

Check

Audio Push

Yeah, My Turn

Check (check), check (check), check (check)

Check (whoa) [3x]

Check, check, check, check, check

Un, I used to be a young nigga stressing at the bottom
Gang unit lurking hitting fences when I spot em'
See em', get em', got em' was how we answered problems
Crashing all challengers let's see if you can dodge em'
I'm dodging them vultures
Trying to put my squad on them posters, them billboards
Every fucking blog better post us
You the type to expose your life for exposure
Bogus, keep all them handshakes don't approach us
Just step-step that's your best bet
I got niggas on the west, yep
That don't make death threats
Once they pull up it's a set back you'll get left stretched
Next step is get that check-check, flip that check-check
Little cougar like to sex text, get her wet-wet
OG with that deep-throat she got that vet neck
Price sounding like the best, yes don't expect less
Say my raps is outta here shit I ain't even left yet
Got em' nervous like a drunk finna take a breath test
Every album dropped already shit I ain't impressed yet
They too focused on getting press and being best dressed
Me I'm more concerned with all the family having less debt
Cause my auntie out her selling her lean
My shorty smell like Celine
She help me count up that cream we make a hell of a team
I done seen killers with like a hundred felonies see
They quick to tell that's why I don't let niggas tell me a thing
I just be vibing off the melody
They say if we don't do life we'll die from the metal then
(Now let that shit settle in)
And get away cause it's an urgency nigga
Tell Bobby and Rowdy don't worry I'm a shmurder these niggas
In every kind of way
No time to play, say what you gotta say
Sonning these rappers it's father's day
I don't tolerate modern day shit my readbone cook in lingerie
If you ain't clocking them dollars then you can't get the time of day, nigga

Can not be stopped (can't)

Can not be stopped nope

Can not be stopped (can't)

I cannot be stopped

Let me see if this on

Mic check, check, check, check, check, man

I been running through them checks since a young nigga
She here with us you in the text like a dumb nigga (yeah)
She walking over to the section for one picture
This B.O.W., that's the clique nigga run with us
Swear to the man I always had a plan
I always had a vision you just lack to understand and
If I got some money on me then it's in a rubber band

If them bands make her dance throw em' till you can't
Listen to what I'm saying
Need the really bad women up in my section
I.E. ain't a time when I'm not repping
I'm in the spot two stepping like I'm high stepping
And she be shaking like she knowing that she fine
Take your time count the money make it right, I need everything exact
Tell the fam I need a grammy, and a couple platinum plaques
If it ain't that it's a problem, I ain't working hard enough
I set my goals, and I been on a roll since I started up
If it's a check I cash it pronto and put some up in my pocket
I save a little in the bank, I feed my safe, and lock it
Bullet train coming at you mane you can't stop it
Got it really rocking, keep it groovy, catch the beat and drop it
Move slow now
Now for the check I'm moving quick I gotta go now
It's Oktane on your mane call me O now
I keep it short blowing o's since he rose now
All flame, cut the check, my turn

My turn baby, my turn
My turn baby, my turn (yeah-yeah)
My turn baby, my turn, it's my turn
No it's my turn