

G Check

AM

Might wanna G-check man on your team 'cause you lot don't ride for the-
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A2R Beatz

Might wanna G-
check man on your team 'cause you lot don't ride for the ones that bleed
'Round here we're very okay, man fling that corn anytime man need
Plus rambo, he ain't got no seed, when I beat my corn everyting get breed
Now I gotta G-
check all of my sons, and it breaks my heart cah they look like me
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Swing this shank at a diligent angle, see his headback split like sandals
I ain't even one for the one for the talking, see the room get lit like cand
les
New GB in the four-door motor, man spot that, spin it, he scrambled
Watch what I done, can't put it online, I'm afraid that I might get canceled
(Fucking hell)
You ain't never been to the opp block, dropped off corn that's bigger than a
nkles
Any beef that he got, it's handled, left man's insides looking all tangled
Better run when the ting gets strangled, why? Cah the shotgun spits out gand
ules
These tools never came with manuals, some might jam, it's really a gamble
And I walk through the opp block comfy, sure that I got shots that live 'rou
nd there
Ain't got a shank but it won't compare to the rusty 4's that I got right her
e
They ain't on shit, I'm very aware
Chat man's name, let's see if I care
Bun up cutlery live in the flesh, that's 21 wounds, I ain't doing him dead
I can never argue the feds online cah I get 'round there, I ain't got no rig
hts
Ride that wagon, it ain't got no lights
Bun that whip, I ain't got no choice
Mad thoughts in my head like lice, country road, I ain't got no price
Wind down the window, we got your guy, then you lied to the net, you ain't g
ot no pride

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Get down whores and we frighten mums, like, "Sorry, I don't care I just want your son"

Everyone knows I'm a local tug, don't fuck with the 4's cah the 4's get bun
Man seen home and you know that's love, and they call my phone when you need some guns

Anytime, anywhere, little bro I'm on, like ring-da-da-ding and you know I'll come

Girls on me but it makes me sick, when they don't hold waps but they hold them dick

Better go to your house in a 436, don't open the bag, are you taking the piss?

If the feds come through then we doing her six, don't open your mouth 'cause I know where you live

Man can talk 'bout the finer tings if I'm tryna be down for the guys who shift

Came with pride, you ain't leaving with it, put the wap to your head, you don't need to resist

Shushing and wooshing, we ain't speaking with it, and I need answers, you ain't pleading the fifth

There's a chance that I won't get away, but I know bro would 'cause I know how he is

Twenty-three on the brain, that's home and away twelve pace that the feds wouldn't know exists

Fuck with the 4's, get bun, headback beating, look at this cunt

Man don't care 'bout who's on what, man know anyting grtt get love

Love for the get-backs, 101 drive

Somehow thought I ain't said it enough

Up talk niggas still getting it live, when I crash that road, they're getting it tough

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