

# 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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