

# Diamonds

Dave East

(That's all I do)  
Illegal niggas but we been legit  
(That's all I do)  
Off you niggas I never benefit

Bought it by the brick, sold it by the rap  
The Blueprint on while I'm fuckin' got her throwin' up the Roc'  
I'm talkin' diamonds, young nigga Paul Mern  
Knockin' Phyllis Hyman or maybe Donny Hathaway  
Used to wish I could kick it, fuck school, I gotta trap today  
Ain't care what Momma think, felt like Tom Hanks in Castaway  
Package landed Wednesday, tryna get it off by Saturday  
Even better by Friday, Frank Sinatra this my way  
We do 'em like the Mob, clip 'em backin' out his driveway  
You ain't been nervous till you had narcotics on the highway  
I been a outcast, I grew up like Andre, three thousand in my pocket  
I know they hate on me, but somehow I'm always the topic  
You talkin' 'bout shit, I'm always gon' pop it  
Designer fits, I'm always gon' rock 'em  
Just tryin' to make a profit, niggas hated on my pockets  
Like when Harden went to Texas, niggas hated on the Rockets  
Like when KD went to the Bay, niggas hated on the Warriors  
We chased you in your baby's mother buildin', had you callin' her  
I went to pick up weed, not for the beach, the first time I went to Florida  
Your Mom don't want that call from the Coroner  
Stay in order, bruh

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They told me life is what you make it, I'm an architect  
Cocaine in my mother apartment, I wasn't talkin' yet  
Seen fiends noddin' off, I wasn't even walkin' yet  
Prayin' to the sky, I'm all alone like, how could God neglect?  
I didn't ask to be here  
I knew a smoker, told me that the heemies made her see clear  
Lyin' to herself, she said she kicked the habit each year  
I watched her from a beach chair  
Nike's on my ten toes, I'm genuine  
I had a cousin overdose when Diddy put out Benjamins  
Dog food syringes by the benches, from the trenches  
Tryna get a chain, heard all them stories 'bout how they lynched us  
Now tryna hang, A & Rs from Labels tryna find the gang  
You could search Google for a year and you'll never find my pain  
Conversations with my momma, promised her I'm tryna change  
Grew up with 'em, they not the same  
Know that everything I lost, now I'm tryna gain  
I had a plug who started sellin' weed, 'cause he was out of 'caine  
Like a highway in Cali, this rap game got a lot of lanes  
Blood done hit these streets for years, the pavement got a lot of stains  
They told me live your life before you check out  
Peace to Harry Fraud, he's dope, the best out  
We got it

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