

Kalenna

"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
That B That Cash Money Piece Cold Restin The Dead
(If Stunna Sayin A Nigga Dead Then A Nigga Dead...)
(If Stunna Sayin A Nigga Dead Then A Nigga Dead...)
(If Youngin Said A Nigga Dead Then A Nigga Dead...)
(If Youngin Said A Nigga Dead Then A Nigga Dead...)

[Lil Wayne:]

Reporting From Kims Corner Store
Holly Grove Seventeen Kinda Far
Ridin Thru The City In A Tonka Toy.
I Got Old Money, 'coulda bought a dinosuar
Huh Only Ride Chevy, Never Drive A Ford
And My Coupe Doors Open Like Plaza Doors
Yep, Red Thick Women (Uh) I's Adore, Im A whore, U
Kno That Im A Whore
Yep, Cash Money, Cash Money Monsta Boys, Mafia
Bitch, Even the are bought,
When You Say You Want Beef, Then I Got Yah Boy, Ill
Juss Let The Big Mac Whoppa Boy
See My Dreads Hanging Like A Like A Rasta Boy, F**k
My Rosta An I'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 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 B That Cash Money Piece Cold Restin The Dead

[Birdman:]

Yeah,

Cash Money Is An Army Nigga, Yuh Better Kno Its Gravy
If You Ever F**k With Youngin, If You Ever F**k With
Baby

Shit Goin B Crazy, Nigga Doin It Like The 80's,
Buncha Young Niggas 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 Cuz We Goin Out N Gettin Mines,
Next Nigga In Line 17 On The Grind,
Shoot First Nigga Not Seein Mines,
Big Purses Million Dollar Headlines,
5 Drops, Og The Last Big Time,
Lord To The Game, Nigga Till Its My Time,

Like Father Like Son This Nigga This Time,
Jr Got The Fame And The Game Mastermind,
200 On The Dash, nigga watch Me Mash,
Doin Doughnuts In My Hood Gettin Paper Bags.

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[Birdman:]

Livin Is Red, That How We Play It,
An Up Town C.M.B. Blood Till Im Dead,
Thats What I Said, I Put Some Change In Yah Head,
If You Ever Cross The Line (Nigga) Nuttin But Bread,
50 Shots From High Nigga We Wont Stop,
From Puttin Candy On The Slabs,
nigga Stirrin The Pots, Put The Hammer On The Jam,
Pull It N Pops, Put The Rubber On The Bands
Nigga stackin' these knots

[Lil Wayne:]

Bitch Imma Boss
Bitch Imma Boss
Bury Me Like My Father On The Cross
And Carry thy team I Shall Over A Cross,
Shawty Got That Game On Lock Like A Vault,
Weezy Baby Kyan Pepper, No Salt,
Windows Down On The Hog In The Winter Its Yo Fault,

Huh I Dont Jump On The Track, I Pole Vault, I Got That S
On My Chest Im Suppost 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 Bitch.
It B 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 B That Cash Money Piece Cold Restin The Dead...

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