

Dj Clue "Chest To Chest"

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Intro: Styles

Dj Clue. Desert Storm style baby. What nigga

All:

L-O-X, chest to chest, back to back
glock for glock, Mac for Mac
Dope and crack is what we sling do things you talk
about
player fuck around and catch a slug in your mouth

Verse One: Jadakiss

It's a shame he can rhyme, nigga loves crime
every late night he's outside with the nine
You ain't got chips, fuck the world
you got chips, you can fuck the next mans girl
Sounds harsh but they been ripped apart my world
Where thugs could rule
and selling crack was cool
Knocked off hundred packs brought stacks to school
No diploma, weed aroma nigga half coma
know the tricks of the class see my ass on the corner
You ain't ate shit 'til y'all tasted life
had my moms screaming "Jay don't waste your life"
But me and my Ace is tight
moving base at night
Lace your nights, you see Narcs jet
I'll meet in the morning in the park doing sets
And when it's dark again
we'll let the 9s spark again
Y'all know the dogs
niggaz stay moving out the fog
And when it's war we ain't gonna call on the Lord
I'll hit 'em like the board when I split 'em with my sword
You fear what you hear so nigga press record
from here on out we ain't tryin' to be ignored
L.O.X. drop shit that make niggaz mop shit
you wanna pop shit, nigga, pop clips

Verse Two: Styles Paniro

Too many niggaz shake me, life is shaky
I act like this cuz they make me probably hate me
Nigga, I'm in the dictionary look me up
express art from my heart, baby cook me up
I'm the crack in your tape deck
I'm the burner on your waist that'll leave the place wet
I'm the money in the safe that'll pay the case debt
I'm the jewels on your neck that'll make these dime
bitches give head
I'm the blunt 3 in the morning you take to the head
I'm that car that you snatched when you first got bread
I'm that spot that you got when you were running from
the Feds
I'm the heart of the page in that book that you read
I'm the ground that absorbed all that shit that y'all bled
Styles, physically and mentally
going to for the goal cuz I paid the penalty
Y'all ain't a friend of me
y'all ain't seen the enemy
Thinking of bending me
but I'm on the Kennedy
When I fly back in, hope you're packing
coming to tear y'all niggaz in fractions
Four-four
seen the future we battlin' all laws

Verse Three: Sheek Luchion

Y'all must really wanna die, fucking with Sheek Luchi
this here is the roof we dropping niggaz off Bonsai
Goodbye, see you in your afterlife when
you come back as a pussy and I fuck you again
Respect come not from Tecs, it comes from niggaz
who write checks
to get y'all lil' niggaz outta big debts
With paper, I'm sure that you never see me sweat
Only in the linen when I'm spinning in my whip-up
pass niggaz and watch they face frown like a pitbull
The shit that we crush niggaz sniff into their groove
scared to move
Gleaming like you looking for change
But ain't no dollars down there it's that sack fucking
with you
now bounce before we bust you where the good Lord
split you
Hustle to work, you kidding me, you know the
difference in the cash income
for years so many niggaz must've been dumb
Where we from, niggaz been hustlin' drums
making sneaker money, running for crumbs, pulling in

sums

If time don't stop, why should we yo light your spliff
you need work? Come on I got consignment to give
This year I need 97 gats, 97 cars
swear to God this year, I'm gonna fuck 97 starts
And if I come short, it ain't no slack off my shoulder
I'm waiting for this last bitch to get a little older WHAT
L.O.X. nigga, DJ Clue, to the muthafuckin' chest

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