

## Lil' Jon "Diamonds"

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Diamonds in my peace of chain  
Diamonds in my piece of  
Diamond, diamonds in my piece of chain  
Diamonds in my piece of

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This shit right here  
What's up  
For all my niggas in the South  
Okay  
Makin' big dough, know what I'm talking 'bout  
Makin' big long dollars  
All my niggas in H-Town

New Orleans, Dallas Texas, Beerut  
Mississippi, all over the South  
Shit of course the ATL  
All over the south  
All my niggas rockin', those diamonds  
And pieces in them chains

Now we done talked about the pinky ring  
And talked about the gold grill, so tell me  
What's left to give really yo spine a cold chill?  
Some call 'em diamonds, we call it ice  
It varies in the sizes, the shape, the color and the price

From canary yellow, ruby red to baby blue  
One stone or maybe two  
Fuck it 'cause we all can't be babies fool  
Some of it's jazzy, some of it can't be real  
Nigga say it's sittin' platinum  
Knowin' it's stainless steel, shit

I seen all kinds of medallions on the necks of rappers  
Drug dealers, Marks, ball players and stallions  
[Incomprehensible], shit they buy them hoes by the  
dozen

O.G. nigga get a new piece, pass the old down to his  
cousin

Spell out your name  
Your corner, your clique  
I know a pimp that got a piece  
With a bitch sucking his dick

So what you waiting for you shy men?  
Come join the fly men  
That'll push like hymens for  
Diamonds  
With perfect timing

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Some folks'll kill to have a real diamond  
You get some grade A rocks  
And in 20years they still shining  
No need to worry, women will find 'em  
But if they gaze at yo karats for to long it will blind 'em

Cubic zirconia helped the whole hood fine  
Now that everybody can bling we having good times  
I'm writing clever rhymes feeling like forever grindin'  
A diamond in the rough, buff me up and hear me shine

I used to hit these streets and slang  
Hussling in these peoples game  
But now its just for piece n' thang  
I ain't tryin' to preach you man

I ain't tryin' to heat your flame

I just wanna teach your brain  
I'm so full of flavor  
I'm give some to the weak and blang

MJ, fucking G, touch me I'm in reaching range  
Let's hit the beach and hang, for pimpin' Ill be the  
blame  
A [Incomprehensible] droppin' this knowledge will help  
me explain  
About my diamonds, my pimpin' and my piece of chain

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Bitch I'm coming down, I'm coming down tough  
Bitch I'm coming down with them diamonds in my cup  
I'm shining so hard, my pinky ring done  
Ruby in the middle, got yo baby mama frozen

25 karats in the BME piece  
To many karats in my mother fucking teeth  
In my chain, them thangs, big like boulders  
My rocks cutting up like Taliban soldier

'Cause down in the dirty it ain't no drama or no beef  
It's all about them diamonds in yo piece I guarantee  
Man I know a nigga wit a mouth full of gold  
On the top he had the South and on the bottom like,  
whoa

Big Sam with 36 off in my chain  
4 and half off in my wood a woodgrain  
And my piece I'm 'bout to precious cut them thangs  
With 200 thousand to make that hoe blang blang

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