

# Diamond In The Back

Crooked I

Ft. K-Young

I got my whole hood rolling right behind me  
Diamonds in the back, sip syrup got me leaning  
Rolling up a fat, fat swisher while I'm singing, oh, oh, oh

Ah, diamond in the back, sun roof top, come on  
You know the rest, homey, you know the west  
Sticky dope put a hole in your chest  
We grow the best, cob rep the code to the death, with no regrets  
I'm a fully loaded rock star, uzzi keep shooting at you snitches in the cop  
Car

Louie V, Hewie P Newton, the Oxy pill...  
House nigga, I was in the cotton field, now I'm bout to clock a mill  
Presidential rollie shit with that Baraca pill  
I ball it, kick it, like I'm on a... soccer field  
Wonder Pac would feel? How would big papa feel?  
To know it's still real niggas counting dollar bills  
And I keep a loaded chopper for you dirty bastards  
Cause the beat to murder rap you gotta murder rappers  
Leave you leaning like some purple...  
Million dollar story hoe, this the early chapter

I got my whole hood rolling right behind me  
In the coop with the seat back is where you find me  
If you ain't got your money up, never mind me  
I got my whole hood rolling right behind me  
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I hang with gang bangers and some crazy ass white dudes  
Nigga with an attitude, rappers think they ice cube  
But I seen your kind of soft... like my junior  
I'ma call you high-school, aight?  
True or false, before your album dropped  
Tell me was you a boss?  
You say yeah, that's ass the fooliest as the jewish cross,

You don't even believe it  
Got me wondering who the fuck you are when your music's off  
For what it's worth I still recall, eating a... still manage to do my work  
... now they call me el hefe, I learned Spanish  
I be lying if I say the money make the hurt vanish  
But it helps when these hoes suck a boss player  
Still love black women, fuck John Mayer  
I got a white girl, fat ass, blonde hair  
We make good music every time I...

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And the beat goes on, no sleep, been in the streets so long  
Mama called me like please go home  
Mama I need to get these c notes on

See I'm all about action and less hoping  
Better die with my smith and wess smoking or having sex stroking  
Just joking... know I'm not  
Life was a... when I left her, she had her legs open  
And on my tomb stone, tell them put st st  
Cob till I diem y nigga, st, st  
... ironic, a stand up nigger, but still the chairman

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Music is my life, st st, cob, st, st.