

Dead Man Walking

2 Chainz

I see a dead men walking
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I see a dead men walking (Toni)
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She got a straight pin walkin'
I got the dead men flockin'
I got the hand-held racket
I never count a man pocket
I get through the red tape
I'm 'bout to race a red Wraith
Dressed every day like the red carpet
I'm showin' growth, had to dreadlock it
I get long neck, ostrich
I take a sexy thing shopping
I'm doin' everything, bossin'
I'm smokin' Mary Jane, flossin'
I got the sauce like teriyaki
Kickin' my shit like Texas Walker
You and your homie are the same target
Put you both in the same coffin

South L Schwarzenegger, strong pay
Porsche killer, klepto, hoe-stealer
Highlights, SportsCenter
Big money, no feelings
Big car, no ceiling
Big deal, big wheelin'
Richard Mille, six figures

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Yeah

Vintage Rolex, Redd Foxx
Pussy soak, the bed rock
Made the coke pop lock
Yeah turned hard rock
Push up on ya exotic, uh huh
I got codeine in my body, uh huh
I put tattoos on my body, uh huh
Richard Mille cost a Bugatti, uh huh
Ain't had no sheets on the bed
I would just club her to death
Hopped on the G4 the stewardess gave me head, chi chi, whoo!
I know how to change my voice, finna rob me a nigga
Brrrrt! Give it up
Know how to hold that fork and Pyrex, pack and pick it up, hmm hmm
I keep the fives, the tens, the fifties, the hundreds, the slices of bread

Yeah, my chains, they hit in the head
I still got linked-up, yeah, yeah
Talkin' to my main bitch, gettin' my dick sucked, yeah, yeah
Plug talk, quarter brick, bricked up, aye

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