

## Lil Eddie

### "Check"

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[Chorus: Repeat 2x]

I got my converse check, my pistol check  
My vest, plus I got VS1's around my neck  
The respect come first then the money and the power  
We got more cake to make let's ride

[Verse 1]

They thought I'd be another one hit wonder  
Until I pulled up to the VMA's in one big Hummer  
You know I'm a big stunna just like Baby fool  
Brand new Bentley Fanna what color?-baby blue  
Uh Deano hit me now I got cheddar to make  
You thinking Condo I'm thinking fifty-eight to a state  
You got your crib on a hill, I got my crib on a lake  
What, what where I'm from we like our music screwed  
up  
Uh, the blades chop we use jewelry and stage props  
We hate cops (why) cause everyday we get stopped  
For ridin spinners plus they know I got my pistol on me  
You try to jack me for my 'Lac they gon'miss you homey

[Chorus]

(talking)

Yo Will-Lean let's roll man (Let's ride)  
We gotta go homey (Let's ride)  
You know how we do it though (Let's ride)  
(tires screech)

[Verse 2]

Uh I'm too street go pop-but I pop heat in the street  
I'm not braggin, G-5 wagon when I speed in my jeep  
Customized, bubble eyed with DVD's in the head rest  
Look I hope you potty-trained cause the tech'll leave  
you wet  
Let's make a bet I stay on top and keep a new whip off  
the lot  
Fifty weeks on the Billboard dogg I'm too hot  
But when I do drop you better move out 'cause I'm  
comin  
Niggaz like roaches when the lights on they runnin

Ten years and gunnin just like M.O.P  
Fuck strugglin-I get my publishin ain't shit for free  
I get that big bread, I'm making big chips  
You get killed at the beginnin I get them big strips

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm a diplomat like Jim Jones, Nextels and sprint phones  
I'm tryna own ten homes yo rap money been gone  
I'm harder then ya'll better yet I'm smarter then ya'll  
I don't need yo ass nigga-regardless I ball  
I got that hot shit that you bump in yo drop top shit  
Bentley cocked hit the old folks like stop it  
You know I drop hits every time I spitt fire  
Whoever told you I ain't ballin-a damn liar

[Chorus]

[talking]

Haha let's ride you know I make the music  
You can ride to, get high to, get fly to  
Yeah like them Ruff Ryder niggaz  
I make that shit you can ride-or-die to  
Holla at ya boy, Houston we have a problem  
Red spider on the B-we gettin cheddar now we on  
another level now haha

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