

Diamonds and Gold

Rittz

I guess them pretty blue skies up in Gwinnett County got a disguise
I guess your eyes see us on that map and make you think we ain't a trap
But I'm from that North, N-A-W-F
North Atlanta, we for real

85 north of Atlanta, home of the Gwinnett County Braves
Out-of-towners looking out of place 'round here
Think it's sweet and disappear without a trace
Cops on the dash see the plates out of state
Apartment complex got a gate but it ain't
Safe tryna hustle 'round here think there's money to be made
You'll get robbed by somebody underage
We don't rock brands like Vans, only J's
We don't use words like "hella" or "the bomb"
So many celebs that live in Gwinnett
Tryna say Downtown when they tell you where they from
Me, I'm from the 'burbs, never had much, I'm -
White boy in black Hollywood representing Slum
Yeah, I got long hair, I ain't ZZ Top
I got diamonds on my pinky ring and diamonds on my charm
I'm incredible like Burt Wonderstone
Hurts when its done
Wanna battle me and you'll get murked one-on-one
We ain't on no battle rap
We used to rap about our habitat and all the work that we done
Camaro convertible, turbo, we're there with the purple
We stand in a circle and puff
Got these bitches they go twerking and sucking
If you ain't got 'em fucking then you probably ain't assertive enough
Make your girl have a crush and I'm far from a heartthrob
Middle finger up saying fuck Paul Blart
Cops got the K9 in the car lot
Someone just got shot up at the Marriott courtyard
Sitting in the car shot
People scheming to get Lamborghini money
They ain't tryna drive a Dodge Dart
Drug deal gone bad up at Wal-Mart
Better pay attention when you're pitching in the ballpark
Cause

These streets can be misleading, and this one thing I know
Don't come around here flexin', I suggest you slow your roll
Tryna show off all your diamonds and gold
They gon' get you for your diamonds and gold
Everybody want some diamonds and gold
And I'm dying for your diamonds and gold

I know in Georgia, shit ain't peachy, so fuck what you've been told
Cause when this shit get greezy, we've been known to go for broke
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From a middle class neighborhood
From '94-'05, I was up in Eagle Point then

A lot of people wasn't born here
Moving in and out, never know who the neighbor next door is
Drug dealers tryna build clientele
So they telling everybody they got it, that shit was short-lived
Jack boys get work, kick your door in
Talk to you on the phone, pistol-whip your girlfriend
Hit a lick for four grand, now they got some cash to fly
In high school, used lame kids to practice on
I made 'em empty out their pockets
Other kids dreaming of being astronauts
We were scheming to make a profit
The gun that's underneath the mattress drawn
Make it a chance of living half as long
A lot of homies from the past is gone
You wanna play games? Better train for the triathlon
Cause ain't no games round here, ho
We ain't in no dorm room playing beer pong
Homies never made it into the millennium
Never forget 'em should've tattooed tears for 'em
Adam got a life sentence, he in Dooly State Prison
Send him money, if he need me then I'm here for him
We done smoked so much weed, smoking weed ain't shit
Doing any hard drugs we could get our hands on
Man Darren, he was clean, started fucking with that meth again
It wouldn't be GC without Mexicans
Claiming turf, gang signs spray painted on the picket fence
They gotta represent what set they in
Back in the day it was Breckinridge, Crescent Lake
Sweetwater, Saratoga, and The Falls just to name a few
So watch the lane you choose, and who you bragging to
Cause you gon' end up getting robbed in the North

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We got a young nigga playing with that dope again
I'm in the kitchen on that Adderall, focusing
I'm on the road, doing shows, with some hoes again
I hit the gas a couple times, then I hold it in
I'm in the street with the heat on the seat
In case I bump into police or I run into my foes again
Cause I hear them niggas tripping 'bout the flavor that I'm kicking
And I'm down to start messing with the gold, you see
I been breaking down pounds on them Lortab 10's
On a bar and a half, and I'm going back in
If you ever see a foreign car sliding on rims
Up 85 North that's him
Just drive, I see him, I see him, I see him
All black tint, nigga riding Nigerian
All white paint, we gon' call it Siberian
Loud pack on him, he ain't no librarian

Up from Mexico City, that's that Norcross area
Whole lot of killers gon' need a pole bearer
Drinking on brown, got you feeling barbaric
Still got a trap spot right on Harrington
Still got a trap spot, trappin' on Jimmy
I'ma dump the whole clip til it run empty
And my license expired, tell Rittz to come get me
We the only ones got a key to this city
My lawyer's suppressing the evidence
I had some dope in my residence
I had some guns in my residence
I would not tell on no Mexican, I would not tell on no Mexican!
They can indict it, I'll fight it, I swear to that
Shorty don't like me, I'm piping, I'm arrogant
Gambino boss on the North and I carry it
We got Mariah, you buying, I'm selling it
Tell 'em Rittz

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