

# 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 foreigners 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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