouble, needed bail money, dialed on my boy
Shit, and just when I thought it was getting worst
I was bailed out scot-free, spittin' this verse, uh-huh
You don't sit in the dirt, clips'll disperse
(Dmx) What's Really Good
(Santana) ME MOTHERFUCKER!!!
Don't play with this, I'm so great at this
Santana, bandana, release the eight a spit (COME ON...)

[Chorus]