

# 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