

Blow a Check (feat. Zoey Dollaz & French Montana)

Puff Daddy & The Family

(We gon' run, we gon' run, we gon' run, we gon' run
Ayo I had to stop talking that money shit
God said the meek and the humble shall inherit the earth
And it's not that I'm not humble
Ayo, it's that this is my gift of life
Getting this money, getting this money
Get that money
Get that money, go young nigga, go I'm just tryna
Run through the money, run
I'm just tryna
Run through the money, run
I'm tryna blow a check
I'm tryna blow a check
Tryna pull up in a foreign
And make them niggas upset
Run through the money, run I'm just tryna run through it
Heard them niggas makin threats, tell 'em come do it
All my niggas with the shits, even in the fist fight
Bet them niggas still goin to bring a gun to it
Yeah, I'm just tryna pull up in a 'vette
Hit the block, make 'em upset
I ain't done yet
Girl, I'm on a cash route
Mo'fuck love, young nigga tryna cash out
I'm on a money mission, bitch
You looking for attention tryna make a nigga kick it
So I can blow your back out
I ain't with the bullshit, I'm tryng to make some money
My niggas got kids and all of them babies hungry Gotta feed them hittas, they the ones that
come and get you
Just in case one of you pussy niggas wanna act funny
I'm just tryna
Run through the money, run
I'm just tryna
Run through the money, run
I'm tryna blow a check
I'm tryna blow a check Tryna pull up in a foreign
And make them niggas upset
Run through the money, run Yo, that nigga Puff he back on shit, now here we go
If I make forty million, bitch, my year was slow

Money Makin' Mitch, yo, he a cash flipper
 Man, just tell the Forbes to use my last picture
 I grab the baddest bitches out the group
 Let 'em ride, drop the roof
 Pop that pussy out the coupe
 Blue dot, blue dot, blue dot, blue dot, blue dot, blue dot
 I never sleep, that's why i got way more than you got
 Vegas Strip, it's a bet, take this shit on a jet
 Bad Boy never fake or switch on the set
 Haters kiss the baguettes in the ring
 I'm the king, king of talking shit Maybe piss through a check
 Got that cash bag when you see him
 Money Mitch, hashtag, three M's
 Nigga, money makin' Mitch I'm just tryna
 Run through the money, run
 I'm just tryna
 Run through the money, run
 I'm tryna blow a check
 I'm tryna blow a check Tryna pull up in a foreign
 And make them niggas upset
 Run through the money, run
 Run through the money, run
 Run through the money, run
 Run through the money, run
 Runnin' through the paper like Scott Storch
 Runnin' through the paper like I'm Allen I
 I got that dirty money, Puff got the Forbes
 That coupe 300 like Kevin Lyles
 Black rose generals when I hit the court
 My niggas ballin' like Fab Five final four
 At the last supper tryna eat a fiest
 My last two bitches 100 mill a piece Blow a bag, your body dissapear waist down
 I dab all them bitches; D. Brown
 You know that paper longer than chain smokin'
 I'm running through the paper like Usain Bolt
 I'm running through the paper way before the deal
 Way before puff gave me all the mills I'm just tryna
 Tun through the money, run
 I'm just tryna
 Tun through the money, run
 I'm tryna blow a check
 I'm tryna blow a check
 Tryna pull up in a foreign
 And make them niggas upset
 Run through the money, run
 Run through the money, run
 Run through the money, run

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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