

Conflict Diamonds, by Lupe Fiasco

Diamonds are forever
They won't leave in the night
Have no fear that they might
Desert me

Diamonds are forever (forever, forever)
Throw your diamonds in the sky if you feel the vibe
Diamonds are forever (forever, forever, forever)
The Roc is still alive every time I rhyme.
Forever ever? Forever ever? Ever, ever? Ever, ever? Ever, ever? Ever,
ever?.....

Close your eyes and imagine, feel the magic
Vegas on acid,
Seen through these St. Laurent glasses
And I've realized that I've arrived, cuz
It take more than a magazine to kill my Vibe does
These writers don't rhyme, so sort of
I thank 'em
That mean I forgot better @#%\$ than u ever thought up
Damn, is he really that caught up?
I ask if you talkin' bout glasses, do my name get brought up?
I remember I couldn't afford a Ford Escort, or even a 4 track recorder
so its only right that I let the top drop on a drop-top Porsche
- its for yourself that's important
If a stripper named Porscha and u get tips from many men
Then your fat friend her nickname is minivan
Excuse me,
That's just the Henny, man, I smoke, I drink, I'm supposed to stop I
can't because

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I was sick about awards
Couldn't nobody cure me
Only playa that got robbed but kept all his jewelry
Alicia Keys tried to talk some sense to them
30 minutes later seems there's no convincing them
What more can you ask for?
The international awards? nah
Who complains about when he is old?

And throw a tantrum like he's 3 years old
You gotta love it though somebody still speaks from his soul
And wouldn't change by the change, or the game, or the fame, when
he came, in the game, he made his own name
Now all I need is y'all to pronounce my name
Its Kanye - But some of my plaques - they still say Kane
Got family and a deacon, folk from Motown
Back in the Chi - them folks ain't from Motown
Life movin' too fast I need to slow down
Girl ain't give me no ass, ya need to go down
Diamonds are forever (forever, forever)
My father Ben said I need Jesus
So he took me to church and let the water wash over my season
Diamonds are forever (forever, forever)
The preacher said we need leaders
Right then my body got still like a paraplegic

You know who you can call you gotta best believe it
The Roc stand tall and you would never believe it
Take your diamonds and throw 'em up like you bulimic
Yea the beat cold but the flow is anemic

After debris settles and the dust get swept off
Big K pick up where young Hov left off
Right when magazines wrote Kanye West off
I dropped my new @#%\$ sound like the best of
A&R's lookin' like "pssh we messed up"
Grammy night, damn right, we got dressed up
Bottle after bottle till we got messed up
In the studio, where really though, yea he next up
People askin' me if I'm gon' give my chain back
That'll be the day I give the game back
You know the next question dog "Yo, where Dame at?"
This track the Indian dance to bring our reign back
"What's up with you and Jay, man, are y'all ok man?"
They pray for the death of our dynasty like Amen
R-r-r-right here stands a-man
With the power to make a diamond with his bare hands...

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