4 hoes in the 2 door

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I get the check and I blow it
We get racks the long way
Dolce Gabanna on my shirt, fresh as fuck
Brand new red bottoms, I ain't tieing them up
Bitch hold the work, is you down or what?
Four pour up something, put the dope in your butt
Now she the type of hoe that like to get choked when she fuck
And I won't give her shit, smoke a blunt with the slut
I'm the type of nigga to put 30's on truck
Dirty dirty dirty, I like pouring my cup
Big bank take lil bank, fuck what you think
Ain't no limit like the tank, bitch I'm pulling rank
Me I need 2 bitches, no we can't negotiate
Kissin' on her girlfriend, now tell me how this hoe ain't gay
Molly what motivate, I'm the type to drink to pour 8
Jug the thing and bring the flame, swear I never been a lame
VVS's in my chain, 50 carats in the ring
All white Balmain, lookin like some Cocaine
I get the check and I blow it
We get racks the long way
I got a check out the mud
I got a check and I throw it
I got a check in the hood
I got a pack in the hood
I heard them boys talking crazy
So I came back to the hood
Yeah I'm right back on the east
Yeah I'm right back on the wood
Yeah I'm right back up in MagDon't
Them bitches don't know what happen
Them bitches knowin' I'm dabbing
I'm just throwing the cabbage
I let it go and I win
Buy rings by the 10
My cuban cost 10
Spending 10 times 10
Got them doing mathematics
Got them twerking in the mansion
I got extras in the pantry
Throwing money make her ancie
2 hoes that's a duo
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Fucked them all, need a do over Nigga came in like Moo-o

I get the check and I blow it We get racks the long way We get racks the long way We get racks the long way We get racks the long way

That hoe live in the gutter
I'm pulling up and I fuck her
She suck my dick and we cut her
I ain't hit her friend, but I shoulda
I'm fucking like 3 or 4 hoes
Doing 3 or 4 shows
I put my dick in her nose
I'm an asshole
Got a bitch jumping like John
These hoes so fine but annoying
I got the coke and they blowing
I got them racks and they showing
They snorting it all off the table
I'm getting head watching cable
I fucked her friend minutes later

I'm on the cover of the Fader Louis Vuitton yeah, Taylor My Coope You niggas ain't talking 'bout shit You bitches ain't really got shit I got this check and I blow it I got the racks and I throw it I got the racks and I show it Smoking this weed like I grow it I'm screaming out "where your hoe at?" Bitch take a picture, kodak I'm spending money, you know that I'm at the spot where the dope at Fuck the 2 door, where the 4 at? I'm at the pot, where the blow at? You got your hoe on the low jack I can control her with modak

I get the check and I blow it
I get racks the long way

Told that hoe "put your heart in that package, bitch let's get this money"
Trapping in style, trapping in fashion, everything exclusive
Missed that Burberry with that Fendi, fuck that Gucci
Imma smash your back all night, on prescription
Park my foreign whip on the curb, I push up on you
Stock pile of my ammunition, big guns like Contra
Your ass fat in them heels, grab on you if you're loyal

I get the check and I blow it I get the check and I blow it I get the check and I blow it We get racks the long way We get racks the long way We get racks the long way We get racks the long way