

Check

Nasty C

Break your fuckin' neck (gotta break)
When you see the cheque (see cheque)
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Oh yeah
I know I'm jiggy, I put it before Jigga
I got the country asking if I'm working for Jigga
My life ain't been the same since the season
Before, cause I turned it into a gold bitch
And I owe it to no nigga
My business stay undercover like watch from the cold head
And my bitches stay undercovers and play with the scrotum
My bottom row is made of gold and your hoe is the gold-digger
My first song was Get Going, now I'm a go-getter
Ohh which one of you has-bins got some advice to give?
Then just point me to wherever dumb and dumber live
If I made them hate me now, well this summer I'd get me killed
I heard so-and-so just made it out to one-hit-wonder ville
Oh which one of you kids wanna fuck with my pocket plans
New niggas hate me cause I turned their Pops into fans
Old niggas hate me cause their baby mamas got snapped
And I'm known, it is your gut to a chance
I went from a 'having loser' written on my forehead
To losing sleep and having bitches on their four legs
To only wearing shit if it's imported
To only smiling back if you important
Connect the dots, I'm connecting flights to Paris
And now we slack, we living on the place
And then I flew my nigga up to Spain
Google dictionary, handy just to tell girls our names
Learned how to say

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Look, I bust a rhyme
And make you break your fuckin' neck
Niggas coughing dimes, the only thing I cough is a cheque
Ask the people who got it, they'll tell you straight up to them necks
You tried to play poppa, only just played yourself
Whoa, congratulations you could've been half as basic
I know I lack patience but still the masses is await me
I know I try to pace it but look how fast she got naked
I mean... I been Magic since when they still had McGrady
Lord look how you made me
How can one be this wavy

Now when they debating about the best
You know they say me
They hired me on spot, I never needed any training
Then I met Nasty C, and we both started heavy-weighting
Man check out the muscles, instrumentals get tussle
Pounding all these beats til I get bruises on my knuckles
I'm that one cousin up to what niggas done no
Do it for my city, my YG niggas dunno
I was trapping hitting leaks to early mornings
Losing sips and having bitches on four their legs
Puff a lot but only if this spliff is pouring
When I'd hit the spliff to get the hits in motion
Living in Durban, I connect the flights in Paris
My parents always ask about my plans
I'm 'bout to fly my nigga out here just to see what changes
But I swear about a week or two we probably go insane make him

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