

# So Many Diamonds

Paul Wall

[T.I.]

Aight nigga, you already know what it is man

A-Town, H-Town connection nigga

T.I.P. man, you understand that?

My homeboy Paul Wall, extended Pimp Squad Clique

Keep it pimpin mayne! [Chorus: T.I.]

So many diamonds in my teeth you can't see no gold

Hundred ki's in the streets, every week no O

Certified G, a young nigga so cold

It's the Pimp Squad Clique, punk bitch, we so tho'ed [T.I.]

Pimp smoke grey Cadillac, 24, imagine that

Camera in my license plate to see you when I'm backin back

T.I.P. be smokin on that good shit imagine that

I'm blowin on a hoe that's strong enough to kill the Cadillac

By bitch I mean fro, hell to heart and had a mack attack

Give me a brick of blow you never seen it flip as fast as that

And you can keep the beef, pussy nigga I don't battle rap

So that bullshit you kickin through yo' teeth a gangsta laughin at

That shit you hear on "Gangsta Grillz" is real, best chill

before you wake up with some gangsters in your grill and get killed

By a nigga named Big Phil, tote a big steel

Give a damn if my record never sells, I'm the shit still [Chorus - 2X] [Paul Wall]

I got the diamond ice in the grill, invisible top, glass bottom

I'm swervin lanes on the interstate, evadin laws and playin possum

I spin the wheel I roll the dice, I look at life in a different light

36 of that white make you a celebrity overnight

I shoot a kite to my potnah Project, locked up doin 45

And let him know I'm still holdin, them Grit Boys is on the rise

A hundred percent no compromise, my momma raised to be a man

I'm not concerned with the next man, gettin money, that's my plan

I'm on the road with that boy Unique, I'm po'n drank he roll the Sweets

T Ferris concocted a master plan, we executed it to the T

It's Paul Wall and T.I.P., makin haters, R.I.P.

We so tho'ed you can't compete, our competition is obsolete [Chorus - 2X] [Paul Wall]

I'm on the hustle 25/8, ATL to the lone star state

On the move I'm bleedin blocks, tryin to get this paper straight

No time to wait no room for error, the gameplan is crystal clear

I'm tryin to bolt up 83's and throw some ice cubes in the air

I'm reminiscin, on my potnah Duke that died and passed away

I'm strapped up at all times, if you flex I'ma blast away  
Like Tom Hanks on "Castaway," I'm posted up just one deep  
Cause these days these hoes out here be plottin to come up on the creep  
And these suckers be on that reach, tryin to come up off of me  
You need to go get it, by yourself and stand up on your own two feet  
Look at me I'm star-studded, all because I punch that clock  
Burnin straights out on the block, givin it all I got[Chorus - 2X]

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