

Paul Wall f/ T.I.

"So Many Diamonds"

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[T.I.]

Aight nigga, you already know what it is man
A-Town, H-Town connection nigga
T.I.P. man, you understand that?
My homeboy Paul Wall, extended Pimp Squad Clique
Keep it pimpin mayne!

[Chorus: T.I.]

So many diamonds in my teeth you can't see no gold
Hundred ki's in the streets, every week no O
Certified G, a young nigga so cold
It's the Pimp Squad Clique, punk bitch, we so tho'ed

[T.I.]

Pimp smoke grey Cadillac, 24, imagine that
Camera in my license plate to see you when I'm backin
back
T.I.P. be smokin on that good shit imagine that
I'm blowin on a hoe that's strong enough to kill the
Cadillac
By bitch I mean fro, hell to heart and had a mack attack
Give me a brick of blow you never seen it flip as fast as
that
And you can keep the beef, pussy nigga I don't battle
rap
So that bullshit you kickin through yo' teeth a gangsta
laughin at
That shit you hear on "Gangsta Grillz" is real, best chill
before you wake up with some gangsters in your grill
and get killed
By a nigga named Big Phil, tote a big steel
Give a damn if my record never sells, I'm the shit still

[Chorus] - 2X

[Paul Wall]

I got the diamond ice in the grill, invisible top, glass
bottom
I'm swervin lanes on the interstate, evadin laws and
playin possum
I spin the wheel I roll the dice, I look at life in a different

light
36 of that white make you a celebrity overnight
I shoot a kite to my potnah Project, locked up doin 45
And let him know I'm still holdin, them Grit Boys is on
the rise
A hundred percent no compromise, my momma raised
to be a man
I'm not concerned with the next man, gettin money,
that's my plan
I'm on the road with that boy Unique, I'm po'n drank he
roll the Sweets
T Ferris concocted a master plan, we executed it to the
T
It's Paul Wall and T.I.P., makin haters, R.I.P.
We so tho'ed you can't compete, our competition is
obsolete

[Chorus] - 2X

[Paul Wall]
I'm on the hustle 25/8, ATL to the lone star state
On the move I'm bleedin blocks, tryin to get this paper
straight
No time to wait no room for error, the gameplan is
crystal clear
I'm tryin to bolt up 83's and throw some ice cubes in the
air
I'm reminiscin, on my potnah Duke that died and
passed away
I'm strapped up at all times, if you flex I'ma blast away
Like Tom Hanks on "Castaway," I'm posted up just one
deep
Cause these days these hoes out here be plottin to
come up on the creep
And these suckers be on that reach, tryin to come up
off of me
You need to go get it, by yourself and stand up on your
own two feet
Look at me I'm star-studded, all because I punch that
clock
Burnin straights out on the block, givin it all I got

[Chorus] - 2X

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