

Yeah

(Ohh-oh-ohh)

Every project needs a moment like this

Chachi!

What?

God to all you atheists

Drivin' under the stars, keep eagles for any patriot

Tryna take an L

Hittin' opposition is the worst competition

But it's still fuck you pussies

Never kiss and tell, though (Watch me)

Feel me, nigga

Y'all fake as a mothafucka

That's why I ain't fuckin' with all y'all

(Boom)

My younger sister Nini's in back

Joogin' plays on crooked phones

May not be perfect, but I still call it home

Single life has been cool, minus stability

People that say they love me send me pics of my ex new nigga

Not because they lookin' out or tryin' to see if it's killin' me, but

To poke holes at me like I'm one of they enemies

Not knowin' we split six months ago, but we stayed cool

Niggas thirty plus puttin' trust in The fuckin' Shade Room

Is not the vibe

I'm gettin' bigger so that come with this

Gated communities and mics is where my comfort sits

I can't lie, I did fuck my baby mama from time to time

Not consistent but when I find the time

I know a few folks that's not surprised

And a few that's gon' try Rowanda line

She still ain't shit and I ain't neither, but she fine as wine

Stupid, right? (Hella stupid)

I must confess, that makes it rough

Stay G-P-Sin' perfection, but no address comes up

For every wrong I do, I try to leave in these songs (Leave in these songs)

For you to learn from it one, and two, for me to move on (For me to move on)

(Compton!)

Outta towners hear my voice then they know what's up

Free lunches, speed bumps, buyin' drugs from the donut truck

Wave creators with more animals (Woof) than Noah's Ark

It's a big, rich town, yeah, I just came from the darkest

R-I-P to Dev, Phil Power and Ghost (Power and Ghost)

Put fifty cent on your head like Power and Ghost (Power and Ghost)

They full of ohh-la-la, Carmelo through all the thunder

Just playin' my game to bullshit, I'm Stevie Wonder (Why?)

Bird Lou, Dog Nick, Fat Miller, Walk

Chuck Actor, Bang Luck, yeah my brothers 'til life take us under

(Squad)

And to you leeches that play cool thinkin' I'm a fool

I'm done birthin' niggas and bitches, I'm back to usin' rubbers (It's over)

Grammy nod, they say I lost, I tell 'em, "How?"

When I'm puttin' mama on red carpets, shit, look at her smile

Her admiration authentic like, "Wow, look at my child!"

As Entertainment Tonight was like, "Wow, look at her gown!" (Wow)

It all started from closet recordings in trap apartments

To Platinum plaques and me and mom, floor seat at The Garden
It's like (It's like), "This can't be life", yes it is, though (Yeah, yeah)
It's Diamond Lane for life, that's on my kids
But on the real, some of my kids I see more than the others (On God)
And it's my fault, I ain't gon' keep blamin' they mothers (On God)
It's my loss, and the time I'm missin' is hurtin'
Force my way or give 'em distance, ain't none of 'em workin'
Lose myself on the beat, like "Fuck it, I'm workin'"
On myself, it's been rough, I'm just scratchin' the surface
Can we cross and get back to my purpose?
Actions over captions, relax, it ain't happenin', Chachi, keep smokin'
Everybody and anybody in my way (Way)
Y'all finally startin' to realize that Chachi's here to stay
I went away, did a play, had a couple niggas did away
Fans thinkin' Chachi lost or he done lost it, not at all (Nah)
I just wanna evolve, want a challenge
The separation too-too gonna help me find my balance
Diamond Lane

(Night-night, muah)