

# S' On My Chest

## DJ Khaled

That be that cash money piece cold restin' the deadI walk around like I got a S on my chest

I walk, I walk around like I got a S on my chest

I walk, I walk around like I got a S on my chest

That be that cash money piece cold restin' the deadIt's stunna shadin', nigga dead then a nigga dead

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It's stunna shadin', nigga dead then a nigga dead

It's stunna shadin', nigga dead then a nigga deadReporting from kims kinda star

Holly, CO sem team kinda far

Ridin' through the city in a tonka toy

I got old money, coulda bought a dinosaurOnly ride Chevy, never drive a Ford

And my Coupe doors open like plaza doors

Yep, red thick women, eyes adore

I'm a hoe, you know that I'm a whoreYep, cash money, cash money, monsta boys

Mafia bitch, even a cop's a boy

When you say you want beef then I got ya, boy

I'll just let the Big Mac whop ya, boySee my dreads hanging like a, like a rasta boy

But with my rasta in I'll turn into mufasa boy

We run up in ya casa, boy and blast off like NASA boyI walk around like I got a S on my chest

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That be that cash money piece cold restin' the deadIt's stunna shadin', nigga dead then a nigga dead

Cash money, c-c-cash money

I walk around like I got a S on my chest

That be that cash money piece cold restin' the deadCash money is army, nigga, better know its gravy

If you ever fuck with youngin', if you ever fuck with baby

Shit gon' be crazy, nigga doin' it like the 80's

Buncha young niggas poppin' off and they sprayin'Up in the early we thankin' for the sunshine

Got to get my bling goin', reach for my chrome 9

Kiss momma 'cuz we goin' out and gettin' mines

Next nigga in line 17 on the grindShoe first, nigga not seein' mines

Big purses, million dollar headlines

5 drops, OG the last big time

Lord to the game, nigga till it's my timeLike father, like son, nigga this time

Junior got the fame and the game mastermind

200 on the dash, nigga, watch me mash

Doin' doughnuts in my hood, gettin' paper bagsI walk around like I got a S on my chest

I walk, I walk around like I got a S on my chest

I walk, I walk around like I got a S on my chest

That be that cash money piece cold restin' the deadThat be that cash money, c-c-cash money

Be that cash money, c-c-cash money  
It's stunna shadin', nigga dead then a nigga dead  
It's stunna shadin', nigga dead then a nigga deadLivin' is red, that's how we play it  
A uptown senior be blood till I'm dead  
That's what I said, I put some change in yah head  
If you ever crossin' line, nigga nuttin', but bread50 shots from high, nigga, we won't stop  
From puttin' candy on the slabs, nigga stirrin' the pots  
Put the hammer on the jam, nigga, pull it and pops him  
Put the rubber on the bands, nigga stackin' his knotsBitch, I'ma boss, bitch, I'ma boss  
And bury me like my father on a cross  
And carry 19, I shall over a cross  
Shawty got that game on lock like a vaultWeezy baby, kyan pepper, no salt  
Windows down on the hulk in the winter, it's your fault  
I don't jump on the track, I pull forward  
I got that S on my chest that I'm supposed to followI walk around like I got a S on my chest  
I walk, I walk around like I got a S on my chest  
I walk, I walk around like I got a S on my chest  
That be that cash money piece cold restin' the deadThat be that cash money, c-c-cash money  
That be that cash money, c-c-cash money  
I walk around like I got a S on my chest  
That be that cash money piece cold restin' the dead

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