

U.S.D.A. "Check"

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Yeah, yo, B-Ross Dean
What's happening?
You ready, nigga? Check

Hey, Slick-Pulla
You ran through that change, nigga, check
Okay, let's get it then, nigga, fo real

Now see this is what the fuck I've been telling you 'bout,
homie
I don't care what hood you represent, homie
How you get it, man, you getting money, homie, this
you're song, nigga
U.S.D.A., nigga, let's get it

You got that money
Check
It's in the bags
Check
You in the rental with them outta state tags
Check

You brought the choppers
Check
Them rubber bands
Check
And when you wrap it, ay, it's gotta be seran
Check

You brought the work
Check
It's in the bags
Check
You in the rental with them outta state tags
Check

You brought them choppers
Check
Them rubber bands
Check
And when you wrap it, ay, it's gotta be seran

28 times, 36, yeah, I'm talking birdies nests
Know some niggas tripping on a half still selling 50'
Cents
Hard heart for the loaf but the soft might cost ya
Careful how I move 'cuz them niggas might cross ya

There be yams 'cross the street over there in the
bushes
Holla at your boy if you really want 'em cookies
Met 'em at the Amico four way in the mena
Jumped out, grab the cash hopped back in my beemer

Then I turn up my Alpine, yeah, you know I'm feeling
that
Look there go lesha, ya, you know I'm killing that
Certified trap star, ya, you know I'm hood, bitch
Catch me in a fast car and I'm smoking good, bitch

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For real, J's lil' slit 'cuz they know we keep the good shit
Neighborhood star bitches all up on his business that's
right
2 piece in a biscuit, okay, I got your other man
Ya, I know them drill but my father put the flood right

Break down 20's, you can call 'em Flintstones
Or bleach in my hood so I can get my stash on
When the shift in get my sack then I'm gone
Then I'm up the next day getting back to it Holmes

For real, lil' homies better fuck with me if you won't pay
Come with a dollar fifty, you can come and get a Elway
A Elway? That's 7 shots for you niggas
Try some slick shit, I got the glock for you niggas

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Scales full of grams, them niggas on the block call
Just bought the block down, 'fina tear the block down
Got 'em gems full of 7 grams, 449
David Copperfield make a block outta 9

Grind hard, I get it from the dirt
I fucks with that beat sand, I rather have it all tan
It's all who you know and what you wanna spin
They ain't speaking no English unless you buy a tin

On nine ten, in the rental bumpin' Lyfe Jennings
I swear to God that my trunk got a life in it
Riding solo, I promise if I make it back
I'm breaking everything down, ya dog ain't fuckin'

around

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