

## **Lil Jon & Eastside Boyz**

### **"Diamonds - Bun B"**

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[Chorus]

Diamonds in my peace of chain  
Diamonds in my piece of  
Diamond diamonds in my piece of chain  
Diamonds in my piece of  
Diamonds diamonds in my piece of chain  
Diamonds in my piece of  
Diamond diamonds in my piece of chain  
Diamonds in my piece of chain

[Lil Jon Talking]

Yea

This shit right here (whats up)  
For all my niggas in the south (ok)  
Makin big dough (know what I'm talking bout)  
Makin big long dollars  
All my niggas in H-Town  
New Orleans, Dallas Texas  
Mississippi All over the south  
Shit of course the ATL (All over the south)  
All my niggas rockin those diamonds and pieces in  
there chains

[MJG]

Now we done talked about the pinky ring  
And talked about the gold grill  
So tell me  
What's left to give really yo spine a cold chill  
We call some call em diamonds  
We call em ice  
It varies in the sizes the shape  
The color and the price  
From canary yellow, ruby red to baby blue  
One stone or maybe two  
Fuck it cause we all cant be babies fool  
Some of its jazzy  
Some of it cant be real  
Nigga say its sittin platinum  
Knowin its stainless steel shit  
I seen all kinds of medallions  
On the necks of rappers  
Drug dealers, Marks, ball players and stallions

?? shit they buy them hoes by the dozen  
O.G. nigga get a new piece  
Pass the old down to his cousin  
Spell out your name, your corner, your clique  
I know a pimp that got a piece with a bitch sucking his  
dick  
So what you waiting for you shy men?  
Come join the fly men  
That'll push like hymens for (diamonds)  
With perfect timing

[Chorus (2x)]

[Bun B.]  
Some folks'll kill to have a real diamond  
You get some grade A rocks and in 20years they still  
shining

No need to worry, women will find em  
But if they gaze at yo karrots for to long it will blind em  
Cubic Zirconia helped the whole hood fine  
Now that everybody can bling we having good times  
I'm writing clever rhymes feeling like forever grindin  
A diamond in the rough  
Buff me up and hear me shine  
I used to hit these streets and slang  
Hussling in these peoples game  
Now its just for piece n' thang  
I aint tryin' to preach you man  
I aint tryin' to heat your flame  
I just wanna teach your brain  
I'm so full of flavor I'm give some to the weak and  
blang  
M-J- fucking G  
Touch me I'm in reaching range  
Lets hit the beach and hang  
For pimpin ill be the blame  
A ?? droppin this knowledge will help me explain  
About my Diamonds, my pimpin and my piece of chain

[Chorus (2xs)]

[Lil Jon]  
Yea Yea  
Yeeeaah  
Bitch I'm coming down  
Coming down tough  
Bitch I'm coming down with them diamonds I'm my cup  
Im shining so hard  
My pinky ring done  
Ruby in the middle

Got yo baby mama frozen  
25 karrots in the BME piece  
To many karrots in my mother fucking teeth  
In my chain  
Them thangs  
Big like boulders  
My rocks cutting up like Taliban soldier

[Big Sam]

Cause down in the dirty it aint no drama or no beef  
Its all about them diamonds in yo piece I guarantee  
Man I know a nigga wit a mouth full of gold  
On the top he had the SOUTH  
And on the bottom LIKE WHOA  
Big Sam with 36 off in my chain  
4? off in my wood a woodgrain  
And my piece I'm bout to precious cut them thangs  
With 200 thousand to make that hoe blang blang

[Chorus (5xs)]

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