

Beneath the Diamonds

DJ Drama

Mr. Porter!

Ohh, that's that smooth shit
(Twista! L.A.D.! Devin the Dude!)
We 'bout to do this shit like this
Yo Drama, take that shit back for 'em one time (uh-oh!)

Ha ha, cocaine in the flesh
Been in the game since Brand Nubian was spittin, reign of the tec
I done spit lyrics for DJ Jam Master Jay and Kid Capri
Now it's DJ Drama; now you all on the dick lil' mama?
Where the fuck was you at when a nigga was on the block? (where you at?)
When the nigga was drivin dirty Nikes with no knot (where you at?)
Before the Billboard #1 spot
It was so hard to get a bitch to get down and suck on a cock
Before rockin the Bentley and I got so popular
Thuggin with the GD's you wouldn't see me even with binoculars
Steady actin like you ain't been ran through
Never gave a nigga no pussy now you sweatin and talkin 'bout you a fan too
Before the Vin houses and the trucks and Impalas
Tell me where was you at when the nigga needed a couple of dollars
I remember her off the block, now I can't fuck with lil' mama
Walk off on that hoe, I'd rather let another bitch holla

Spend the rest of the life in the trap bein grimy (oh yeah)
On the grind tryin to stay out the county (ohh)
Limit ties when I ain't had no money (oh yeah)
Got bread now, these bitches all on me
Cause underneath all the cars and clothes (cars and clothes)
The lights, the bling, and ohh
Ohh ohh ohh, diamonds and gold
Underneath all the diamonds still cold, yeahhh

Yeah, L.A.D., uhh...
Bitches used to say "ugh," now I got pull
My life like Ace, from "Paid in Full"
Low like a turtle, my queen mad fertile
Run a marathon, same time, jumpin hurdles
Put a broad on a plane, brick in her girdle
Why I'm still here, got my life in gear
Fuckin a rich white bitch like Britney Spears
Runnin in her hard like a car hit a deer
Live life no fear, boxed in like a square
Two Coronas with lime, sip my beer
My vision's so clear from the front to the rear
That's why I'm reclined in a La-Z-Boy chair
Can't see me like I'm air, but I'm there
Mean I'm here, like Ray Lewis or Steve McNair
Real Hall-of-Famer, real big gamer
Semi-automatic or a four-fifth flamer, blaow!

It's a blessin to be still in the game
Considerin where I came from the music changed
Some would continue to hang
I'm... right where I oughta be
Whatever obstacle in the way, won't let it bother me
Grindin since the early teens in my dirty jeans

Now I'm on the scene fulfillin my worldly dreams
So get yours, I'll get mine in due time
We'll be able to survive some lunatic rhymes
But nowadays you gotta find different ways
to keep your pockets on fat; who got it? Where it's at?
Shit, you gotta go get it
The road you gotta hit it, the show money's splitted
Yeah, and if everybody wit it we can make somethin happen
With the push of these buttons and some cut-cuttin and scratchin
I've been rappin for years, and I think I'm gonna
sang or do anything other than slang on the corners
I'm gone

[Chorus]