

S on My Chest

DJ Khaled

I Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
I Walk-Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
I Walk-Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
I Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
That be That Cash Money Piece Cold Resting The Dead
(It's Stunner Shading A Nigga Dead Then A Nigga Dead...)
(It's Stunner Shading A Nigga Dead Then A Nigga Dead...)

Reporting From Kim's Kinda Star
Holly grove 17 carnivore
Riding Through The City In A Tonka Toy..
I Got Old Money, Could've Bought A Dinosaur
Huh Only Ride Chevy, Never Drive A Ford
And My Coupe Doors Open Like Plaza Doors
Yep, Red Thick Women (Uh) Eyes Adore, I'm A Hoe, you Know That I'm A Whore
Yep, Cash Money, Cash Money Monster Boys, Mafia Bitch, Even Cop's A Boy,
When You Say You Want Beef, Then I Got You Boy, I'll Just Let The Big Mac Wh
opp You Boy
See My Dreads Hanging Like A Like A Roska Boy, My Rosta An I'll Turn Into Mu
fasa Boy
We Run Up In You Casa Boy, And Blast Off Like Nasa Boy (Uhh)

I Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
I Walk-Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest (Uh)
I Walk-Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
It be That Cash Money Piece Cold Resting The Dead
Cash Money Bitch.
Cash-Cash-Cash Money Bitch.
Cash Money Bitch.
Cash-Cash-Cash Money Bitch
I Walk-Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
It be That Cash Money Piece Cold Resting The Dead

Yeah,
Cash Money Is An Army Nigga, you Better Know It's Gravy
If You Ever Fuck With Youngin, Or If You Ever Fuck With Baby
Shit Goin be Crazy, Nigga Doing It Like The 80's,
Bunch of Young Niggas Poppin Off and They Spraying,
Up In The Early We Thank You For The Sunshine
Got To Get My Bling On, Reach For My Chrome 9,
Kiss Momma 'Cause We're Going Out and Getting Mines,
Next Nigga In Line 17 On The Grind,
Shoe First Nigga Not Seeing Mines,
Big Purses Million Dollar Headlines,
5 Drops, Of The Last Big Time,
Lord To The Game, Nigga Till It's My Time,
Like Father Like Son This Nigga This Time,
Jr Got The Fame And The Game Mastermind,
200 On The Dash, Watch Me Mash,
Doing Dougnuts In My Hood Getting Paper Bags..

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I Walk-Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
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It be That Cash Money Piece Cold Resting The Dead
Cash Money Bitch.
Cash-Cash-Cash Money Bitch.

It be That Cash Money Bitch.
Cash-Cash-Cash Money Bitch
It be That Cash Money Piece Cold Resting The Dead
I Walk-Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
(It's Stunner Shading A Nigga Dead Then A Nigga Dead...)
(It's Stunner Shading A Nigga Dead Then A Nigga Dead...)

Living Is Red, That How We Play It,
An Up Town Sr. Be Blood Till I'm Dead,
That's What I Said, I Put Some Change In your Head,
If You Ever Cross The Line (Nigga) Nothing But Bread,
50 Shots From High Nigga We Won't Stop,
From Putting Candy On The Slabs,
To Stirring The Pots, Put The Hammer On The Jammer,
Pull It and Pops, Put The Rubber On The Bands
Niggas That Means Knots

Bitch I'm a Boss
Bitch I'm a Boss
Bury Me Like My Father On The Cross
And Carry 19 I Shall Over A Cross,
Shawty Got That Game On Lock Like A Vault,
Weezy Baby Kyan Pepper, No Salt,
Windows Down On The Hulk In The Winter Its Yo Fault,
Huh I Don't Jump On The Track, I Pull Forward,
I Got That S On My Chest I'm Supposed To Follow...

I Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
I Walk-Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
I Walk-Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
That be That Cash Money Piece Cold Resting The Dead
It be That Cash Money Ca-Ca-Cash Money Bitch.
It be That Cash Money Ca-Ca-Cash Money Bitch.
Cash Money Ca-Ca-Cash Money Bitch.
I Walk Around Like I Gotta S On My Chest
It be That Cash Money Piece Cold Resting The Dead...