

Cherise

"Foundation"

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Yo, yo, yo ..

Chorus: [Diamond D]

We love the foundation, time to lock shit
Ladies look no more we got this
D.I.T.C. spits the hot shit
And while you busy poppin' shit we're poppin' Cris
Ain't no stoppin' this like, ?
See it's all laced out wearing rocks and shit
On the set niggas start to cockglocking shit
Hating when we come through ya metropolis

[Dimaond D]

I like the finer things in life, rings and bikes
Expensive whips, first-class trips
Seven days cruises, honey don't trip
Excel class if ya heard room fit
Platinum cars, givin' no credit to me
Tiffany labs, ?
H-class minerals with no floors in it
Be one two, with the windows all tinnit
And I be all in it, for Tommy Hil' send it
Everything is paid for, mami not rent it
Two albums deep, it's all documented
Y'all little monkeys gon' see in a minute
Look, G-O-L-D in a minute
'Bout to double that, in the Benz bubble black, hata !
It's Di-a-mond D on ya set
Throwin' all G's and charge a jet

[O.C.]

I'm doin' time in the rap game
Sorta like a beered up North all one and the same
My slang keep comin' steady num in ya brain
Like substers abusin' lies for cocaine
I get ya open, my stuff be pokin'
Two pulls a past for three niggaz smoking
It's no joking when it comes to this
On occasion I might pop a bottle of Cris'
With a wrist full of ice on the bracelet
Trade rhymes in for cash, money I stash

For the future, treat more wis' than Peter Luger
For lyrical fitness I train with ?Luke Luva?
Incorporate lyrical bust with fist to custwit style for a
million bucks
For this I got love, not lust
If I lay her down with no fear than it means I wanna
fuck!

[CHORUS]

[A.G.]

My flow, be sicker than yours
Hoes, bounce gimme some mo'
Wanna rap with me? Then gimme some dough
Wanna track from me? Then gimme some dough
I sport those type of flows that excite the hoes
That's my ice that roll and light the dro'
Love is love, y'all niggas gettin' sheisht with yours
Diamond beats hittin' harder than Tyson blows
I might explode, once I grab the mic and blow
Claim you don't like the flow, when you want to bite the
flow
Pop bubbly, catch me in the club playin' Bugsy
Get Dirty like ?, it could get ugly
I rock mines and cop top of the line cars
Then charge you twentie-thou', only drop nine bars
Slight the tight men, cop about nine jars
To trig or tone come home while we rap when you
behind bars

[Lord Finesse]

Niggas is finito, when my and my peeps blow
Name it the game, stack dough and keep blow, fo' sho
We straight, better see yaselfves
We seein' more chips than the ?
On a club night we hillin', watching the thugs fight
Iced out, nigga shining like flug-lights
Rolling with grimy niggas, dirty like mud-fights
Throwing it up, while you sipping on Bud-Light
Steady balling, why you stop the thing
Blind you with rocks and links, make ya drop ya drink
On some slick shit, dress-up dip shit
Floors with rocks and stones you don't mind getting hit
with
Don't sleep, me and my crew's deep
Whether in the air, on four wheels or two feet
Salute the new chiefs and the feel we stay thirst
Fuck freestylin; nowadays you pay first

[CHORUS]

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