

# Diamond Style

Eminem

Sometimes its hard to wake up in the morning  
Mind full of demons, I don't wanna hear them anymore  
Got me heartbroken, fine, so many babies screaming  
Cause they seeing destruction before they a see human being  
So they start smoking weed, we'll never get our day  
Until we learn to pray, keep our families in shape  
Cause they all broke. and why do ghetto birds die  
Before we learn to fly, some bodies else's child caught in guns  
Smoking weed, can all make a change  
So I'm told, but I haven't seen the change unfold,  
I keep hoping please, if you prefer to breathe,  
Communities in need of people that will lead  
Keep your eyes open, I can only say I'll try  
Until the day I die

Niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the courts but my force was wild  
Bitchmade ass niggas don't know my style,  
These niggas don't know my style  
Quick to smile juvenile, was a problem child  
Try to put me in the courts but my force was wild  
Bitchmade ass niggas don't know my style  
I could be wrong but I never got along with cops

Putting money on my head  
Go on and get your refund motherfucker, I ain't dead I'm the diamond in the dirt,  
That ain't been found I'm the underground king and  
I ain't been crowned When I rhyme, something special happen every time  
I'm the greatest, something like  
Ali in his prime  
I walk the block with the bundles I've been knocked on the humble  
Swing the ox when I rumble Show your ass what my gun do  
Got a temper nigga, go ahead, lose your head  
Turn your back on me, get clapped and lose your legs  
I walk around gun on my waist, chip on my shoulder  
Till I bust a clip in your face, pussy, this beef ain't over  
If it wasn't for rain Joy wouldn't feel so good, if it wasn't for pain

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Let's pretend Marshall Mathers never picked up a pen  
Let's pretend things would have been no different  
Pretend he procrastinated, had no motivation  
Pretend he just made excuses that were so paper thin they could blow away with the wind  
Marshall, you're never gonna make it makes no sense to play the game there ain't no way that you'll win

Pretend he just stayed outside all day and played with his friends  
Pretend he even had a friend to say was his friend  
And it wasn't time to move and schools weren't changing again  
He wasn't socially awkward and just strange as a kid  
He had a father and his mother wasn't crazy as shit  
And he never dreamed he could rip stadiums and just lazy as shit  
Fuck a talent show in a gymnasium, bitch, you won't amount to shit quit dayd  
reaming kid  
You need to get your cranium checked you thinking like an alien and just ain  
't realistic  
Now pretend they ain't just make him angry with this shit  
And there was no one he could even aim when he's pissed it  
And his alarm went off to wake him but he didn't make it to the Rap Olympics  
Slept through his plane and he missed it  
He's gon' have a hard time explaining to Hailie and Lainie these food stamps  
and this WIC shit  
Cause he never risked shit he hoped and he wished it but it didn't fall in h  
is lap so he ain't even here  
He pretends that