

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