

## **Fetti Cash**

### **"On My Sh\*t"**

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(I mean when I said I was gonna  
tear the f\*cking streets up  
and I was gonna do my thing  
I'ma bout this paper  
don't doubt me haters  
I can only do me)

(Verse):

I'm smooth as a dove getting money like rich porter in  
his prime  
Watching out for slimes tryna beat me for a dime  
I don't kick rhymes or raps I kick true facts  
Plus I keep a few racks, brickstacks  
And a mack in a bag, don't make me pull it out  
Cause that will be yo a\*\* I try to give n\*ggas the one on  
But they don't want that  
They know I'm nice with hands yall can call me the  
boxer  
I'm even nicer with the box blade just call me oxa  
Cause from your brows to your chin doctor  
Sha bang sha boom I just laced ya and threw salt in the  
wound  
I will kill you chumps dead before I let you defeat me  
I'm in the streets hard body and I be doing me  
I'm a G with mad respect and you can check my record  
Fetti Cash brickstack I'm about that paper (owwww)

(chorus 2x):

I'm on my brickstack ishh  
You know I stay fresh thats just that brickstack ishh  
Pockets stay fat thats just that brickstack ishh  
You haters still hating and I'm brickstack'n

(Verse 2): Gold Fish

Crying on the outside, smiling in the inside  
Real n\*ggas gon ride represent webside  
I remember one time the judge try to hurt my pride  
I'm immune to the word play can't hurt my mind  
Talking bout the foul play hustle hard all day  
Said my conduct was disclosed caught me in the  
hallway  
Keep the stash in the door way driving down the

parkway  
Got my jews on cause today look like a dark day  
I wonder why people think quick sand will make you  
sink  
Switch up your wig but you gotta change the way you  
think  
Damn dog they say you poor can't pay attention  
You skip class the case ask you missed a lesson  
The streets will keep stressing in the hood all day stuck  
Feeling depressed cause you coming up short with luck  
I tell you what keep your chin up be a little humble  
Touch down field goal with no fumble

(chorus 2x)

(Verse 3): R Dot

Its a new day but what the future is coming to  
We gotta consider our brains the new pistols  
If you moving fast then the world might trip you  
How you gonna be a king if the crown don't fit you  
Stressed out everyday I got too many issues  
It might be tears of sweat just hand me a tissue  
Rent come first before them people evict you  
Silence and fif thats the same sh\*t we plead to  
It gotta be shots fired before I bleed  
N\*ggas better bow down n\*gga before I leave  
Its just straight talk n\*gga truthfully  
I shoot first n\*gga nobody shoot for me  
I break down doors n\*gga and I take those keys  
Then move out of state and put miles on V's  
I do this for my family I got mouths to feed  
I got a gun on my purses and trouserees

(chorus fade)

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