

Diamonds

Lil Keed

Pfft, hahaha, man
Dodger, dodger, I'm dodging
YoungBoyBrown on my kid

SRT Dodger, Hellcat Charger (Yeesh)
Real baller, money got taller
Bankroll gettin' taller
I'm gettin' money any way, I'm livin' larger
Gettin' money they ain't ever seen in they life
I like high-top shoes, just don't judge me
I don't got my Jumpmans on, go get Kobe
And that "do not disturb" drip on me
And I know I got niggas mad at my

Diamonds

I just spent a lot on my diamonds
Gotit hit a thot on a yacht and left her cryin'
I ain't even lie, two hundred just for a liner
Hard to touch, got my Skydweller shinin' shiny
Hundred round drum, nigga, would you like to spray?
Yeah, I send the blitz, I don't care 'bout your mama, I don't care 'bout you
r son
I don't care about your dad, your dog, your cat, I shoot up your life
I don't care 'bout none of y'all pussy boys (Boo-hoo)

I'm not playin' with none of these niggas (Boo-hoo)
Lamb' truck with a stripe down the middle
No, I don't talk to the man in the middle (Boo-hoo)
Yeah, rose gold rings on [?] (Boo-hoo)
Yeah, I put a load right on your bros, then I control the people (Sheesh, bo
o-hoo)
I brung the car lot (Boo-hoo, sheesh)
Made it out the hood, I still forgot to clean the pots (Boo-hoo)
Yeah, I do a verse and a show and go hit the car lot (Boo-hoo)
Riding in a foreign a car and I don't drop-top (Boo-hoo)
Talkin' 'bout "Keep Keed in," I'm like, "Hell nah" (Boo-hoo)
Thinking I'm gon' give in, I'm like, "Hell nah" (Boo-hoo)
Gotta get this money, got a little one (Boo-hoo)
And I peel off like a [?]

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When I ain't had no money, they ain't answer (Ayy, cook up)
Knock a nigga hair off, chopper cancer (Brrt)
Tell 'em free my niggas out the slammer (Free the boys, nigga)
In the mansion, gettin' top from a dancer (Ayy, ayy)
Made a quarter million sellin' beans to the fiends (Swear)
I know they grow for free but we still gon' sell the trees (Swear)

What color is your diamonds? Boy, them S's, them ain't V's (Nah)
Put the beam on his top if he talking down on Keed (Gang, let's go)
You never touched a hit
Outside of toast, outside of sandwiches, niggas ain't touchin' no bread (At
all)
Bro go on tour, then I go on tour, yeah, we keep in touch with the fans (Fac
ts)
Only foreigners in my driveway, still'll pull in a van (Buh)
Kill you and fuck up your mans, bitch

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