

# First Step

## Diamond District

[Verse 1: Uptown XO]

The Holy Tri, who else could do it? You know it's only them!  
Back like the rapture, still doing it for the capital  
Worldwide now, we like Earth, Wind & Fire  
Suburb fly sound, but now bout to take the high of  
DC Voltron, Mozart, Beethoven, Bach  
Quotables in the Washington Post, y'all  
Do it for the cap like we over budget  
And overdo it, cause we do it like nobody does it  
A young'un, which y'all like the best-o  
Five mic the Metro, a hand sight, freedom for the ghetto  
We claiming the torch, claiming they wrong  
We came in the door, dropping along till the gimmicks put a stop in the pause  
Let's say hello to the ending!  
What started you all but true intentions?  
The rhythm was the root of it all  
See you later, it's never goodbye  
When a spurr comes back in the music, now you know why  
March!

[Scratched Hook]

[Verse 2: yU]

Wale ? This is the ship that took the scale  
When you ride up on the empty, almost gotta lift the tail  
A young'un hunger like you're missing meals, different feels  
Spinnin' wheels, you tryna live your dream till it kills  
Romans get stolen like the feet that still in fail  
No zooming on any human more than you do yourself  
You get the L?! Just know at the end of the day that you did it well  
If not than keep rocking, locking your talking and bang!  
Aim high, cause otherwise you'll see I love life, bitch  
I push forward, knowing that don't nobody owe Mike shit  
I do what make more sense and roll with great folks  
That ain't no glitch, we make pesos and stay focused  
Upon the greater that lay-off for later, that may never come  
Now also get the choke that's be taken for anyone  
Twart not the rhyme, never stop, knowing them cops won't come  
But still be March on Washington

Come on!

[Scratched Hook]

[Verse 3: Oddisee]

This is what I give 'em, wisdom over rhythm  
From the District to the prison with ??? stars as the emblem  
We all get what I came from, they doing now what I been, than  
They doing ???, from extra I make an income  
I'm a beast from the East, the product of hard streets  
Hard to eat ? smaller the beast, margin larger the teeth  
Man, it's just the way it go, if I wanna say it so  
Say it knowing ye ain't posting too high to be layin' low  
Different day, same shit, same script, different play  
This is the way of the world and I'm just tryna fit in place  
And tryna play the part of a mockery to my art  
So anything I do is a part of me from the start  
I'm getting better sleep while these niggas lying awake  
Keep it moving with the troop while niggas lying in place  
Only fill deals on the counter, ain't for the fakes!  
DMV, we'll be known as the greatest!  
Keep up with the pace!

[Scratched Hook]

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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