

## Soulja Boy

### "Headed To A Check"

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Uh, Soulja  
I whip a Maserati  
Soulja  
King Soulja the mixtape, King Soulja the movie  
Gwap ah

Wake up in the morning and Iâ€™m headed to a check  
(bands)  
Always gotta count that money when I flex (damn)  
Wake up in the morning and Iâ€™m headed to a check  
(okay)  
Countin up them sacks (sacks), flexin with the check  
(the check)

Iâ€™m headed to a check check, Iâ€™m headed to a check  
check  
Iâ€™m headed to a check check, on my way to a check  
Iâ€™m headed to a check check, Iâ€™m headed to a check  
check  
Iâ€™m headed to a check on my way to a check hey

Rich Gang, Soulja Boy

Bands in my pocket pocket, 9 mm  
Bitch Iâ€™m shootin lil rockets  
Pull up to the car show, Iâ€™m springin, I got springers  
Lil Dreg on ball and thatâ€™s on everything (who that?  
Who that?)  
Woke up in a Gati, whip a Maserati  
Porsche game clean Dre, but my whip gonna slap me  
Money Gang retarded, bitch donâ€™t get me started  
If I T on the Challenge I swear Iâ€™m gon call it  
Soulja I ball, ridin down that highway  
Got the drop top Maybach sittin in the driveway  
Hit the secret Sundays, ballin to the Monday  
Flexin so hard, Soulja Boy be gwapin  
Yea gwap gwap, pull up to the trap trap  
Bitch I got blocks blocks  
Bitch I got knocks uh  
Gucci on my socks, Louie on my boxers  
SOD, Rich Gang, we took over boy

Iâ€™m headed to a check check, Iâ€™m headed to a check  
check  
Iâ€™m headed to a check check, on my way to a check  
Iâ€™m headed to a check, Iâ€™m headed to a check  
Iâ€™m headed to a check on my way to a check hey

Gwap  
Gwap  
SOD  
King King

They takin pictures, putting that shit on Instagram  
500 racks thatâ€™s Amsterdam  
Swervin in that foreign Porsche, all through highly  
worried  
Hopping out that in and out, Iâ€™m smoking on this kush  
(Soulja)  
Call Soulja Beezy B or call me Rich Gang Soulja Boy  
Soulja Boy, bricks on bricks on bricks, thatâ€™s what I  
Soulja Boy  
Ridin through the hood, everything all good  
2-15â€™s in my trunk, sounding like Jurassic Park  
Ridin through my city and Iâ€™m cut through hittin scar  
SOD get money, I will tear your life apart  
I flex, Cuban links on neck, boy done jet  
Hop up off the private plane, Iâ€™m smoking on that  
Mary Jane, 3-16 like hurricane  
Soulja Boy spit fire flame (you ainâ€™t lying)  
Inside that drop top Porsche  
I am, I do, (Iâ€™m just doing my thing boy)

Check, Iâ€™m headed to a check (gwap)  
Headed to a check, money headed to a check  
On the way to a check, headed to a check (bands)  
Headed to a check (sacks)  
Headed to a check (bags) yea

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