

SAY IT WITH YA CHEST!

BEXEY

Say it with ya chest, I can't hear a thing
Say it with ya chest, I can't hear a thing
Say it with ya chest—
MTM, hit 'em with the heat

Why don't you say it with ya chest lil' boy, I can't hear you
Look back in the rearview, I'm nowhere near you
Say it with ya chest young man, I can't hear you
You're shoutin' out loud but I do not feel you
Say it with ya chest, I can't hear a thing
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Fix up the chop
You a home runner, run, homeboy it's getting dark
Dark Knight, Heath Ledger
Wanna know how I got these scars?
Openin' up my heart, drain out blood, take a look

Major moves in the time that you took to stand still
Look how the tables have turned

You got your throat cut, busy tryin' to swallow your words
You live and learn, boy you better embrace the pain when it hurts
I'm out of place, kinda like Satan front row at a church

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Stuck in my ways, no four, this an eight
Hogtied both sides, get the rope, we can play
[?], do the chitty bang bang
Say it with ya chest pussy, go and let your nuts hang
Watch us pull up twistin' fingers
My bitch [?]
Totin' choppas and she holdin' pipes, now my choppa singin'
If you ever see me out, know that I be armed and dangerous
Wet you in the face if you step on my fuckin' fazos
I'm a dog up off the leash, free my dog [?]
I'm boomin' bows right down yo street

I cooked it to precision so I'm back up where I'm supposed to be
Finna drop a Rollie, wear it on me like a rosary