

Before The Checks

Kid Ink

Aw yeah
Way before the checks it was cash and (uh)
The Same bitch you lovin' I was passin' on
You don't really know about my past when I
Ain't really know how to keep it rational
Full tank nigga you ain't gotta gas me up
They be trippin' I just roll a blunt and ash shit off
You don't really know about my past when I
Ain't really know how to keep it rational

Yeah, yeah
I can really give a fuck less
I know she throwin' pussy, but I told her I get enough sex
Money coming in I could never get enough checks
Wake up to the dough everyday just like it's breakfast
Check it off my checklist, girl no cuffin or no extra's
Baby I just make it work out, I ain't with the flexin'
Finish with my school day so don't you try to test me
Girl that ass super fat like you straight from Texas
Kid Ink and Young Veggies might just fuck your main bitch
Just sent her back to ya I ain't tryna smash the same chick
Pinky ring blinging, 'bout to get the custom chain hit
I'm a fly nigga, yeah the type she wanna hang with

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My first memories was 6 years old
1514 Orange Grove Apartment with the roaches
By the time that I was 5 daddy was locked and gone
And the only thing he taught me "Feds is always on the phone" listening
13 when I started slippin' up at school
15 smokin', drinkin', fuckin', gettin' tattoos
That's the road to follow when it ain't no role models
Young hardhead niggas with a hard pill to swallow
I been at this shit for weeks, bangin' on this in MPC
Turn my closet to a booth, Nike boxes on the speaker
You know what I'm representing every time you hear me speaking
LA been my city since I mixed that ramen with the seasoning

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Aw yeah
Aw yeah

Aw yeah
Aw yeah-eah
Aw yeah
Aw yeah
Aw yeah
Aw yeah-eah
Aw yeah
You don't really know about my past when I
You don't really know about
Aw
You don't really know about my past you know
You don't really know about the past when we
Did shit that you wouldn't believe