

# 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]