

# Do Or Die "Diamentz"

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**(feat. Johnny P)**

*[N.A.R.D. / Johnny P]*

So I'll leave here mama I'll be there, ok  
Cadillac (cadillac) pimpin... pimpin (escalade)  
Do or Die Ridin through the cold Chi (riding so high)  
Back 2 the game yall (were back Belo, AK)  
Some pimpology (escalade) so obviously we learned  
there biology  
(Do or Die J. P. lets ride)

*[N.A.R.D.]*

Do you love, money, chasin papers and doin capers  
Bending the chi and then vegas like you one of the  
Lakers  
Steady cuffin that paper, ladys can't fake us, so I stay  
cautious regardless  
Like a million dollars keep sparkin better yet its that  
V.I.P barkin  
(niggaz aint ready to die)  
Cause please, that be me sparkin sharp and bendin  
calm in that lac  
Bendin hard with ladys slobbin and bobbin  
Aww man I been on that chick since back in college  
See, she like them top notch with the glock cocked  
Put the money and glock block them CEO's who invest  
in stock plots  
Substance blowin out the sunroof with your drop top  
Smokin on that chop flop ladys call me pa pa and  
groupies call me na na  
So cha cha like legit do whatever suits that fit you  
If paper be your issue, then you be your issue  
But this paper make that paper, and this paper make  
that paper,  
This paper make that paper so you stay away from  
haters

*[Chorus, Johnny P]*

We ride diamonds in the back, sunroof top,  
Diggin in the scene with a gangster lean ohhhohhhhhh..  
ohhohhhh  
We ride diamonds in the back, sunroof top,

Diggin in the scene with a pimp lean ohhohhhh my my  
can you smoke and ride

*[AK 47]*

You can see it in my eyes when I'm hustlin, burnt up  
tryin to come up from  
Nothing  
I be stackin them stacks bringin em back in the back of  
the lac  
Talkin in codes to the burn outs hustlin daily got me  
turned out  
You know my motto to invest and chase that paper like  
lotto  
Follow, tryin to bring back money in car loads  
But its hard to listen when you tryin to get that platinum  
benzy  
Or purchase a home for my belo luxury home with a  
platinum visa  
Its hard to imagine something like a nigga tryin to  
catch an orgasm  
Track that feeling like a spasm  
Tryin to study passin, got a passion gotta count that  
cheese  
They off in the breeze but it aint nothing  
If you got that paper then say something  
Better put it away Cause the day comin when you fall  
off,

When you just wanna hall off with four sawed offs blow  
it all off  
Recognise its the big faces that count, better yet better  
stay flexed  
Check the paper stay stressed and get all the dough  
whether its fast or slow  
Get up to the point where the cash will flow  
Burger King and Mcdonalds really aint the way the best  
will go  
And its so cold in these windy streets  
When the ends meet your life will be ends deep with  
white shit

*[Chorus]*

*[Belo Zero]*

This is my motto, pop the first bottle  
Louie call 1 3 grab the key then follow  
Ride up to my home paid for mansion celebrating you  
ladys on tables dance on  
M O N E Y got to have it me I remember hustlin when I  
was a shorty  
Now or a forty X5 5 of those sit back relax and private

show  
No how it go more money more problem well the  
problem is you solve it  
Don't let the money become you you take it and revolve  
it  
No matter how you get it you hustle and go get it  
square stick with it  
Make sure all the numbers split Cause all of them done  
did it  
The Rockafellers Stellers and Jones  
To many other people got paper but we homeless  
And let alone this, we chillin while we swervin bumpin  
92.3 in the suburban  
Hittin curbs in city fresh yall Proda to the feet  
bonapetite  
No second guess yall we confess yall love the curenacy  
don't you playa hate  
Love the game you can't worry me, you can't worry me

*[Chorus]*

*[N.A.R.D.]*

J P, J P

Everybody may not have a great big Cadillac  
Gangsta white walls, TV's and antennas in the back (uh  
uh)  
Some peoples may not have a car at all  
But they got to remember brothers and sisters  
(remember)  
We still can pimp talk, rotate them gangster white walls  
Never givin a dime to a broad (no no never)  
And we gone keep on pimpin baby (keep pimpin)  
We gone keep on pimpin baby (for real)  
Untill somebody turn the lights out, so J. P. come on  
bring us home

*[Johnny P]*

Yeah, wohhhhohhhhohhhh wohhhhohhhh  
I just wanna feel, Cause you may not have a gravy kind  
of life  
Diamonds in the back, sunroof top, diggin in the scene  
with a gangster lean  
You may night driiivvveee no car at all, ohh myyy  
But you can still stand tall, still stand tall... hooo  
Cause I'm ridin in my escalade  
Ridin  
Ridin  
Ridin

