

Lil' Kim

"Diamonds"

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Uh uh huh
Bad boy
Queen Bee
c'mon c'mon

Verse One: Kim
If I could make it rain
I'd make it rain diamonds
So all the girls in the world
could keep shrinining
From princess cuts to emeralds to H classes
Yeah I failed math but bet I passed the E class
Went from Chanel number 5 to two point five
The male rol's a resident every rooms a president
With the live in waiters betcha haters can't match that
You're six digits short to catch that
Your're net year gross it 20 thow on commission
My net week gross 100 mil in addition to to the Dow
Jones,
Stocks, restaurants out in Rome
Plus all the over head
and the interest on those loans

Chorus:
I want diamonds
(She said she wants a man- to buy her a Lexuz Land)
But that's all right for her
But still it ain't enough for me
I want diamonds
She said she wants a guy
To do it to her every night
That's all right for her
But you gotta go down on me

Verse Two: Kim
I had bitches rockin the red, yellow and blue wigs
Cats in they raps tryin to act like Big
Remember when Big told y'all
Get Money
Remember when Big said play them niggas like
dummies
Check it

If I could separate all the game from the glory
I'd rather be with Frank, but that's a different story
Cause now a days niggas ain't sayin shit (word)
Runnin off at the lips about what they gonna get
And what they had in '86
I puts them on the spot
Pull out the lab top
With the receipt for the yacht

What you got?
Niggas be mute all of a sudden
What, I pushed a button?
Shit, that ain't nothin'

Bridge:
I don't care if he's young or old
Just make him very rich
I just want someone that can spend dough
I want diamonds
Yes I do
And a house that's made of gold
There's only one thing better than money
Come into my bedroom honey

Verse Three: Kim
So we can have a drink or two
Cosmos, if you ghetto this Buds for you
Here's a few
So he can be nice
When I show him this ice
On my chest
That I bought with his American Express
I'm a mess, never-the-less
I'm authentic
Ninety-nine percent B-K
One percent N-J
Excuse me
Cause what I'm tryin to say
Is if you ain't thorough
Stay out my borough
Cause when my gun burn, it's loud like Pairo
And when it's your turn, you fold like Gyros
And ya'll buy your suits in portions
I get mine's from an auction
Million dollar dress that belongs to the princess
While ya'll shopping at Saks
I been there, done that
Copt the sweater and the hat

Chorus
Bridge

(with adlibs)

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