

## **D.I.T.C** **"Foundation"**

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Yo, yo, yo ..

Chorus: [Diamond D]

We love the foundation, time to lock shit

Ladies look no more we got this

D.I.T.C. spits the hot shit

And while you busy poppin' shit we're poppin' Cris

Ain't no stoppin' this like, ?

See it's all laced out wearing rocks and shit

On the set niggas start to cockglocking shit

Hating when we come through ya metropolis

[Dimaond D]

I like the finer things in life, rings and bikes

Expensive whips, first-class trips

Seven days cruises, honey don't trip

Excel class if ya heard room fit

Platinum cars, givin' no credit to me

Tiffany labs, ?

H-class minerals with no floors in it

Be one two, with the windows all tinnit

And I be all in it, for Tommy Hil' send it

Everything is paid for, mami not rent it

Two albums deep, it's all documented

Y'all little monkeys gon' see in a minute

Look, G-O-L-D in a minute

'Bout to double that, in the Benz bubble black, hata !

It's Di-a-mond D on ya set

Throwin' all G's and charge a jet

[ O.C. ]

I'm doin' time in the rap game

Sorta like a beered up North all one and the same

My slang keep comin' steady num in ya brain

Like substers abusin' lies for cocaine

I get ya open, my stuff be pokin'

Two pulls a past for three niggaz smoking

It's no joking when it comes to this

On occasion I might pop a bottle of Cris'

With a wrist full of ice on the bracelet

Trade rhymes in for cash, money I stash

For the future, treat more wis' than Peter Luger

For lyrical fitness I train with ?Luke Luva?  
Incorporate lyrical bust with fist to custwit style for a  
million bucks  
For this I got love, not lust  
If I lay her down with no fear than it means I wanna  
fuck!

[ CHORUS ]

[A.G.]

My flow, be sicker than yours  
Hoes, bounce gimme some mo'  
Wanna rap with me? Then gimme some dough  
Wanna track from me? Then gimme some dough  
I sport those type of flows that excite the hoes  
That's my ice that roll and light the dro'  
Love is love, y'all niggas gettin' sheisht with yours  
Diamond beats hittin' harder than Tyson blows  
I might explode, once I grab the mic and blow  
Claim you don't like the flow, when you want to bite the  
flow  
Pop bubbly, catch me in the club playin' Buggy  
Get Dirty like ?, it could get ugly  
I rock mines and cop top of the line cars  
Then charge you twentie-thou', only drop nine bars  
Slight the tight men, cop about nine jars  
To trig or tone come home while we rap when you  
behind bars

[Lord Finesse]

Niggas is finito, when my and my peeps blow  
Name it the game, stack dough and keep blow, fo' sho  
We straight, better see yaselfves  
We seein' more chips than the ?  
On a club night we hillin', watching the thugs fight  
Iced out, nigga shining like flug-lights  
Rolling with grimy niggas, dirty like mud-fights  
Throwing it up, while you sipping on Bud-Light  
Steady balling, why you stop the thing  
Blind you with rocks and links, make ya drop ya drink  
On some slick shit, dress-up dip shit  
Floors with rocks and stones you don't mind getting hit  
with  
Don't sleep, me and my crew's deep  
Whether in the air, on four wheels or two feet  
Salute the new chiefs and the feel we stay thirst  
Fuck freestylin; nowadays you pay first

[ CHORUS ]

