

Future, That's A Check (feat. Rick Ross)

Pluto!
Tell 'em I go crazy
808 Mafia

Bloody Goyard that's a check
This bad Ethiopian gave me becky (I swear to God)
You see the way I talk, that's a check
This blonde ghetto broad gave me becky
My crip done bought the oo-ee worth a checky
And my Venezuelan yeah, gave me Becky
Credit card fraud, busting checky
Diamonds shining all on my necklace (on my neck)

I got niggas dying for this (dying for this gang shit)
I just wanna shine for this
Ain't gone waste no time in this (I can't waste no time)
I done did some crimes in the streets
I told you from the jump its one thou
I could throw that up and make a pile
I just made a bad bitch pout
Hoes catch an attitude for this cash (woo!)
Tell me what she wanna do for this bag
Pussy so good girl you ain't gotta ask
Make niggas spend a check on that ass
Make a nigga spend a check on that ass

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I put the Rollie on five-thirty in the morning (woah)
I really want it, I forgot I even bought it (woah)
Bought a block and I'm a die to pay the mortgage (woah)
Dead broke, you still alive it's rigamortis (woah)
I got the choppers so don't make me catch a body (woah)
I got the scoop, they say it shoots don't get me started
I got the Bentley coupe, G-Wagon, and the Porsche
A nigga rich, the bitches brag on the boss shits
My condolences, I heard about your losses
Killing these niggas, Ricky Ross about to floss it
I got her pussy popping on my triple beam
Black bottles so you know we sipping lean
Drinking the yellow or the red, I want the green
All leather seats, and I'm on Promethazine
Lamborghini's back to back look like a car race
Hundred room mansion, now I think I'm Scarface (boss)

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All glass white house, sleeping with the tuna
Bad bitch by the pool, looking like a movie
Five-thirty A.M. putting all the rings on
I took your bitch, and gave her back to ya, I'm King Kong (super!)
Chandeliers on the back, by the ceiling
Make sure before I die my niggas got a million
These bitches chasing me like I'm a dream

I'm married to Freebandz, that's forever
I got Floyd pulling up at the house on a yacht
A millionaire and I'm a have my way with these thots
Pull a chopper, put a few Dracos in them spots
You was coolin' off, and I was warming up, now I'm hot
I got bitches like new shoes they cost a lot
I got shooters gonna make the news if they pop out
Too many diamonds on, they got me snowboarding
Tell ya fuck the kid but ain't got nun' to show for it

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