

## Curren\$y

### "The Check Point"

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[Wiz Khalifa:]

Yeaaahhh bitch  
The Jets and the Taylor gang  
Champagne, paper planes

You already know what it is man  
Young Khalifa, my nigga spitta  
Yeah

Only living material, as long as the money straight they  
wanna see me fall  
But I got a crib that's over looking the city though,  
When a lot of bitches who wanna get in our videos  
Ten to twelve hour long trips, bong rips  
I ain't interested in what you sellin I run my own shit  
Made it through a long list, did my all  
Some will talk slick, but no contest, I'm dead stressed  
That's why the bitches love me,  
She leavin you to come where the liquor and drugs be  
I'm glass floor now you passport and over seas we  
watchin the sun rise,  
Smoke a joint out on the beach  
Write my name in the sand, I  
Never beena nigga who had a lucky nothin you can say  
everything I planned out,  
Now stand out,  
I fell asleep on the plane and woke up to people  
screamin my name

[Chorus:]

No matter which way I go, they tell me don't take that  
road  
But I never put my foot on the brake oh no,  
I Nnever put my foot on the break oh no, ah no oh  
I don' think it's wrong (Jets)  
Doin a hundred but they tell me to take it slow (Nigga)  
But I never put my foot on the break oh no (It's the  
Planes and the Taylor Gang)  
I never put my foot on the break oh no, ah no oh (Got  
your bitches slippin off their wedding rings)

[Curren\$:]

Livin the life is just me,  
Some bitches my niggas in a crib full of vices  
But I don't do drugs, just weed  
Caution flags wave, and fuck it I still speed  
And proceed to give them what they waitin for  
Daytona 500 guess who lightin joints up in the race car  
Play hard, but I work way harder to afford  
Boats, put your women on the water let 'em boogie  
board  
Slightly older still, sexy broad, think give me more  
Just strip for me without the tease, give me more  
Still rockin Golden Eye on the Nintendo 64  
Sayin they don't make 'em like this anymore  
Same goes for my whip, same goes for my kicks, rare  
And I don't rush to the store, they save me a pair  
Yeah, a nigga livin in the air  
Spending more time in the clouds then I spend on the  
ground  
Do the opposite, fuck takin advice from these clowns  
That's why I mash the gas when they tell me slow down  
Yeaaa

[Chorus:]

No matter which way I go, they tell me don't take that  
road  
But I never put my foot on the brake oh no,  
I Never put my foot on the break oh no, ah no oh  
I don' think it's wrong  
Doin a hundred but they tell me to take it slow  
But I never put my foot on the break oh no  
I never put my foot on the break oh no, ah no oh

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