

Check

Hustle Gang

Clean money, talking limousine money
Got a nigga hand hurting when he counting
Get a new machine for me (we bout that motherfucking)
Dirty cash, want a break it, thirty cash
In a new Mercedes Benz burning gas (we bout that motherfucking)
In god we trust, if you about that, you aight with us
I only got a gat, won't fight, won't run, I'ma put it in your life (we bout that motherfucking)
Big bank roll, rubber band trap money
That's what I had way before the rap money
Now I got it and he don't nigga want to act funny
Listen homie (we bout that motherfucking check)
Even still I'ma die for my respect
You cross that line, let it fly about that
Anybody know me, know that I ain't lying about that
Matter fact (we bout that motherfucking)
Currency and revenue, all a nigga ever do is get it then spend it then get it, get it
Whether misdemeanor or regional
To felony to federal
I got to heaven brah I'm telling you, telling you

We bout that motherfucking check (run it, run it)
You better motherfucking check
Hustle gang in that motherfucker chyea
We bout that motherfucking check (turn it, turn it)
Boy this how we motherfucking do it
Flip back, bust two, make mula (we bout that motherfucking check)

I ain't talking nikes brah
My diamonds are enlightening brah
Shit flashed, think lightning struck
Get you tightened up (we bout that motherfucking)
Two dub, no screw driver
Diamond lane, no crew liver
Bought another watch, I'm two timing
Both boos shining (we bout that motherfucking)
Like an employee but I'm bossing on these hoes
Either I'm campaigning on revenue or out flossing on my foes
I do it for the niggas that was out on Slauson on the fours
Then made a way to be able to be on Rodeo shop, shopping when it's closed
Brah that's boss talk, Giuseppe's what a boss walk in
This beef ain't no talking, fuck walking
Action, run up on me see
Green up like a top of a tree
Peanuts no cashew, seeing if I have to
Everyday to get to a check what

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Aye hold up, Dro
Tear the whole bed up

Bitch think I went to the crib ATL mobbing, ATL robbing
And when I hit a lick it be perfect just like a set up
My bitch got a set
My daughter, she about to turn six got a set
Half a million dollars in cash from serving the gas
That'll show a nigga bitch how to act
Racks, all in your head like tylenol
Pockets so big they thought I hit the powerball
Tell your bitch hoody-hoo like the owl call
We eating over here, south boy

Chyea, and I ain't finna play about it
Any nigga try to fuck with it, they better pray about it
All about my business, I recommend that you stay up out it
Yea I'm on the way up out of it
Eight zeroes, everything on reload
You can find me somewhere in the ghetto with a kilo
Cause all I pay is c notes
There ain't shit I won't stash
Got to get cash, on a mission until I'm out of gas
Hundred on the dash, I'ma put a hater on his ass
Treat him like a new beat, I'ma put him on blast

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