

# Yella Diamonds

[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 PyrexMy 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 blingMy 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 blingI'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 niggaMy dope be shinin' like it's yella diamonds  
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Walk up out the trap nigga it's bling blingI'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 niggaMy dope be shinin' like it's yella diamonds  
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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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