

[Intro: Dave East]

You dig?

Uh, feel bad, go everyday, understand this

A lot of money, yeah, uh wait

A lot of jewelery, I look like a check nigga

Ay, ay, ay, ay

[Verse 1: Dave East]

Whip up a 8-ball, look like milk

Tryna take my chain and get killed

They talk like they gangsta, not built

I jump out the wraith off a pill

I fuck your bitch, I don't kiss her (never)

I don't know how it feel to miss her (I don't)

I'm on some shit, like a tissue

.50 my clip for the issue

I dropped a bag on a marching band

Sticks and drums, is you dumb?

Where I am from, we tat the hood on us

Get a gun, a nigga run

I always knew money would come

Bend your bitch over, get all in her guts

I'm kicking shit like I punt

I switch up my bitch every month

I be with blood and with crip

In love with the avenue, hugging the strip

Jump out the wagon, got hunnids to get

Play 21 Savage, while fuckin' your bitch

Wake up, and go take a trip

I'm drunk off Champagne, and I'm orderin' shrimp

It ain't hard to notice I'm rich, I had a dream that we all hit a lick

[Chorus: Dave East]

Diamonds all on me, I walk with a pistol

I don't want no issues, I look like a check

I'm at the bank, 'bout to make a deposit

I know that they plottin', I look like a check

I'm in Givenchy, Louis and Prada

I run up in them dollars, I look like a check

All my young niggas gon' wild for check

Keep lookin' at paper, my eyes on a check

Diamonds all on me, I walk with a pistol

I don't want no issues, I look like a check

I'm at the bank, 'bout to make a deposit

I know that they plottin', I look like a check

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All my young niggas gon' wild for check

Keep lookin' at paper, my eyes on a check, flex

[Verse 2: Offset]

Offset!

Bullets gon' send them a message

Got thots and barbies sittin' all in my section

Water on my cross, on my chest like a Reverend

Tie up my shoes, little bitch, you a peasant

Yeah, the freakazoid piece, got it custom

I get the AP, I'm quick to go bust it
Yeah, momma told me watch the suckers
You got the check, now don't let niggas pluck you
Grandma done die now I'm cover
Still having dreams, on the swings with my brother
I want that [?] seein' demons and commas
You don't see why? I've been flexin' all summer
On the narcotics then turn to a zombie
200k for the Jet, go to London
Do what I say, shoot the K out the Hummer
Servin' the yay out my grandmama dungeon
I got a bad lil' hoe
Diamonds looking like they call lil' hoe
Perking niggas for the cash, hello
Finesse a nigga with the swag, I blow
I get the paper, smooth operator
Throw you in a pool full of gators
Crawlin' in the coupes, now or later
Taking off my roof, now or later

[Chorus: Dave East]

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[Verse 3: Dave East]

I had a Audemar, I had a Rollie, but I swear ain't nothin' that's like my Pa tek
I got a chance to get all of these millions, got no time for chillin', I wake up like, "Next"
I had an uncle that used to get money uptown, he used to make me get fresh
I had on Gucci, before I could tell you what it was and I had it on in the 'jects
Up like I don't want no rest
Gucci blue, I want a jet, for diamonds we come at your neck
My foot on they neck and these bitches combine with Gabana and Dolce, it fit me the best
I'm in Bal Harbour with back-ends, I might get head from a fat friend
If we don't know you, then we taxing
I'm from New York, she love my accent
I remember I was trappin', duct tape another package
You livin' like it couldn't happen, fuck nigga, you just rappin'
I know some demons, I'm a savage
Molly in her, got her laughing
Don't compare, I'm not no average
Itches staring, 'cause I'm flashing

[Chorus: Dave East]

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