

Check

Caskey

I just want a check
I just want a check
I just want a check
Black sheep 2

Just got the call
Bird hit me up, he like, "let go move this raw"
I got dope in my jaw
They talk to police, we gon' lay down the law

I ain't saying I did nothing
But my intuition, that crime pays
I get my money
Five ways, six ways, seven ways
I'm always grinding
I'm always on to my next phase
Always walk with my chest out
I got chest pains
Took your girl to my condo
Now her g-string, it got wet stains
She was praying for a diamond, so I took that bitch to a Met's game
Scooted off on my jet plane
She analyzing my text message
She a left brain
She got neck pain
She been sucking dick for too long
She got the best frame
I swear to God
I don't want no drama from your baby momma
I just want a bank account with eighty commas
I'm just trying to pull out a Mercedes on 'em

I got my ducks all in a line, check!
No fucks on my mind, check!
No luck, it's just grind, check!
And I'm tucking a nine, check!
I just want me that check!
I just want me that check!

Big Cash Money charm on my neck
Roll around dumbing out about respect
I got plugs that do too much drugs
They get wasted don't need collect
She got face and gonna need more neck
I got brakes and don't need no Ref
I got tapes that cause me more stress
But I got pace and don't need no rest

I've been grinding my ass off
My feet on the asphalt
Up late and the cash talk
Smoking on bath salt
I think it's my Dad's fault
Standing outside of my crib on a shroom
And I ain't got a clue where I am
Pop me a Xan
Betting my people for two hundred grand

Smoking like two hundred grams
I swear to God
I don't want no drama from your baby momma
I just want a bank account with eighty commas
Man these rappers pussy, and they stay with drama
Stay with Drama

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We don't give no fucks about none money and cars
We just wan' be in charge
Don't act like I ain't in touch with my soul
Can I reach for the stars
I've been on route to my prime
My mommma struggled and it made me grind
They ain't this hungry it's best they resign
Everytime I drop let 'em glimpse the divine
I turn up for the check
Three days and ain't nobody slept
My team come for the industry neck
We signed with Cash Money
That's cause they came in correct
I'm the best fucking secret they kept
To 'Em my respect from the Pro's in the business
Oh I'm gonna take it with God as my witness
Run up a check like it's some type of fitness
We serve 'em plates, they was dirty as dishes
I'm so ambition
If money the root of all evil, then I need forgiveness
Bird just spent what I was worth at the club
Oh, I think I got the sickness
Been in the struggle for so long that now I'm on top and know I can forget this
Ballin' so hard that I torn my Meniscus
Black sheep 2 this shit is relentless!