

## Smoke DZA "Diamond"

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Kush god, bitch Pimp hand strong Suplexin' hoes, like brad armstrong Suck a nigga dick chopped and screwed though Right

[Hook: ab-soul]

Bad bitch

Whistle while you twerk on that dick

That's it

Make it nasty

All that shit

Classy, in the street

But freaky in the bedroom

Bad ho

Whistle while you twerk

And don't miss a note

[Verse 1: smoke dza]

(Riiiiight)

She walk in and got the lil niggas widlin'

Ass like, she employed by king of diamonds

Last night

She got off, the paper pilin'

Hoes mad tight

But she twerk and keep stylin'

Lickin' her lips just like she give the mean marvelous

Ass clappin' on that green carpet

Get it girl

Slow grindin', got a nigga brick

She tryna give a private dance and get a extra tip

She put that box right up for sale

I got a couple 1s

But I'm from the school of (?)

She let my man pipe wit some passes for rock the bells

Haha

These hoes is wicked

I wonder what she do for some jigga tickets

Bad bitch

But her mentality is classless

Average

Ho in the spot, tryna stack chips She like, if jesus turned water into wine Then I could turn this pussy into diamonds

I heard you
I heard you shorty
I dig ya plans
I overstand
You start talkin' 'bout bands
A nigga be lookin' in the air like

[Hook: ab-soul]

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## [Ab-soul]

(Fuckin' suck a nigga dick, while hittin' the splits, and rollin' the spliff at the same damn time, bitch! is you out of yo milind, bitch!)

[Verse 2: ab-soul]

Nasty

Make it nasty

Soulo, ho

Lookin' for the hole behind yo panties

That's fasho

Hit that pole

Let this be yo anthem

Dip it low

Heard it's dippin' dots between yo thighs

Dza got a scoop befo'

I'm tryna see what that be like

Damn right (ho)

Ab got a appetite

Damn right (ho)

I gotta eat

I gotta eat

You heard of foreplay

Let's try gunplay

Pull my strap and you're deceased

(Soulo)

A beast under the sheets

Like a top dawg under cover
Fuck undercover police
It's the kush god and the god mc
Pay yo tithes
Or you could do it for free
Please make that ass clap
I got bands
I got racks
Got them fifties
Got them hunnedssss
I don't drive
But that audi outside got room for us

Turn this up I'm turnt up Can't you tell? Don't tell no lie (Ho)

[Hook: ab-soul]
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