

## Sisqo F/ LuvHer "Diamonds"

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\* This song was alleged to be on "Notorious K.I.M." but is not on the final release version; possibly from a bootleg.

Uh, uh huh  
Bad boy,  
Queen Bee  
c'mon, c'mon

Verse One: Kim  
If I could make it rain,  
I'd make it rain diamonds  
So all the girls in the world  
could keep shrinining  
From princess cuts to emeralds to H-classes  
Yeah, I failed math, but bet I passed the E-class  
Went from Chanel number 5 to two point five  
The male rol's a resident, every rooms a president  
With the live in waiters, betcha haters can't match that  
You're six digits short to catch that  
Your're net year gross it 20 thow on commission  
My net week gross 100 mil in addition to to the Dow  
Jones,  
Stocks, restaurants out in Rome  
Plus all the over head  
and the interest on those loans

Chorus:  
I want diamonds  
(She said she wants a man- to buy her a Lexuz Land)  
But that's all right for her  
But still it ain't enough for me  
I want diamonds  
She said she wants a guy  
To do it to her every night  
That's all right for her  
But you gotta go down on me

Verse Two: Kim  
I had bitches rockin the red, yellow and blue wigs

Cats in they raps tryin to act like Big  
Remember when Big told y'all  
Get Money  
Remember when Big said play them niggas like  
dummies  
Check it  
If I could separate all the game from the glory  
I'd rather be with Frank, but that's a different story  
Cause now a days niggas ain't sayin shit (word)  
Runnin off at the lips about what they gonna get  
And what they had in '86  
I puts them on the spot  
Pull out the lab top  
With the receipt for the yacht  
What you got?  
Niggas be mute all of a sudden  
What, I pushed a button?  
Shit, that ain't nothin'

Bridge:  
I don't care if he's young or old  
Just make him very rich  
I just want someone that can spend dough  
I want diamonds  
Yes I do  
And a house that's made of gold  
There's only one thing better than money  
Come into my bedroom honey

Verse Three: Kim  
So we can have a drink or two  
Cosmos, if you ghetto this Buds for you  
Here's a few  
So he can be nice  
When I show him this ice  
On my chest  
That I bought with his American Express  
I'm a mess, never-the-less  
I'm authentic  
Ninety-nine percent B-K  
One percent N-J  
Excuse me  
Cause what I'm tryin to say  
Is if you ain't thorough  
Stay out my borough  
Cause when my gun burn, it's loud like Pairors  
And when it's your turn, you fold like Gyros  
And ya'll buy your suits in portions  
I get mine's from an auction  
Million dollar dress that belongs to the princess  
While ya'll shopping at Saks

I been there, done that  
Copt the sweater and the hat

Chorus  
Bridge  
(with adlibs)

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