

Check

Rob Stone

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I've been gettin' to the check
So I'm winnin' all summer
I've been spendin' nigga's grant
All mornin' all blunted
I've been gettin' pussy wet
All mornin' hoes love it
When a nigga hit correct
Bust on your whole stomach
Nigga get your bitch up off of me
I'ma bend the bitch over till the mornin' get goin'
All these niggas think the kid stop now, keep goin'
Half you niggas never seen a whole pound and we know it
Sip lean, pour it in the Sprite, and lean over
Told you niggas I would catch you at the light, your team over
Bitch speak slow when you speak to King \$toner
Kiss my ring, check the ring, in the [?] emojis
When I sing I'm the thing that's what your bitch need more of
Better pour up cream soda with promethazine [?]
Get green blow it in the night of [?] blood
I've been gettin' to the money, nothin' less and she know it
Young Rob \$tone oh they love me now I know it
Shit my dick needs growin' how these people be on it
Boomin' on the block now, speakers keep blowin'
I be boolin' on the dock with the speedboat on it
Get green blow it in the night of [?] blood
I've been gettin' to the money, nothin' less and she know it
Big things on, check the price I just threw it
You can miss me talkin' bout your pipe down story nigga

It's young J Spooks I just flex on your bitch
And it's only San Diego when I'm hittin' a lick
Had to take a step back and really see what it is
And bitch I'm spendin' plenty cash and you know what it is
And yeah I get it how I want, take a look at me bitch
I'm a mack and I'm a pimp, she always workin' her wrist
And now we headed to the top, we started out with a miss
And bitches all about the lemons, not the cash or a fish

I ain't interested in business, makin' plays with my brothers
Treat your bitch like the whip way I'm burnin' my rubber
I know that she a thot, she like to play undercover
I ain't fuckin' with no lames and I ain't hangin' with suckers
She said she wanted to get discovered then she started to suck us
We got lines backstage of bitches wanting to fuck us
1207 rockin' shows we love the fans they still love us
We the hottest in the city, ain't nobody gon' touch us, ay
You ain't gettin' nothin' if you ain't gettin' to a check
Fuck around [?] motherfuckin' sweats
Woke up and got some money I ain't even break a sweat
1207 to my [?] bitch who better come correct
Lights out