

# 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  
Money on my mind, I got money on my brain  
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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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