

Kanye West "Happiness Diamonds"

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She's not a girl, who misses much
(Throw your diamonds in the sky if you feel the vibe)
Do do do do do doo, oh yes.
(The rock is still alive every time I rhyme)
She's not a girl who misses much
Do do do do do doo, ah yeah.

Close your eyes and imagine, feel the magic
Vegas on acid,
Seen through Yves St. Laurent glasses
And I've realized that I've arrived, cuz
It take more than a magazine to kill my Vibe does
he write his own rhymes, so sort of
I think 'em
That mean I forgot better shit than u ever thought up
Damn, is he really that caught up?
I ask if you talkin' bout classics, do my name get
brought up?
I remember I couldn't afford a Ford Escort or even a
four-track recorder
so its only right that I let the top drop on a drop-top
Porsche
- its for yourself that's important
If a stripper named Porscha and u get tips from many
men
Then your fat friend her nickname is Minivan
Excuse me,
That's just the Henny, man, I smoke, I drink, I'm
supposed to stop I can't because

I need a fix 'cause I'm going down, (uh)
Down to the bits that I left up town
I need a fix 'cause I'm going down,
Going down,
Going down, (uh)
Going down

I was sick about awards
Couldn't nobody cure me
Only playa that got robbed but kept all his jewelry
Alicia Keys tried to talk some sense to them
30 minutes later seems there's no convincing them

What more can you ask for?
The international assholes
Who complains about what he is owed?
And throw a tantrum like he is 3 years old
You gotta love it though somebody still speaks from his
soul
And wouldn't change by the change, or the game, or
the fame,
When he came, in the game, he made his own lane
Now all I need is y'all to pronounce my name
Its Kanye - But some of my plastic - still say Kane
Got family in the D, Kin-folk from Motown
Back in the Chi - them folks ain't from Motown
Life movin' too fast I need to slow down

Girl ain't give me no ass, ya need to go down
My father Ben said I need Jesus
So he took me to church and let the water wash over
my ceaser
Diamonds are forever (forever, forever)
The preacher said we need leaders
Right then my body got still like a paraplegic
You know who you can call you gotta best believe it
The Roc stand tall and you would never believe it
Take your diamonds and throw 'em up like you bulimic
Yea the beat cold but the flow is anemic
After debris settles and the dust get swept off
Big K pick up where young Hov left off
Right when magazines wrote Kanye West off
I dropped my new shit sound like the best of
A&R's lookin' like "pssh we messed up"
Grammy night, damn right, we got dressed up
Bottle after bottle till we got messed up
In the studio, where really though, yea he next up
People askin' me if I'm gon' give my chain back
That'll be the same day I give the game back
You know the next question dog "Yo, where Dame at?"
This track the Indian dance to bring our reign back
"What's up with you and Jay, man, are y'all ok man?"
They pray for the death of our dynasty like Amen
R-r-r-right here stands a-man
With the power to make a diamond with his bare
hands...

Mother Superior jumped the gun,
Mother Superior jumped the gun,
(throw your diamonds in the sky if you feel the vibe)
Mother Superior jumped the gun,
Mother Superior jumped the gun,
(The rock is still alive every time I rhyme)
Mother Superior jumped the gun,

Mother Superior jumped the gun,

Happiness is a warm gun,
Happiness is a warm gun,
Happiness is a warm gun,
Happiness is a warm gun,
Happiness is a warm gun, mamma
Happiness is a warm gun,
Happiness is a warm gun, yes it is
Happiness is a warm gun
Happiness is a warm gun, mamma

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