

## **Lil Flip "Check"**

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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

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They thought I'd be another one hit wonder  
Until I pulled up to the V M A's in one big Hummer  
You know I'm a big stunna just like Baby Fool  
Brand new Bentley Fanna 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, where I'm from we like our music screwed up

Uh, the blades chop we use jewelry and stage props  
We hate cops '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

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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  
Let's ride, let's ride

Uh I'm too street to 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 dog 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

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I'm a diplomat like Jim Jones, next els and sprint phones  
I'm try na own ten homes yo rap money been gone  
I'm harder then y'all better yet I'm smarter then y'all  
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 spit fire  
Who ever told you I ain't ballin'-a damn lier

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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

Holly 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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