

Future, Diamonds From Africa

Swerve on your passenger
[?] scavenger
I got them diamonds like Africa
I got the blow on a one-footed trafficker
I got them diamonds like Africa
I got the blow on a one-footed trafficker
I got them diamonds like Africa
I got the blow on a one-footed trafficker

I'm gone off Ferrari and I'm huggin' that car
And I never say sorry
Put some dope in the cup
Go and order the truck cause the Bentley is comin'
The hatin' on my sleeve cause I'm plain jane
Sippin' Codeine on the plane man
Most of my niggas, they gang bang
Switchin' my skit on my name brand
Switchin' my skit on my name brand
Kilo for kilo, Young Future Pacino
These bitches, they treat me like Michael and Tito
Go ask your dame, I'm her man, I'm her amigo
On that dope I ain't get cut and I call it Gambino
I know her lingo and out on the [?]
I know a peon got more chains than Deion
I'm the one who put all them birds in the Neon
I may jus link bro and hang out a window
I had em shoot up the block like a chulo
I wake up everyday like I take photos
I pull up in that new foreign, this photo
I had that mouth in the house on the lo-lo
I got a [?] put up like it's polo
I got that mojo, that mojo, I'm mojo
You bozo, you bozo, you nigga that no no

None of this money that matter, all of my niggas they matter
I told you I got all these problems that come with this money so fuck it
I fuck all the nonsense
I sip on this drink and its muddy
I'm crazy in the street with a .30
It's the good, the bad, and ugly

My styrofoam muddy, my styrofoam muddy, my styrofoam muddy
Your bitch? That's my buddy
Your bitch? That's my buddy, Your bitch? She's some cutty
I'mma hustle for mine
I'mma get out and grind cause I know I deserve it
And I know how to work it
And I know I ain't (perfect[?])
And I know I ain't perfect
Buy whatever I purchase
And I'm ready to turn up on ya
Hell fuck it nah I ain't nervous
I don't be studyin' these lame, lames
I'm just gone fuck on they main dame
Money is what I'm gonna obtain
Bitch you can fuck on my main man
If you on that loud I can smell it, it's octane
I hit the block when them blocks came
I chopped her up like I'm Biggie dame
Jigga my nigga, I'm switchin' lanes
Back of the Maybach, my windows and curtains up
Got the bands and I ran it up way up
And these niggas [?] Fader
Fuck these niggas, they never could play us

