

# Diced Pineapples (feat. Wale, Drake)

[Rick Ross](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Diced pineapple, tonight you shall reach a height that the sky won't catch you  
The highest form of my admiration  
And I ain't no connoisseur but I'm kinda sure you will admire my taste  
But before the sun graze ya  
I'm tryin to see how deep you are  
And believe me shorty I ain't talking about no intimate conversation  
I wanna see if I can make you reach things unobtainable  
When I peek into your nature  
And I promise you my goals well exceed any physical pleasure  
I wanna, give you whats better than better  
The better my effort, the wetter her treasure  
The more these mere moments seem like heavens or temporary forevers  
Shorty get it together  
Diced pineapple  
May your love come down so my mind might have you  
You designed my imagination  
Let me redefine foreplay so you need five and  
Tell me shorty you got it baby  
If its not it baby, hope its progress baby  
Let it all drip baby  
If you stop that shaking, no more talking baby, no more talking baby  
Shorty so fine, pussy so fresh  
Diced pineapples that my baby tastes the best  
I nearly lost my mind, guess it was a test  
Swept her off her feet and went and bought her ass a Lex  
Paid it off cash so I never wrote a check  
Leave my cars at her crib I'm just stuntin' on her ex  
Pussy's excellent and I know it sound a mess  
I love to make her toes curl as I'm lickin' on her flesh uhh  
Sex all night couple shots of Ciroc  
Crib on the water got LeBron up the block  
Money ain't the thing baby welcome to the Mark  
Diced pineapples talking diamonds by the jar

Bitch so bad got me wishing I could sign her  
Uniform Isabel Marant when you on the team  
Double MG them other niggas fell off, baby girl I just wanna see you well off[Chorus]  
Call me crazy shit at least you're calling  
Feels better when you let it out don't it girl  
Know its easy to get caught up in the moment  
When you say its cuz you mad then you take it all back  
Then we fuck all night til things get right  
Then we fuck all night til things get right[Shorty so fine, pussy so fresh  
Diced pineapples I just bought my girl a set  
I know my lifestyle wild I just do it for the set  
She know how to make me smile and she do it with the sex  
Pop bottles, make love, thug passion, red bottoms, Moncler, high fashion  
Belt buckles, door handles, gold plated. Bal main rich denim, out Vegas  
French Riviera baby girl lets take a trip  
Im'a trip go to Cannes France to catch a flick  
Baby listen, this position is a blessing and  
With your permission hopefully you'll learn a lesson  
I'm so fly that I shouldn't even walk. She so fine she ain't even gotta talk  
Diced pineapples talking diamonds by the jar  
She never wrote a song but I know that she's a star[Chorus]Something about her probably can't live without her  
Roll up some sour, let me kiss on a fountain  
Mission accomplished, you increasing your heart rate  
And I won't ever rescue me the peak of your mountain  
Eager to show you, thinking that I should know you  
And you eager to work perfect, I can employ you  
Designer shit spoil you, rub you down with the oil  
To get on a higher tree, gonna have to climb a sequoia  
Hol' up, showing off some Asian provocateur  
Rushing you out your draws  
Though patiently get you off  
Hate when they get too anxious though  
Hate when they be too dull  
Like to get too deep  
But I hate to get too deeply involved  
How sweet is you  
Let me see some proof  
Fuck making pussy talk  
I like to make it sing a tune  
All we need is weed  
We don't need no room  
Right now I'm trying eat  
We don't need a spoon[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>