

# Diamonds (Prod By Mally The Martian Hype)

## Fabulous

Diamonds in my damn chain!  
It ain't hard to tell![Chorus:]  
(Diamonds in my damn chain)  
(Diamonds in my damn chain)  
I'm like, oh daddy, I see you do the damn thing  
Got my vote, I'm feelin' ya campaign  
I like you, but I really like your damn chain  
(Diamonds in my damn chain)  
(Diamonds in my damn chain)  
It kinda explains the way she be actin'  
She liked my necklace so she started relaxin'  
Now, that's what the fuck I call a chain reaction[Fabulous]  
Yo, you think they like me now, wait until the light hit me  
I bet the house somebody's girl spend the night with me  
They gotta love it, if not, then I guess they haters  
This kinda necklace turn on the investigators  
They ain't got one problem with this  
Square face watch look like sponge bob on the wrist  
One white, one gold, one nice, untold  
You could look, but don't touch, guns might unload, now  
I respect them thugs who get they jackin' on  
But we squeeze to every slug that we be packin', son  
Ya boy got the drug money we be stackin' on  
Lotta carrots, not the one's Bugs Bunny snackin' on  
Got 'em gettin' close, and lookin' like a scooped-up  
The titanic chain from the bottom of the ocean  
I play them diamonds well when I got that jewelery on  
They should call me Carat Jeter, maybe Canary Bonds[Chorus][Young Jeezy]  
Oh, she actin' real reckless right now  
Let me at this bitch, man, let's go  
Damn, what happened? He blinded everybody  
It must be Jeezy, outshinin' everybody  
Yeah, I'm fretted for the show  
You could call me the light man  
(Diamonds in my damn chain)  
You could call me the bright man  
Yeah, I don't do bright links, I do AP's  
Yeah, I spit cheese on all these VV's  
Blow an old G, yeah, I got it from home

Twenty carat pinky ring, shit, I got it robbin'  
(Break yourself, nigga) We have to step it up a notch  
Iced-out ski-mask, placed in the projects to hide my weed stash  
Dominican shit, shit, I got it from fans  
Yo, the stone is in my chain, so I call it the cab[Chorus][Fabolous]  
Yo, maybe it's them VV's 'cause they sets susters  
Sit on the next bus like the show on MTV  
The wings on the chain make a nigga fly  
Like the wings on a plane when you sittin' in between 'em  
They hittin' when you clean 'em, glitterin' when you seen 'em  
Beemin' through the tints when I'm sittin' in the "Phenom"  
Oops, I mean Phantom; my words got tangled, man  
But this tiger stripe watch make this bitch a Bengals fan  
We all know Jacob; check the shit he did  
He spent more time making the band than Diddy did  
You feel my campaign, then drop your old spouse  
I'm out in DC at the white and gold house  
Wanna convince me, love? Secret service me with some of that Lewinsky love  
She saw the chain, gave me brain, no strain ever since  
Now that's what I call a real chain of events, nigga[Chorus]Diamonds on my damn chain!  
It ain't hard to tell!

Songwriters

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