

# Diamonds

Nipsey Hussle

[\*:]

Diamonds on my neck  
Chrome drop top  
Chillin' chillin' chillin'  
Chillin' on the scene  
[x4]

Roll with a nickel nine playin' pickle with time  
Cause I rather sit up with Shyne than lay stiff in the pine  
Box niggas out daily, South Central crazy  
Like an angry Israeli in a bullet proof Mercedes  
Lyrically I'm Tracy McGrady  
In a seven series beemer, blowin' kush and A/C  
These fake niggas try and player hate me  
Suicide, they gonna die when I give them phase three  
Streets talkin', all about that nigga off Slauson  
Get love from Eastside Watts to Westside Compton  
Niggas know me in the Chi, two forties when I ride  
Been a star way before my face showed up in the Vibe  
Not to mention, all my different visits to the A  
Been played, now my mission's, get this shit a different way  
Each day symbolize the next level of the game  
Bullets with no name, to keep the diamonds on my chain

[\* x4]

Look

Break the beat up, wake the street up with my potent flow  
To all my critics from before, now you know for sho'  
These niggas wanna switch ships, 'cause they boat broke  
I said no, sucker duck inside, stay afloat  
These so-so ass rappers get no dough  
In the presence of this hip-hop Jacques Cousto  
Nip Hussle, I'm the freshest nigga you know  
Got the Palazzo Vove lookin' like a light show  
Slauson boy, or even numero uno  
Bitches on my dick like flies on a fruit bowl  
I just take my pick and we slide in the two-door  
Mix a little Goose with some Nuvo, you know  
Then I pull up to your set like it's neutral  
Hoppin' out the Jag, dressed like the planet Pluto  
Yo, assumptions got you lookin' like a culo  
It's all money in, I need mucho, to keep the

[\* x4]