Shiny Diamonds

Say Hi

I mean what do you got going on there that's so good?

Man, it ain't always all good at home
But the few days it is makes it all worth while.
It's all about time and chance it's gotta be
You got trailer park moms winning powerball lottery
And if a little girl gets stuck in a well
You got the whole world feeling the Hell
And trying to help,
We got good intentions, maybe bad ideas
Like fucking fine nedens laced with ghonerea
But the adventure is real and ain't nobody alone
Especially me, so come the fuck on, let's get home
I got bitches to fuck we being rich as
Truck at the Mexican festival hitting switches
The bed be elevating, no hating
Only congratulating, and the hoes steady tailgating
With their neden holes waiting
On daytons, man that truck was so tight,
That's why I'm trying to go back sometimes it be alright
And the rest of the bullshit, I can walk right through
I'm trying to see a wheel chair,
A hot nurse, at a 100 and 2 years old
And the tree

And the herb
And the smoke
And the ganj'

The tree is all right

[Chorus:]
It ain't much going on but that's where I belong
Because some of them days be shiny diamonds, (sometimes)
And it can't be wrong,
Because some of them nights the moon be shining, (sometimes)
Like a world of gold, so much unexplored
And I be climbing, homies rhyming, heaven
I'm in, people can do they thing

[Bridge:]
And mine is singing, (singing) I'm singing
Like Michael Jackson y'all
I said I'm singing, (singing) I'm singing
With out the little boys and the plastic nose

We kick the wicked shit in packed ass clubs
We scrubs, your everyday Joe's, Mike's, and Tom Dub's
But that's are thing and we love that shit
And people sick, thinking wicked shit gone quit
Tell me why do stress be, L-I-F-E
Everyday's a new adventure for the fella's with me
We only got so long I'm tryna get out and see
I'm tryna get out and be, who tryna do it like me
You might see from above, you might fall in love,
You might get your dick sucked from the back like what
You might discover your nitch, and look you ain't a bitch
All this just days after you was gone quit
I ain't on some mother you whack motherfucker
This shit for juggalos, we talking to each other
Not them other hoes, we shudder those hoes to back rows
And crack those Faygo's and the place explodes
And the cush

And the green
And the sass
And the dro

The kush is all right

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

Well let's get you home then!

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