



Conflict Diamonds Lyrics

CONFLICT DIAMONDS

By LUPE FIASCO

Diamonds are forever,
they won't leave in the night I've no fear that they might.
Desert me!!

Diamonds are forever

Yeah, ya know what I'm saying
I figure, I feel like I should just, ya no
Show people the other side that wonder where,
ya know what I'm saying, that are presently unaware.
They don't know about it, ya know what I'm saying,
ya know just show them there's another side to this thing right here,
it's called bling!

Allow me to break down the game,
behind the bracelets, earrings, chains, watches and rings.
The bling,
the crystal encrusted, princess flooded,
canary studded, blue coloured and blood stained.
Yeah the older brother of the drug game,
that give her a fame, then take away her lane.
the empowerer of the kings that came to claims and disease
believe what the native people were saying.
Believe, my engagement ring received and flossed at
the cost of a bondage child minus pain.
Long ago kings use to wear 'em in their armour,
when they fought other armies, because it use to scare 'em.
If you wasn't rich couldn't wear 'em.
Witches use to marry, and they'd shoot you before they share 'em.
The gift and the curse, the venom and the serum.
Most hated ladies best friend get murked for a clip.

Diamonds are forever...

Cecil Rhodes sold war and genocide
To the countryside just to get his shine on!
I fear what De Beers and his peers use to do,
before the world really knew, just to get their "mine" on!
Making paper with slave labour and hitting little kids
with life time bids making 'em cut and shine stones.
Inflating the price and making 'em look nice and I wasn't
thinking twice when I was putting mine on.
About a young shorty in Sierra Leone or other conflict



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countries that people call home.
I figured I would never go to Angola so it never did
affect me that maybe indirectly.
That my neckleash was funding a rebellion or a military coup,
Started by militias that don't believe in following none of Geneva's rules.
I was brushing off the haters, trying to be cool.
Didn't have a clue that the rapper was helping the rappers,
raiders of the villagers, pillagers of the schools.
Shooters of the innocent, torturers of the witnesses,
burners of the businesses
And my bracelet was the fuel.
Uhh, I ain't pushing an agenda homie,
I'm just pushing the facts, **** Bush!
Cuz there's people doin' worse on this earth and they're black,
I took it for years now let me bring it back,
We all know on foreign shores that they finance wars,
but asks yourself do they finance yours.
When I first got mine I took 'em out on tour,
they only lost half the value when I took 'em out the store.
Or it was full of moissanites and cubics but the jeweller
knew I was stupid and that I couldn't prove it.
Feeling like I need it because I do music,
to impress the groupies and the interviewers.
So I didn't appraise it, nor did I loop it,
even gave 'em to my girl, thinkin' I was cupid.
Homies was all hate hoping they could make me lose
it, creeping through my own hood knew I had to remove it.
I see the Russian Mafia, the Jewish Mobsters,
the undercover terrorists and the traps for the hustlers.
Homie it's a wrap for the nonsense rhyming,
props to Kanye I call this Conflict Diamonds.

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