

Sweat Check

Saweetie

It's Saweetie, bitch
And look
I know y'all tired about me talkin' 'bout a rich nigga
But you are who you fuck
And I'm a big spender
Let's go

I could make a rich nigga chase
Pull that durag off, know I love fresh waves
Fat cheeks and a lil' bitty waist
East side nigga, but he wanna be bae, okay
Bad bitch, gotta say it like Short (Like Short)
Turn it over, put the ball in my court (My court)
Squat down, shit, I'm creasin' my Forces
I get a nigga hooked, no chorus

Saweetie so single, need a freak like a Taurus
You don't wanna take me shoppin'? That's borin'
Flyin' foreign, private boardin'
Mile high club every night I'm tourin'
I'm pretty like JT, fine like Lori
New flip flops, cool, bitch, that's Tory
Countin' up a mil' in the house like Corey
Baby daddy love me, bitch, sorry, not sorry
I don't know your nigga, amnesia ('Nesia)
He a fan, girl, it ain't nothin' deeper (Deeper)
Niggas always beggin' like Felicia (Felicia)
Freaky bitch, I might pull up in some pleasers, yeah
He could work hard, but it's easy to me (To me)
Niggas gon' flock, but I leave 'em to flee (To flee)
Fuck... don't believe in a tweet
He don't know my real name? He believe that it's Sweet

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It's a pretty bitch summer
Get lit, free drinks, fake numbers
Hunnid missed calls in my phone, no wonder
Stone cold stunna, got thighs like thunder
Treat me like Aretha, Franks for a diva
Listen to your niggas, they tell you I'm a keeper
If you never knew me, that'd probably be cheaper
If you really knew me, you would know I don't need ya

It's time for sweat check, it's time for sweat check
Hands on your knees, we through the streets like it's the Freaknik
It's time for sweat check, it's time for sweat check
Hands on your knees, we through the streets like it's the Freaknik