

# Clean Diamonds

Philthy Rich

(Blame it on Monstah)

Hustle more, struggle more, it's up to you, the choice is yours  
The Ford is less, the Porsche is more, which one you want? The Porsche of course  
Nigga, I'm a motherfuckin' boss, on my porch some more  
Move grams hand to hand, car to car, door to door  
When I was broke, I was bored, I had to get my money right  
I'ma miss the club, my nigga, it's a count-money night  
Gold presi' sunny bright, natural shit, no funny ice  
Nigga asked, "Could I front him?" Guess I'm just a dummy, right?  
You owe the whole hood, your name is no good  
My nigga, you can't lean on me, you gotta come with C-O-D  
Karat stones gleam on me, your man too broke to speak on me  
Tell that nigga, "Pay your bill," Pay too busy makin' skril  
Nigga, I ain't never been pressed about a record deal  
By the time they found me, I was loaded, both my necklace chilled  
Clean diamonds on, I ain't never been a tacky nigga  
Sold 'em in Ohio (Uh-huh), but I got 'em from my Cali nigga (Look)

Clean diamonds on, baguettes came from Gary  
The biggest thing to come up out of Seminary  
I lost two hunnid G's and bought some P's from BT  
Sellin' so much pussy, I forgot how to sell weed (Sell weed)  
Cheap things ain't good and good things ain't cheap  
Lil' fine shit from Vegas in my passenger seat  
All the bad bitches in my city love me  
All the real niggas in my city love me  
Bend on my right, Maude on my left  
If you don't see me with them niggas, don't ask me about the rest  
Relationships worth more than money  
Money ain't worth more than relationships  
Two Cane Corsos protect the mansion  
That nigga went broke and then sold his masters  
Sent my bitch to Miami for new veneers  
Clean diamonds in these Rollies, these is souvenirs, it's Philth (Yeah, yeah  
)

Seven-karat ear, uh, uh, yeah (Yeah)  
Seven-karat earrings, rose gold on 'em (Fourteen, yeah)  
He bought his partner two lawyers, still told on him (Man, what?)  
Old-school origami top, it'll fold on him (Yeah, ayy, yeah)  
We checkin' paper too (For real)  
Your thottie broke with three kids, that's what hatin' do (It do)  
Louis Carolina suit, pimpin' baby blue (That blue)  
They gave my partner twenty years, he was sellin' blues (Lil' Trey)  
Last rapper tried the splats ain't work out, right? (No)  
She ain't pay me for the— that don't sound right (No, no)  
We doin' homework on lil' buddy, gon' be a long night (For sure)  
Been in the gym five months, just the clean Sprite (Clean, yeah)  
Auntie needs bread, barely even stable (Damn)  
I just paid a visit to her, left a dime on the table (Man)  
Still remember sleepin' on her couch, young, watchin' cable (Yeah, man)  
Back when we was sellin' sherns out the street and sold fakers (For real)

Oohwee (Oohwee)

Oohwee (Yeah, for real)

Yeah  
Yeah