

Paul Wall

"Diamonds Exposed"

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(Feat. Chamillionaire & Lil Keke)

[Paul Wall talking]

I'm comin down
I'm bangin screw
Lookin good
Feelin good

[Chorus]

You know i'ma crawl slow/
Popped up sittin on my swangas & 4's/
Jockin all hatas with my gucci shades on/
I'ma stay playa, you know playas get chose/
So when I come through I got my diamonds exposed/
I'm comin down, crawlin slow/
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[Verse 1.Paul Wall]

Well it's that grain gripper that hold the throne, i'm
straight up outta dat third coast/
I split cigars, and pour the bars so pop tha seal let's
take a toast/
I stunt the most, i'm still holdin, my paint wet, and the
streets soakin/
I'm runnin diamonds like James Loney with the top
down & windows open/
Posted up just like Durant on South Lee with big mix/
My partner Black got 2 chicks thats turning tricks &
work for tips/
Stayin' licks since I was six with ice grill and diamond
lips/
So boy im about to pull out my wrist, now watch your
step, my paint drips/
I'm dueced up in Seirra Mist, my bass loud, and i'm
crawlin' slow/
I'm draped up, yea that's fasho them karot stones they

make me glow/
I'm slamin do's, and i'm sitting low and I been in the
game since '94/
I'm gettin dough, my pockets fat, in all black, just like
the crow/
Where tha hoe's? where that drank? where tha money?
I need that bank/
Come up off a that cash my dogg, i'm bout that bread,
you think I ain't?/
I'm a country boy from South Texas better known as the
land of the trill/
I'm tippin 4's, and i'm flippin' hoe's and i'm comin down
wit woman and grills/

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2.Chamillionaire]

Chamillitary Mayne!

Takin pics with this model chick and she lookin thick,
said she from Atlanta/
Tellin' me that she love my talk, and she live in texas
and love the grammer/
Tellin me she bangin' screw and she need a pic of my
on the camera/
Whole crew say that broad bad so I looked at them and
said "Go on and have her"/
Uh, Playa don't have to talk, look at my chain and ask
the cost/

Diamonds on my neck yea that's a house, soon as i'm
done might pass her off/
Red over seal; yea that's the south, blue over seal; yea
that's the north/
AC blow yea that's my frost, all of that smoke yea that's
exhaust/
In my I-M-P-A-L-A Impala, I am a P-L-A-Y-A and balla/
I drop her off and say call you tomorrow, she callin me

back askin me how come I aint call her/
Cuz i'm chasin my paper still and you know how jealous
my paper get/
You know i'm attached to my paper, tryin' to hold it
down like a paper clip/
Pimp C had told me if you see the chick then go take
the chick/
And if you a playa you'll get chose and these other
boys can go pay for it/

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3.Lil Keke]

Dirty south stand up
H-Town's finest
Don Ke

Ey, I ride big and I shine bright, i'm lookin good and my
swag right/
My paint wet and my slab tight, my chain gold and my
diamonds white/
I'm Don Ke and this H-Town, them playas chose and
them haters mad/
I'm screwed up and i'm underground, i'm still trill like,
Bun & Chad/
Gucci shades with them new lens, crawlin slow in my
blue Benz/
Comin through with this bad broad, me, her, and her
two friends/
Haters lookin, I still ball, 26's; they real tall/
My grill did, my rocks big, my screens on, my top fall/
Popped up with them 4's on, 21 but she still grown/
I let her ride and get inside, cuz "I'm A G" was her
ringtone/
Hit the stage with my diamonds out, they don't know
what my shine bout/
Dirty south my grind spot, boys hatin' but Im still hot/
So clean in this dirty game, still a legend with plenty

fame/
My ice nice like Paul and Cham, pay attention it color
change/
TF Records & Swisha House, Chamillitary & SUC/
Ask the streets i'm still the best, this whole state it
belong to Ke/

[Chorus]
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