

# 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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written by PUWAL, MICHAEL / BRUCE, JOSEPH  
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