

Checks

Warhol.SS

We got checks
Checks, checks, checks
(Run that shit up Squill)
Yeah, yeah

Walking through the spot with foreign fabric and them diamonds
on my neck
I press that peddle and that caddy get to swerving, damn near w
recked
It's like I sneezed and caught this feeling, mama told me, "Boy
, you blessed"
I ain't no bitch, and see, I never held my tongue
We got checks, checks, checks, checks
Bitch, I got my recipe, I whip it with my left, ayy
It ain't no more posting on the block for you lil' niggas
Most these niggas bitches, I can tell it through they pictures

Real nigga, I'm a playmaker, don't need Instagram
Show me your true colors then I seen it, niggas super lame
Oh, he think he Superman, fire him down with God's hand
Put that bitch on molly now she screaming out them vibes in
Coast to coast, nigga, I'm connected like Verizon
Wavy nigga, see me walking up, like that tight end
Young nigga, I was going crazy on my crime binge
Really nigga, see me coast to coast, bitch, I'm tied in
Clearport, hopping on that jet, now we rising
Bitch nigga talking 'bout he getting money, nigga, lie again
Riding low, cruising something tinted, like five percent
Gang out, foreigners back to back, better hide your bitch

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