

Paul Wall, So Many Diamonds

(feat. T.I.)

[T.I.]

Aight nigga, you already know what it is man
A-Town, H-Town connection nigga
T.I.P. man, you understand that?
My homeboy Paul Wall, extended Pimp Squad Clique
Keep it pimpin mayne!

[Chorus: T.I.]

So many diamonds in my teeth you can't see no gold
Hundred ki's in the streets, every week no O
Certified G, a young nigga so cold
It's the Pimp Squad Clique, punk bitch, we so tho'ed

[T.I.]

Pimp smoke grey Cadillac, 24, imagine that
Camera in my license plate to see you when I'm backin back
T.I.P. be smokin on that good shit imagine that
I'm blowin on a hoe that's strong enough to kill the Cadillac
By bitch I mean fro, hell to heart and had a mack attack
Give me a brick of blow you never seen it flip as fast as that
And you can keep the beef, pussy nigga I don't battle rap
So that bullshit you kickin through yo' teeth a gangsta laughin at
That shit you hear on "Gangsta Grillz" is real, best chill
before you wake up with some gangsters in your grill and get killed
By a nigga named Big Phil, tote a big steel
Give a damn if my record never sells, I'm the shit still

[Chorus - 2X]

[Paul Wall]

I got the diamond ice in the grill, invisible top, glass bottom
I'm swervin lanes on the interstate, evadin laws and playin possum
I spin the wheel I roll the dice, I look at life in a different light
36 of that white make you a celebrity overnight
I shoot a kite to my potnah Project, locked up doin 45
And let him know I'm still holdin, them Grit Boys is on the rise
A hundred percent no compromise, my momma raised to be a man
I'm not concerned with the next man, gettin money, that's my plan
I'm on the road with that boy Unique, I'm po'n drank he roll the Sweets
T Ferris concocted a master plan, we executed it to the T
It's Paul Wall and T.I.P., makin haters, R.I.P.
We so tho'ed you can't compete, our competition is obsolete

[Chorus - 2X]

[Paul Wall]

I'm on the hustle 25/8, ATL to the lone star state
On the move I'm bleedin blocks, tryin to get this paper straight
No time to wait no room for error, the gameplan is crystal clear
I'm tryin to bolt up 83's and throw some ice cubes in the air
I'm reminiscin, on my potnah Duke that died and passed away
I'm strapped up at all times, if you flex I'ma blast away
Like Tom Hanks on "Castaway," I'm posted up just one deep
Cause these days these hoes out here be plottin to come up on the creep
And these suckers be on that reach, tryin to come up off of me
You need to go get it, by yourself and stand up on your own two feet
Look at me I'm star-studded, all because I punch that clock
Burnin straights out on the block, givin it all I got

[Chorus - 2X]