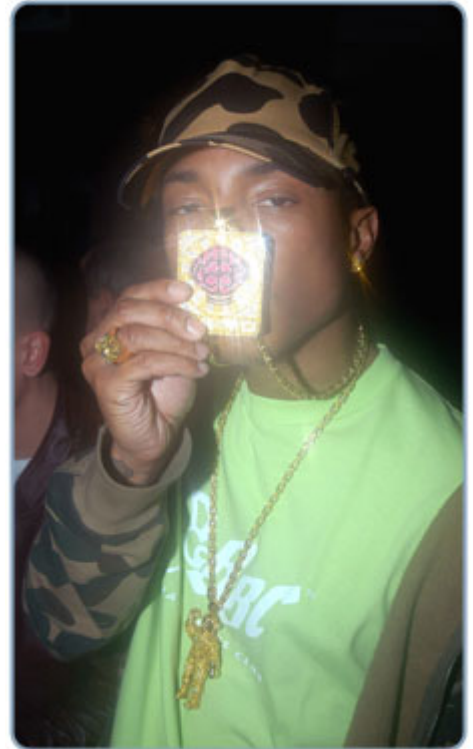


New York City, USA: Dazzle with diamonds

I am Pharrell Williams, P. Diddy, 50 Cent, Beyoncé, Lil Kim, Missy Elliott (take your pick!). I don't dig for diamonds - I buy them. I come from the street and dress for success - and nothing is more bling than ice. 'Bling-bling' was a word used first in Jamaica to mean diamonds anyway.

I pay big money for the best pieces. I've put my money where my mouth is and bought myself a diamond grill. Now everybody knows I'm for real. I open my mouth and you see more carats than in a salad. I've got neckwear and wristwear to match. My sister has diamond clothing for her dog, to keep the bitch warm in winter. My blood, Ginuwine got a custom-made Playstation 2 controller. It's gold-plated and encrusted with 75 carats. It set him back \$140,000. Bling is culture now, and it's here to stay.



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Some hip hop stars have been making music about bad diamonds from Africa. It's rough if our African brothers have suffered from digging diamonds but there's no gutta gully on me - my diamonds are cool. And how can you explain why some of these same artists wear diamond crosses and bracelets and the like - even a diamond-encrusted Virgin Mary as a belt buckle? I don't get it.

I am ghetto fabulous, and ice is the bomb. And hey, what's wrong with wearing your success? You jealous?