

King Of Diamonds

Rick Ross

Somebody call the Brinks truck
The boss back, somebody call the Brinks truck I got the baddest bitches waiting on a nigga
I got these pussy niggas hating on a nigga
Since they wanna talk, I went and bought another chain
Forty cars, I gotta put em in my momma name
Heli-pad on my crib, my money outta here
Love my daughter to death, ten karats in her ear
Heavy ammunition for you fuck boys
Heavy ammunition for you fuck boys
I'm getting paid, I put that on my daddy grave
Got two hundred thousand in my Chevrolet
I'm the king of diamonds, my chain still speaking Ebonics
If she selling that pussy, bring it to baby, I got it
Pop a chicken in that grease and make one into two
All these rides in my yard, my shit a carnival
I got a plug, he a O'ye
So show me love, it's only one Rozay Rozay You gotta separate yourself from fuck boys
Can't even drop your top, because your ass so paranoid
I'm floating in my shit like I'm in a parade
Ho, you better take notes, I spent ten on the paint
Waving at these bitches, and I know these niggas ho-ish
Take your bitch to get lemon pepper in a new Lotus
I'm so rich, I mean I'm so rich
If it's less than ten stacks, to me it's ho shit
It's time to step your game up
Gotta run your credit just to bring my name up
Twenty million, nigga, look in my face
It's only one Rozay

Songwriters

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