

Diamond Lane

Millionaires

You and me, Diamond Lane, sparkling like champagne
Never ride alone, car smells like cologne
You and me, Diamond Lane, sparkling like champagne
Never ride alone, hands free, iPhone

You and me, Diamond Lane, sparkling my champagne
I'll bring a boy home, from my show, backstage
Battin' cage, hit it hard
I'll swap you like a trading card
You're just a one night, standin' in my front yard

I can be your babygirl, put me in your carseat
Strap me down, buckle tight, bumpy ride, guaranteed
Bentley, H3, bottles in the backseat
Now turn that bass up, we listenin' to Gucci

You, me, D-I-A-M-O-N-D Lane
You, me, D-I-A-M-O-N-D Lane

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Rollin' up, rollin' blunts, rollin' in the benz
Got a random in my car, and he tryin' to get it innn
A hundred bucks that he puts me in his tweet
And if I had a black dick, I bet he'd suck it 'til it's pink
Hah, but I'm not that ratchet
Tell me where the party at
You know I'm gonna crash it
Shootin' up, like a star
Breath takin'
CPR

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You, me, D-I-A-M-O-N-D Lane

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We never ride alone
Kush blunts in the ash tray
Ciroc got me naughty
Guess im back to my old ways
we on the freeway mazaradi relay
with the top missing yup think
it was my b-day a very rich bitch
got me on that ? shit
?
stacking dead presidents
with the millionaires getting manicures