

## Checks

Yung Bans

Watch me bust these checks  
Got Rick Owens on me  
Boy my racks are showing  
And my wrist is snowing  
Busting checks in foreigners

Come busting checks, moving with a tech  
Walk out with the tech, Molly make me sweat  
Glock 40 shorty, you can't see the boy  
Everyday is Christmas bitch I'm toting toys  
She gon' suck me dry she suck me dry just like a drain  
I might make it rain ooh, diamonds candy paint ooh  
Bitch I'm sneaking geeking, Hitech got me tweaking  
Bitch I'm Lil Reese's cause I keep them pieces

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Catch up, man these niggas playing catch up  
Pull up in that big body like a wrestler  
Quarter million for the suicide Tesla  
Need a thousand for a verse nigga I can't do no less  
And I keep that nina on my dresser  
Tired of niggas telling, tired of hearing all these bitches  
I'ma do me bitch, I can't do no better  
If I didn't do me then I wouldn't have these blessings  
Yeah Skinny jeans with a weapon  
Purple running through my veins like a nigga born in Texas  
Young rich and I'm reckless and these bitches know I'm thug like my f  
irst name Jeffery

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