

Diamond Life

Tyga

Diamond life, sugar baby we dynamite,
Playboys and socialites, young n flyy flyy flyy

1989: No pressure, but to the best that's in my section
Levels of a professional, skip school, create my own lessons
Confessions of a mad rapper, music's got me wrapped up
Green stretching only leads to red stretchers
He's next in line for the blessing, get your mind off mine,
Hustle something and stop relying on mine, molding a lesson while u letting
time fly by

At age 17 addicted to ink, a rap fiend who had money dreams, my taste of fame
couldn't compare to what I'd seen
Them dying, government lying', all for that paper cheese
Mom's cryin, watching her only son through TV, MTV, BET
He on now, wipe me down, no longer fighting thru the crowd
I control the crowd, how you like me now? Woww

Chorus:

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Playboys and socialites, young n flyy flyy flyy
(2x)

Back to the cold, motivational roads
No guidance, just violence and probational homes
Thinking my hot routes is all out, music gotta be my way out
Family gathered around I gotta make 'em proud,
Pops propped in the penitentiary laid out, hoping his son feel under a different
cloud
I'm speaking directly into the crowd, nothing but personal, just thought you
'd want to know the person
Far from perfect, but nearly word perfect
Must be he, rate him on the scale from one to me
Me equaling greatness, one equalling every ten haters
The rest couldn't make it due to unlikely behavior,
So be patient or end up the next patient
Emergency room, newspaper, the new rappers call 'em straight actors
Music wise, they playing safety and I'm shootin off safety
Aiming for greatness,

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(2x)

Now everybody wear your game face (Dynamite)
Forget everybody just do what he say
They wanna move like, they wanna be like, you can do it just like
(x)

Chorus:

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(2x)

Cash stacking like tetris, his youthful efervesance
No army arsenals, I'm only secret weapon

Get the message I'm getting C.R.E.A.M. like a nestle,
Welcome, Compton's Armageddon.