

# Check

## U.S.D.A.

Yeah, yo, be-Ross Dean  
What's happening?  
You ready, nigga? CheckHey, Slick-Pulla  
You ran through that change, nigga, check  
Okay, let's get it then, nigga, fo realNow 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 itYou got that money  
Check  
It's in the bags  
Check  
You in the rental with them outta state tags  
CheckYou brought the choppers  
Check  
Them rubber bands  
Check  
And when you wrap it, ay, it's gotta be Seran  
CheckYou brought the work  
Check  
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And when you wrap it, ay, it's gotta be SeranTwenty eight times, thirty six, 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 'cause them niggas might cross yaThere 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 beemerThen I turn up my Alpine, yeah, you know I'm feeling that  
Look there go Iesha, 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, bitchYou got that money  
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And when you wrap it, ay, it's gotta be SeranFor real, J's lil' slit 'cause 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 rightBreak down twenty'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 HolmesFor 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 seven shots for you niggas

Try some slick shit, I got the glock for you niggasYou got that money

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And when you wrap it, ay, it's gotta be SeranScales full of grams, them niggas on the block call

Just bought the block down, 'fina tear the block down

Got 'em gems full of seven grams, four forty nine  
David Copperfield make a block outta nineGrind 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 tinOn 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' aroundYou got that money  
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Songwriters

Jenkins, Jay / Whitman, Renaldo / Falson, Bruce / Allen, Terry KeithPublished by

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