Diamonds

Chief Keef

[Hook: Chief Keef]
I swear my diamonds are so blinding please don't look at my wrist
Number one we...?...I bet I could take your bitch
That boy jewellery looking bleary like who sold him that shit
They say I ain't getting money well who told them that shit
Ok your bitch she like my diamonds and the cars that I ride
Or she might just like my style or it's the squad that behind me
I don't know but she gone go cause my pockets on swole
I just walk up in the mall then I buy the whole store[Verse 1: Chief Keef]
I know my diamonds looking blinding please don't look at my wrist
My young niggas shoot your face if you think about taking my shit
10k for my ears 20k for my wrist
You ain't fucking me for free bitch 20k for my dick
Catch you slipping Scottie pippin one phone call and you hit
I just get these bitches numbers I don't call I forget
And I'm riding in them foreigns I'm a ride off St.Lawrence
I'm a ride on brick squad catch a nigga I'm scoring[Hook][Verse 2: French Montana]
Them people calling, right back to balling
You got a bad batch to much baking on it
Right back on the stove, right back to them shows
Right back to my bitches, your advance is my clothes
I'm whipping it, I triple it
Shorty pop a molly then she wiggle it
Putting orders, You telling stories
Casino life hard rock nigga put in all this[Hook]

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