

# Picacho

Young Thug

My diamonds, they say Pikachu, they say Pikachu  
I'm a boss, I walk through the club and just peek at you  
My diamonds, they say Pikachu, they gon' wink at you  
I'm a boss, bitch I'mma walk through and just peek at you  
When I walk through the club my diamonds dancin'  
Yes sir, my shit look like cameras flashin'  
A-ten-hut, yeah my diamonds be demandin'  
Your ho suckin' with a passion, she laughin' (Pikachu)

Fishscale, yeah it's pale  
Yeah yeah I got pill for sale, buy it  
100k Today, don't try it  
My bitch gettin' kind of chubby, she need to go on a fuckin' diet  
Oh it's gonna be a riot, block boys, burn you fast, real torque  
I got this watch from Italy, but the current time say New York  
My bitches wanna get rid of me, I hate the white smell, no Newport  
And I'm like "Baby girl you kidding me? This the reason you fly, no airport"  
Matching slippers, and yacht shoes  
Fifty thousand in the back of my U's, I meant True's (Billy's)  
Pockets fat, no Bruce-Bruce  
If I took your work that's your fault, you snooze, you lose

Bitch my diamonds dancin', MC Hammer  
Soon as it hit the light these bitches start romancin'  
Diamonds HD, shine like they gold teeth  
All these blood diamonds, got 'em all up out the streets  
White VVS's, no-color diamonds  
It's like they takin' pictures but it's just the diamonds  
Just some young niggas doin' it big  
Takin' over and flexin' and shit, yah dig?  
And yeah we puttin' on like this  
In the dark it still glow like this, yah bitch  
We've got these lames handcuffin' they boo  
Get one peek, she ain't leavin' with you, ain't that the truth

Hit my cup, hit my black  
I can't front, I ain't D4L but I stunt  
I ain't drunk in two days, feel like a month  
I'm just boolin' with my dogs, feel like I hunt  
Bitch I'mma be hood rich in a minute ho  
If I start I'll never finish ho  
Slip in mud like a Guinea ho  
Watchin' Martin No remy, ho  
Count fast like a tellie ho  
Rays dark, yeah they tinted ho  
Black man with racks like them tennis hoes  
When we count the racks, we never finished ho  
Bitch, Young Scooter got a couple licks, we're gonna go hit  
They got a young country boy wanting grits  
And like a hit song, he getting remixed  
My big homie Gu-Gu run the 6  
Runnin' old-school trains get hit  
I killed my dog, No Mike Vick  
Yeah Quan my homie, you know I'm rich