

**T.i.****"So Many Diamonds"**Visit "[So Many Diamonds](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[T.I.]

Aight nigga, you already know what it is man

A-Town, H-Town connection nigga

T.I.P. man, you understand that?

My homeboy Paul Wall, extended Pimp Squad Clique

Keep it pimpin mayne!

[Chorus: T.I.]

So many diamonds in my teeth you can't see no gold

Hundred ki's in the streets, every week no O

Certified G, a young nigga so cold

It's the Pimp Squad Clique, punk bitch, we so tho'ed

[T.I.]

Pimp smoke grey Cadillac, 24, imagine that

Camera in my license plate to see you when I'm backin  
back

T.I.P. be smokin on that good shit imagine that

I'm blowin on a hoe that's strong enough to kill the  
Cadillac

By bitch I mean fro, hell to heart and had a mack attack

Give me a brick of blow you never seen it flip as fast as  
thatAnd you can keep the beef, pussy nigga I don't battle  
rapSo that bullshit you kickin through yo' teeth a gangsta  
laughin at

That shit you hear on "Gangsta Grillz" is real, best chill  
before you wake up with some gangsters in your grill  
and get killed

By a nigga named Big Phil, tote a big steel

Give a damn if my record never sells, I'm the shit still

[Chorus - 2X]

[Paul Wall]

I got the diamond ice in the grill, invisible top, glass  
bottom

I'm swervin lanes on the interstate, evadin laws and  
playin possum

I spin the wheel I roll the dice, I look at life in a different  
light

36 of that white make you a celebrity overnight

I shoot a kite to my potnah Project, locked up doin 45

And let him know I'm still holdin, them Grit Boys is on  
the rise

A hundred percent no compromise, my momma raised  
to be a man

I'm not concerned with the next man, gettin money,  
that's my plan

I'm on the road with that boy Unique, I'm po'n drank he  
roll the Sweets

T Ferris concocted a master plan, we executed it to the  
T

It's Paul Wall and T.I.P., makin haters, R.I.P.

We so tho'ed you can't compete, our competition is  
obsolete

[Chorus - 2X]

[Paul Wall]

I'm on the hustle 25/8, ATL to the lone star state

On the move I'm bleedin blocks, tryin to get this paper  
straight

No time to wait no room for error, the gameplan is  
crystal clear

I'm tryin to bolt up 83's and throw some ice cubes in the  
air

I'm reminiscin, on my potnah Duke that died and  
passed away

I'm strapped up at all times, if you flex I'ma blast away

Like Tom Hanks on "Castaway," I'm posted up just one  
deep

Cause these days these hoes out here be plottin to  
come up on the creep

And these suckers be on that reach, tryin to come up  
off of me

You need to go get it, by yourself and stand up on your  
own two feet

Look at me I'm star-studded, all because I punch that  
clock

Burnin straights out on the block, givin it all I got

[Chorus - 2X]

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