

Yella Diamonds (Prod. By Beat Billionaire)

[Rick Ross](#)

Ugh! D-Boys be the livest
D-Boys be the livest, D-Boys be the livest
All I want for Christmas is my Pyrex
All I want for Christmas is my Pyrex My dope be shinin' like it's yella diamonds
My dope be shinin' like it's yella diamonds
Nineteen for the whole thang
Walk up out the trap nigga it's bling bling My dope be shinin' like it's yella diamonds
My dope be shinin' like it's yella diamonds
Nineteen for the whole thang
Walk up out the trap nigga it's bling bling I'm back to trappin' like I'm 'posed to, nigga
Them crackers wanna see me on a wanted poster, nigga
Chasin' my money like I'm Oprah, nigga
From Dade County now mansions in Boca, nigga
Now bring that drama that you spoke of, nigga
Ain't no water drippin' out this super soaker, nigga
Go cash a check just like a dolphin, nigga
Chopper City all up out your office, nigga
Study your plays in my office, nigga
A pound of haze'll make a gangsta off a nigga
You wanna live? Make an offer nigga
Club LIV is your coffin nigga My dope be shinin' like it's yella diamonds
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Walk up out the trap nigga it's bling bling I'm whippin' cake up like I'm Jacob, nigga
Hundred eighty for the bracelet and they hate it, nigga
I had to have 'em custom make it, nigga
You have to gun me down before you take it, nigga
You know we roll up like Jamaican niggas
No marijuana, talkin' bout killin' these hatin' niggas
The time is now fuck all the waitin', nigga
I can't hold back all these Haitian niggas
You know they talkin' home invasion, nigga
Seein' your daughter scream can be very persuasive, nigga
First question, "Where the safe at, nigga?"
All in your woman face fuck up her makeup nigga My dope be shinin' like it's yella diamonds
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Nineteen for the whole thang
Walk up out the trap nigga it's bling blingI'm watching me a kilo break up, nigga
Snort a line of this I bet you wake up, nigga
Dead presidents all on my body, nigga
For dinero, ocho cinco, catch me a body nigga
Teflon Don, John Gotti nigga
God forgives and I don't, my chopper hit the lotto nigga
My chopper hit the lotto nigga
Keepin' it real my ch-ch- chopped a lot of niggas
I paid my dues, dudes get ya done
I paid my fool, here come that murder one
I think it's time you niggas recognize
Worth fifty million so fuck the other side
My nigga you know your chopper's cold
On the other hand my ch-chopper's old
All the little head busters swingin' now
And I buy 'em all cars off of my yella diamondsMy dope be shinin' like it's yella diamonds
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Songwriters

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