

Diamonds

Shy Glizzy

(Zaytoven)

Yeah, Young Jefe, holmes

Diamonds make me feel good, make you feel good

I bought a chain for all of my pain
These niggas can't touch us, that's word to my mother
I didn't work this out to remain the same
Yeah, that's a bust down on my little brother
Big ass medallion, bitch looked like a medal
'Member some nights, had to dance with the devil
Bought her a Rollie because she was special
Yeah that's a 41, girl, let me flex you
When you got power, they gon' try to test you
I'm still that nigga you don't wanna step to
You match my swag, girl, you're flyer than JetBlue
Fall for the kid, won't be hard to catch you
Diamonds make you feel good, they make you feel good
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Be in that stu' like I be in the streets
Run into you, you don't run into me
I know that comma is spelled with a "C"
I got some sharks that ain't under the sea
I know the narcs might be comin' for me
I know some thots tryna bump into me
Teasin' some pussy that I've never seen
Don't come to my show tryna get in for free
How you an actor, don't know how to act?
I'm just a trapper that know how to rap
I got the Uzi right here on my lap
I keep an AR-15 in the back
Hurry up my money, used to bust out my trap
I used to keep a lil' stash in my sack
Lil' niggas mad that I'm speakin' these facts
Got a lil' bag, she start callin' me back
Got a lil' money, start callin' me papi
I still remember the time that she blocked me
I had to leave that lil' bitch in the lobby
I had to flex on her 'cause she was cocky
Hollow tips on me, ain't doin' no boxin'
VVS necklace, I'm slidin' like hockey
I want a hundred M's and a Bugatti
I won't tell none of these hoes that I'm sorry

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Didn't have to warn you that I was a savage
You play with GG, we're gonna do magic
Skipped every class but was in mathematics
My bitch is CC'd like she gotta have it
Three racks a pound if you wanna come grab it
Stink up the house, we don't put it in attics
Jizzo got hit, dawg, and he gonna blast it
She think I'm a big dawg 'cause I got a Patek
She said everyone of these niggas be chicken
I don't fuck with none of these niggas, they snitchin'
I don't think none of these niggas be killin'
I don't think none of these niggas be realer
Fly lil' bitch, hit the runway with her
She don't act right, get her a one-way ticket
First she's gonna scream my name when I'm in it
Then she's gonna grab on my chain when I hit it

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