

Check

Young Thug

I can see that bullshit from a mile away
You can stack my money about a mile away
I got three white bitches like it's powder day
Mink coat with the rolls like a Shar Pei
And all my bitches sexy, call them Barbies
She lookin' back like I'm flexin', baby no way
And lately I've been on that D'usse
I got me a check, I got a check
Y'all, I done got me a check, I got a check
Y'all, I done got me a check, I got a check Y'all, I done got me a check, I got a check
Money on my mind, I got money on my brain
Money in my pants, I got money, I call change
20, 50, 100, 5, all the millions made
Big hundred dollar, screamin' free Gucci Mane
If I need some racks I'mma flip me some packs
I talk like I want and she don't say nothin' back
If cops pull up I put that crack in my crack Or I put that brack in my brack
Call little shawty, made her fuck on my brodie
If you don't owe me bitch still act like you owe me
I promise I won't ever quit bitch, I'm Kobe
And I wear that white, you can snow me
Stoner Young Thugger
I whip it that bitch yeah she know me Young Thugger
Yeah, she stuntin' like butter
The bitch from Chicago, I call her young Cutler
Leave it to Beaver
I pull up in Bentleys with London, they all want to meet 'em
Yeah, they all wanna greet 'em
They pull down they pants and they all wanna eat 'em
No they won't tease on that dick
They won't read on that dick, they won't leash on that dick
No Felicia that dick, Mamacita that dick
They gone snitch on that dick
And she screamin' loud, she can't secret that dick
Mama a beast on that dick
If she bad, I'm gonna Four Season that bitch
Eat that lil bitch, I'mma feast that lil bitch
I got me a check, I got a check
Y'all, I done got me a check, I got a check
Y'all, I done got me a check, I got a check Y'all, I done got me a check, I got a check
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20, 50, 100, 5, all the millions made
Big hundred dollar, screamin' free Gucci Mane Bitch I'm a Migo, I play with kilo
When I put ice on, I am sub zero
All of my niggas, they hard, call 'em beetles Niggas was fake so I kept me a Ruger and reagles
Droppin' the top on the Bentley, I'm with the Birdman, yeah the eagle
Geeked out my mind, man I'm tripping out
I don't know none of these people
Hey my little shawty, go get me a four and bring back me a liter
Yes, I got drugs, I'm not worried about that They know they can get wet and I swear
I got me a check, I got a check
Yall, I done got me a check, I got a check
Yall, I done got me a check, I got a check
Yall, I done got me a check, I got a check
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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