

Birdman

"'s' On My Chest"

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[Chorus:]

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 [yeah]
That b that cash money piece cold restin the dead
(If stunna say the n*gga dead then the n*gga dead)...
(If stunna say the n*gga dead then the n*gga dead)...

[Birdman:]

(If younin say the n*gga dead then the n*gga dead)
(If younin say the n*gga dead then the n*gga dead)
I'm in this b*tchhhh

[Lil Wayne:]

Reporting live from kims coner star
Hollygrove 17 conivour
Ridin thru the city in a tonka toy...
I got old money, coulda 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 whore, u know that I'm a whore
Yep, cash money, cash money monsta boys, mafia
b*tch, even cops a boy,
When you say you want beef, then I got yah boy,
I'll just let the big mac whopp ya boy
See my dreads hanging like a like a roska boy, my
rosta an l...
LL turn into mufasa boy
We run up in ya 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 b that cash money piece cold restin the dead
Cash money
Cash-cash-cash money
Cash money
Cash-cash-cash money

I walk-walk around like I gotta 'S' on my chest
It b that cash money piece cold restin the dead

[Birdman:]

Yeah,
Cash money is an army n*gga, yuh better kno it's gravy
If you ever f*ck with youngin, or if you ever f*ck with
baby
Sh*t goin b crazy, n*gga doin it like the 80's,
Buncha young n*ggas poppin off n they sprayin,
Up in the early we thank yah for the sunshine
Got to get my bling on, reach for my chrome 9,
Kiss momma cause we goin out n gettin mines,
Next n*gga in line 17 on the grind,
Shoe first, n*gga not seein mines,
Big purses million dollar headlines,
5 drops, og the last big time,
Lord to the game, n*gga till it's my time,
Like father like son this n*gga this time,
Jr got the fame and the game mastermind,
2oo on the dash, n*gga watch me mash,
Doin doughnuts in my h0od gettin papper bags...

I walk around like I gotta 'S' on my chest
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I walk-walk around like I gotta 'S' on my chest
It b that cash money piece cold restin the dead
Cash money
Cash-cash-cash money
It b that cash money
Cash-cash-cash money
It b that cash money piece cold restin the dead
I walk-walk around like I gotta 'S' on my chest
(If stunna say the n*gga dead then the n*gga dead)...
(If stunna say the n*gga dead then the n*gga dead)...

[Birdman:]

Livin 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 yah head,
If you ever cross the line n*gga's nuttin but bread,
50 shots from high, n*gga we won't stop,
From puttin candy on the slabs,
N*gga stirrin the pots, put the hammer on the jammer,
N*gga pull it n pops, put the rubber on the bands
N*gga 'stackin means knots

[Lil Wayne:]

B*tch I'm a boss
B*tch 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 it's 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...

[Chorus:]

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 b that cash money piece cold restin the dead

It b that cash money ca-ca-cash money.
It b that cash money ca-ca-cash money.
Cash money ca-ca-cash money.
I walk around like I gotta 'S' on my chest
It b that cash money piece cold restin the dead...

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