

Diamonds from Sierra Leone (Remix) (feat. Jay-Z)

Kanye West

Diamonds are forever
They won't leave in the night
I've no fear that they might
Desert meDiamonds are forever (forever, forever)
Throw your diamonds in the sky if you feel the vibe
Diamonds are forever (forever, forever, forever)
The Roc is still alive every time I rhyme
Forever ever? Forever ever? Ever, ever? Ever, ever?
Ever, ever? Ever, ever? Ever, ever?Close your eyes and imagine, feel the magic
Vegas on acid, seen through Yves St. Laurent glasses
And I've realized that I've arrived
Cause it take more than a magazine to kill my Vibe
Does he write his own rhymes, well sort of, I think 'em
That mean I forgot better shit than you ever thought of
Damn, is he really that caught up?
I ask if you talked about classics, do my name get brought up?
I remember I couldn't afford a Ford Escort
Or even a four-track recorder
So it's only right that I let the top drop on a drop-top Porsche
It's for yourself, that's important
If your stripper name "Porscha" and you get tips from many men
Then your fat friend, her nickname is "Minivan"
Excuse me, that's just the Henny, man
I smoke, I drink, I'm supposed to stop, I can't becauseDiamonds are forever (forever, forever)
Throw your diamonds in the sky if you feel the vibe
Diamonds are forever (forever, forever, forever)
The Roc is still alive every time I rhyme
Forever ever? Forever ever? Ever, ever? Ever, ever?
Ever, ever? Ever, ever? Ever, ever?I was sick about awards, couldn't nobody cure me
Only playa that got robbed but kept all his jewelry
Alicia Keys tried to talk some sense in him
30 minutes later sein' there's no convincin' him
What more could you ask for? The international asshole
Who complain about what he is owed?
And throw a tantrum like he is 3 years old
You gotta love it though somebody still speaks from his soul
And wouldn't change by the change, or the game, or the fame
When he came in the game, he made his own lane
Now all I need is y'all to pronounce my name

It's Kanye, but some of my plaques, they still say Kayne
Got family in the D, Kin-folk from Motown
Back in the Chi, them Folks ain't from Moe Town
Life movin' too fast I need to slow down
Girl ain't give me no ass, ya need to go down
My father been said I need Jesus
So he took me to church and let the water wash over my caesar
The preacher said we need leaders
Right then my body got still like a paraplegic
You know who you call, you got a message, then leave it
The Roc stand tall and you would never believe it
Take your diamonds and throw 'em up like you bulimic
Yeah, the beat cold but the flow is anemic
After debris settles and the dust get swept off
Big K pick up where young Hov left off
Right when magazines wrote Kanye West off
I dropped my new shit, it sound like the best of
A&R's lookin' like, "Pssh, we messed up"
Grammy night, damn right, we got dressed up
Bottle after bottle till we got messed up
In the studio, with Really Doe, yeah, he next up
People askin' me if I'm gon' give my chain back
That'll be the same day I give the game back
You know the next question dog: "Yo, where Dame at?"
This track the Indian dance to bring our reign back
"What's up with you and Jay, man, are y'all ok man?"
They pray for the death of our dynasty like "Amen"
R-r-r-right here stands a man
With the power to make a diamond with his bare handsDiamonds are forever (forever, forever)
Throw your diamonds in the sky if you feel the vibe
Diamonds are forever (forever, forever, forever)
The Roc is still alive every time I rhyme
Forever ever? Forever ever? Ever, ever? Ever, ever?
Ever, ever? Ever, ever? Ever, ever?Diamonds are forever (forever, forever)
Diamonds are forever (forever, forever, forever)

Songwriters

JOHN BARRY, KANYE OMARI WEST, DON BLACK, DAVID SHEATS, DEVON HARRIS, ANDRE BENJAMIN, ANTWAN PATTONPublished by

Lyrics Â© Roba Music, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.