

Young Stoner, Diamonds Dancing (feat. Travis Scott)

All these diamonds in my chains got me dancing 'round this bitch
I'm Martin Luther King, black diamonds on my wrist (Run that back, Turbo)
Put Giuseppes on my kids, put Chanel Coco on my bitch
Put that four-four on the switch, then you cock, pop, pop, then dip
I've been in the trenches, the trap, to be specific
I fell in love with my bitches, then sold 'em for some riches
This money be my missus, drive me crazy, I need Ritalin
I told 'em, "I'm so slimy, I'm so shady, I admit it, yeah"

Slatt like to shoot, slatt like to murk
Twenty-one gun salute (Baow), drilling, putting in work (Yeah)
Cut his tonsils out (Woo), I said it'd hurt (Ayy)
Keep a new four-four, yeah, let it burst
Pockets Honey Kettle, keep on pedal
Get my own cheddar, all my dogs better
Honeycomb bezel, we make opps jitter
Maison Margielas, cases get settled
Here, clean the cookie off, family, Travis, the Scotts (Yeah)
Servin' the bags, I'm cookin' the stove
Came in the spot and we servin' with soap
I was just spazzing, finding the flow
I'm with some Crips, down with some Locs
Hand in the pot, I'm with some Bloods
How many slatts? Leave it to us (Yeah)
Yeah, countin' racks, smokin' on pot
Yeah, I upgraded my thot
Yeah, I upgraded my spots
Yeah, thots chickened out
Woo, yeah, the spots upgraded, now them bitches chickened out
Hey, thirty-five burnt hundreds on my pocket watch

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Only designer tees (Designer tees)
I heard they plottin' on me (They plottin')
These niggas thought it was sweet (Sweet)
We had to put 'em to sleep (Put 'em to sleep)
Counted two million this week (Two M)
Couldn't take my time with the freak (Let's go)
She asked for that big Birkin B (B)
Your bitch, she been tellin' the tea (Tellin' the tea)
A YSL member (YSL)
Rocking SL denim (Slatt, slatt)
Put a few shells in 'em (Slatt)
Just a young player nigga (Yeah)
She wanna suck this pickle, yeah
Might spend a couple nickels, yeah
They'll never try a nigga (Try a nigga)
Shoot it up, Brian Nichols
New Ghost, Patrick Swayze, shady baby, loco, crazy (Loco)
Southside, but not JD, pull up, AMG Mercedes (Mercedes)
CC on my lady (CC), that's Celine, that's not Chane'-ne' (Chane'-ne')
Big dog with no rabies, wake up, everyday a payday (Payday, ooh)

In your city, lookin' for a move incognito
Jeffrey with me, now we gotta run it back, Turbo
She thinkin' villa, I was thinkin' two weeks on a boat (Yeah)

Got bunnies with ya, my dogs are jackalopes, hop on, let's go (Let's go)
Feelin' like Hugh Hefner (Yeah), my hoes came together (Yeah)
Not a Gina (Yeah), this Martin y Coretta (Dream)
At the crib, Coachella ('Chella), Cactis in the cellar (Ah)
Creep out like cartelers, Cactus Slatt forever (Slatt)
Yeah, diamonds King Kong, how they beatin' on my chest (Ah, King Kong)
Uh, the link so long, this shit 'bout to touch my dick (Link)
Up to summer strong, and we got another stretch (Team)
November come, won't you pop out at the fest? (It's lit)
Feel it on my body, it's a movie, ayy, ayy (Yeah)
It was just one night, it felt like a sci-fi (Fi)
We dodgin' the sun, only way we come alive (Alive)
We've been on the run
How you do that? How you do that? Yeah (It's lit)

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