

Money and Checks

Styles P

I mean, just pay me, hah
I don't even know what the fuck is goin' on
I just know 'pay me,' that's it

Laid back like a pimp in a Cadillac seat
Shoot it out like Hateful Eight at Minnie's Haberdashery
Now you know me to rhyme well and blow the weed pack
But you don't wanna see me spaz, you don't need that
Yo, bro, I had the Volvo full of work with the hammer in it
I see the po-po, I'ma skrrt
From a block where the dimes clip, but twenties do too
Tryna cross a nigga, you'll find out how a twenty two do
You thinkin' of pocket size, I'm mean a rifle joint
You don't wanna be standin' where the rifle point
Yeah, it's papers and Europeans, acres of tall paper
Took rap money put it to crack for more paper
Speakin' on my past life, now in the present
Everyday I buy myself another present
'Cause the fast life, lookin' at the cash app
Made a lot more since my last nap
Shit is all fitted how I snap back

Money and a check
Stayin' out the way, let them other niggas flex
Stayin' on the grind, let them other niggas rest
Don't tell 'em what you got, let them other niggas guess, yeah
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Stayin' out the way, let them other niggas flex
Stayin' on the grind, let them other niggas rest
Always front line, let them other niggas test, yeah

If you sellin' blow, then you should stay low
Police huntin' niggas down, throw 'em on the floor
They connected to the plug, you can catch 'em on the boat
They connected to the [?], you can catch 'em 'bout to vote
Now everybody's rich, you like, "nobody's broke"
Niggas stuntin' for the 'Gram, yeah, this shit is a joke
I dump a couple grams, yeah, nigga 'bout to float
Been told you I'm a wolf, give a fuck about a G.O.A.T
Catch me in a bubble whip, boxin' it, Glock in it
I said I'm from the hood and I thought you knew that I popped in it
Better ask niggas
Ratchet in the book bag, ridin' on a mountain bike, I pedal past niggas
I'm hood like what cup is the engine of the car
Blade goin' through your denim, give a fuck about your squad
Cross me, you lost me and that's a meetin' with God
Ghost a cool nigga, but know that I go hard

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The money and the check
Stayin' out the way, light the The homie got a K in the vest
Little homie strapped, he told me to say less
Predator, nigga, you know that we Apex
Still cop a whip on the Visa or Amex
I don't fuck with you niggas but I'm smooth as a latex
Word to Max B
You ask me, niggas is bitch should be clapped in the backseat

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Yeah, get your money
Get your check
Whatever you means of income
Make sure you get it
Stay out the way
Don't fuck with the fuck niggas
Might fuck you over
Hah
Ghost, L-O-X, D-Block, yeah