

Diamond

"5 Fingas Of Death"

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f/ Big L, Lord Finesse, A.G., Fat Joe

"Where are you?" "Hey, there you are!"

"How does it feel to know you only have a few more seconds to live?"

gunshot

("Big L" - Cut and scratched)

[Big L]

Check it, I stay jeweled up, pockets swelled up from banks I held up

Plenty bitch-ass niggas Big L stuck

I never catch cold feet when I hold heat

We roll deep, Triple Fat dogs in their old jeep

I catch a fag three o'clock in the morn

On the block all alone and put the glock to his dome

Tell him "Give it up quick, you nitwit, don't try to get slick

Or I'm a let this four-fifth spit and leave your shit split"

Grip, it ain't nothing decent about me

A true thug for real, you can ask the precinct about me

A rap junkie, don't try to play me like some flunky

Jewels be chunky, pockets lumpy, attitude grumpy

Mad niggas be fronting the life

Popping mad shit, trying to be something they not

Your faggot ass better stay to dancing, don't even look
at me

I might break your jaw for glancing, that's right

In '97 Harlem kids is blowing

And we don't trip, we'll let a bitch starve til her ribs are
showing

("Lord Finesse" - Cut and scratched)

[Lord Finesse]

It's the divine mastermind, I turn nickels to dimes

The authentic genuine that's out to shine

The cool cat, the true mack, the smooth raps

Chickens be like "Who's that?" I be doing my thing, kid
(True dat)

Forget fronting, I'm beyond that, I roll with brothers
ready for combat

All for eye-to-eye contact

With skills, G, yo it's ill, see, for real, B

Ain't no barbeque, niggas better stop trying to grill me

Huh, sent that style to the essence

Got niggas stressing my style, pull like fluoresence

No question, tough type to clutch mics

No positive upright, I'm the "I don't give a fuck" type

Expose the facts, you know the haps

We go to laugh astrological, like the signs in the Zodiac

To rap you, out the stack glue, word up

My style's tighter than a fat bitch in a cat suit

Suprise G, it's not wise see to size me

When I operate, it's Smooth Sailing like Ron Isely

Gotta do my thing, word up (Beg ya pardon?)

Time to bounce, gotta skate like Tonya Harding

("A.G." - Cut and scratched)

[A.G.]

Yo I'm the cleverest, top ten terrorist

Chickens ever diss, they become featherless

Hate derelicts, certified gold metalist

You play fly cause I'm the most high like Everest

Look at all these fakes, musically you imitate the crates

Won't succeed moving at full speed with no breaks

Like Jake, watch me take your entourage

Can't see me, I'm camoflauge, and besides, I'm God

Mad hard, like the S.A.T., have shorties

Caught up in the mental, watch her bless A.G.

Eveidently, you still don't know, because you tempt me

Thought you was the boss when your fat thoughts were empty

Not Fat Joey Crack, but still Jealous One's Envy

Who sent me? D.I.T.C., good and plenty

Like the doctor, smoke a Spike Joint and watch
"Clockers"

Get rude like Shabba, make moves behind my blockers

Crazy sickness, you want the pure, you'd better pick
this

Bitches can't get this, faggots remain dickless

("Fat Joe" - Cut and scratched)

[Fat Joe]

Before we get started, let's talk about these coward-
hearted MC's

That claim to be true O.G.'s and war specialists

Forever busting guns on the circus ship

But when the beef comes, get on the ???

You know the deal, I come with nothing but the real

Certified pejente, recognize mi gente

Whether East Coast or West Coast, I'll lick 'em all

Strip naked, bitch niggas will never be respected

Joey Green, bagging doubles up in Bowling Green

For all my team, packing the nine, for soon as this team
is rolling clean

You know the team, never giving a fuck

Playing thick in the cut, get your shit laced up

WHAT THE FUCK!

("Diamond D" - Cut and scratched)

[Diamond]

Yo I'm flipping on niggas like Dre's and Cracks

My raps react on your cardiac like a heart attack

Some niggas front for stunts who want

Take a puff of the blunt and play a nigga like a chump

But I don't play that shit for no chicks

Sucking the next nigga's dick, moving pricks

I'm too slick for you high school dropouts

You got knocked and tried to cop out

Couldn't fight when the kids pulled the mop out

And wails you out, right at home saying "Bail me out"

Little small time, fucked up when you called mines

D Squared, one of the greatest of all time

Yeah, D.I.T.C. representing for the '97, word life

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