

## Young Dro

### "Dro Rock Diamonds"

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[Chorus:]

Rubber band banks (boing yoining yoining yoining)  
Tokyo Diamonds (joing yoining yoining yoining)  
Grand Hustle ice (it be glowing yoining yoining yoining)  
When we in the club (they think its snowing yoining yoining yoining)  
28 inches (in the A yay yay yaer)  
We be deep (everywhere yer yer yer)  
Bitches want me (cause ima play yay yay yaer)  
You know I got them choppas (cause ima spray yay yay yaer)

[Verse 1:]

Ima outer space balla, put you up on astronomy.  
Mathematically with a pistol I do trigonometry.  
Humbly, eat up a nigga like a paranah B.  
Riding in the cutlass same color as a bumble bee.  
I had to man I brought the flip flop jag through.  
Paint the Chevy sad blue, you know my devi sad blue.  
Ride straight pass you, my choppas will outlast you.  
I promise ima smash you, 30-06's blast you.  
600 see through Benz call it the glass coup.  
Diamonds look like Passion Fruit, Viper look like Apple Fruit.  
Ride through the hood you know the Burban look like Snapple Juice.  
Bricks from black facts, from Summa Hill Pappa 2.  
Rapper who, bitch you know I'm the Best Thang Smoking.  
Hit em in the neck with the Tech, and leave ya throat smoking.  
Dro Rollin, bitch I got a million for yo million.  
We up in these hoods trapping, building after building.

[Chorus:]

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yaer)

[Verse 2:]

I love flipping down screens, and love riding 23's.  
Love gliding down the street, and love watching Lean  
On Me.  
Love paying Ten-a-Key, love selling pounds of weed.  
Love in the club when my thugs all surrounding me.  
Ain't nobody bouncing me, DJ is announcing me.  
Shawty say she want Dro, I think she want a ounce of  
me.  
Fed's trying to pounce on me, I'm larger than a  
mountain B.  
Shawty say she fuck with Grand Hustle bitch bounce  
with me.  
Ice come from Tokyo, roll like the rolla poll.  
5 blunts of total dro, I think I'm bout to overdose.  
Trunk ain't bumping and jumping, it got the holy ghost.  
Bricks by the 50, 10 naw shawty 40 more.  
Trap time nigga, yeah strap time nigga put out better  
rubber band,  
Crap time nigga, in my lap a nine nigga,  
45 in the console, show em how the reversible clip'll do  
a drum roll.

[Chorus:]

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yaer)

[Verse 3:]

28 inches (in the A ya yaer)  
G4 (in the A ya yaer)  
Young Dro (waves in my hair ya yaer)  
Bitches want me (cause ima play yay yaer)  
Rock Cartier, Ima Chief like an Indian.  
Freaks are Caribbean, my feet are amphibian.  
Prototype Bentley with ?? in the Vivian.  
Dark sniper riding in the Viper up in Michigan.  
Fucking with my clique'll get you lost like Gilligan.  
Dro is on the pill again I promise Ima kill again.

Yall fake niggas how the fuck could you be real again.  
Murder all foes I trap em up than I seal em in.  
Rubber band fitted, S Yutan Chevy, Straight drop Glad  
got that S Yutan ready.  
Cutlass Cam ready paint, extra Cranberry.  
Ice Cream Chevy, nigga Ben & Jerry.

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