

# Diamonds and Gold

Rittz

I guess them pretty blue skies up in Gwinnett County got a disguise  
I guess your eyes see us on that map and make you think we ain't a trap  
But I'm from that North, N-A-W-F  
North Atlanta, we for real

85 north of Atlanta, home of the Gwinnett County Braves  
Out-of-towners looking out of place 'round here  
Think it's sweet and disappear without a trace  
Cops on the dash see the plates out of state  
Apartment complex got a gate but it ain't  
Safe tryna hustle 'round here think there's money to be made  
You'll get robbed by somebody underage  
We don't rock brands like Vans, only J's  
We don't use words like "hella" or "the bomb"  
So many celebs that live in Gwinnett  
Tryna say Downtown when they tell you where they from  
Me, I'm from the 'burbs, never had much, I'm -  
White boy in black Hollywood representing Slum  
Yeah, I got long hair, I ain't ZZ Top  
I got diamonds on my pinky ring and diamonds on my charm  
I'm incredible like Burt Wonderstone  
Hurts when its done  
Wanna battle me and you'll get murked one-on-one  
We ain't on no battle rap  
We used to rap about our habitat and all the work that we done  
Camaro convertible, turbo, we're there with the purple  
We stand in a circle and puff  
Got these bitches they go twerking and sucking  
If you ain't got 'em fucking then you probably ain't assertive enough  
Make your girl have a crush and I'm far from a heartthrob  
Middle finger up saying fuck Paul Blart  
Cops got the K9 in the car lot  
Someone just got shot up at the Marriott courtyard  
Sitting in the car shot  
People scheming to get Lamborghini money  
They ain't tryna drive a Dodge Dart  
Drug deal gone bad up at Wal-Mart  
Better pay attention when you're pitching in the ballpark  
Cause

These streets can be misleading, and this one thing I know  
Don't come around here flexin', I suggest you slow your roll  
Tryna show off all your diamonds and gold  
They gon' get you for your diamonds and gold  
Everybody want some diamonds and gold  
And I'm dying for your diamonds and gold

I know in Georgia, shit ain't peachy, so fuck what you've been told  
Cause when this shit get greezy, we've been known to go for broke  
Tryna show off all your diamonds and gold  
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Woah

From a middle class neighborhood  
From '94-'05, I was up in Eagle Point then

A lot of people wasn't born here  
Moving in and out, never know who the neighbor next door is  
Drug dealers tryna build clientele  
So they telling everybody they got it, that shit was short-lived  
Jack boys get work, kick your door in  
Talk to you on the phone, pistol-whip your girlfriend  
Hit a lick for four grand, now they got some cash to fly  
In high school, used lame kids to practice on  
I made 'em empty out their pockets  
Other kids dreaming of being astronauts  
We were scheming to make a profit  
The gun that's underneath the mattress drawn  
Make it a chance of living half as long  
A lot of homies from the past is gone  
You wanna play games? Better train for the triathlon  
Cause ain't no games round here, ho  
We ain't in no dorm room playing beer pong  
Homies never made it into the millennium  
Never forget 'em should've tattooed tears for 'em  
Adam got a life sentence, he in Dooly State Prison  
Send him money, if he need me then I'm here for him  
We done smoked so much weed, smoking weed ain't shit  
Doing any hard drugs we could get our hands on  
Man Darren, he was clean, started fucking with that meth again  
It wouldn't be GC without Mexicans  
Claiming turf, gang signs spray painted on the picket fence  
They gotta represent what set they in  
Back in the day it was Breckinridge, Crescent Lake  
Sweetwater, Saratoga, and The Falls just to name a few  
So watch the lane you choose, and who you bragging to  
Cause you gon' end up getting robbed in the North

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We got a young nigga playing with that dope again  
I'm in the kitchen on that Adderall, focusing  
I'm on the road, doing shows, with some hoes again  
I hit the gas a couple times, then I hold it in  
I'm in the street with the heat on the seat  
In case I bump into police or I run into my foes again  
Cause I hear them niggas tripping 'bout the flavor that I'm kicking  
And I'm down to start messing with the gold, you see  
I been breaking down pounds on them Lortab 10's  
On a bar and a half, and I'm going back in  
If you ever see a foreign car sliding on rims  
Up 85 North that's him  
Just drive, I see him, I see him, I see him  
All black tint, nigga riding Nigerian  
All white paint, we gon' call it Siberian  
Loud pack on him, he ain't no librarian

Up from Mexico City, that's that Norcross area  
Whole lot of killers gon' need a pole bearer  
Drinking on brown, got you feeling barbaric  
Still got a trap spot right on Harrington  
Still got a trap spot, trappin' on Jimmy  
I'ma dump the whole clip til it run empty  
And my license expired, tell Rittz to come get me  
We the only ones got a key to this city  
My lawyer's suppressing the evidence  
I had some dope in my residence  
I had some guns in my residence  
I would not tell on no Mexican, I would not tell on no Mexican!  
They can indict it, I'll fight it, I swear to that  
Shorty don't like me, I'm piping, I'm arrogant  
Gambino boss on the North and I carry it  
We got Mariah, you buying, I'm selling it  
Tell 'em Rittz

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