

# Blow A Check (Feat. Puff Daddy & French Montana)

## Puff Daddy

(We gon' run, we gon' run, we gon' run, we gon' run  
Ayo I had to stop talking that money shit  
God said the meek and the humble shall inherit the earth  
And it's not that I'm not humble  
Ayo, it's that this is my gift of life  
Getting this money, getting this money  
Get that money  
Get that money, go young nigga, go I'm just tryna  
Run through the money, run  
I'm just tryna  
Run through the money, run  
I'm tryna blow a check  
I'm tryna blow a check  
Tryna pull up in a foreign  
And make them niggas upset  
Run through the money, run I'm just tryna run through it  
Heard them niggas makin threats, tell 'em come do it  
All my niggas with the shits, even in the fist fight  
Bet them niggas still goin to bring a gun to it  
Yeah, I'm just tryna pull up in a 'vette  
Hit the block, make 'em upset  
I ain't done yet  
Girl, I'm on a cash route  
Mo'fuck love, young nigga tryna cash out  
I'm on a money mission, bitch  
You looking for attention tryna make a nigga kick it  
So I can blow your back out  
I ain't with the bullshit, I'm tryng to make some money  
My niggas got kids and all of them babies hungry  
Gotta feed them hittas, they the ones that come and get you  
Just in case one of you pussy niggas wanna act funny I'm just tryna  
Run through the money, run  
I'm just tryna  
Run through the money, run  
I'm tryna blow a check  
I'm tryna blow a check  
Tryna pull up in a foreign  
And make them niggas upset  
Run through the money, run Yo, that nigga Puff he back on shit, now here we go

If I make forty million, bitch, my year was slow  
Money makin' Mitch, yo, he a cash flipper  
Man, just tell the Forbes to use my last picture  
I grab the baddest bitches out the group  
Let 'em ride, drop the roof  
Pop that pussy out the coupe  
Blue dot, blue dot, blue dot, blue dot, blue dot, blue dot  
I never sleep, that's why i got way more than you got  
Vegas Strip, it's a bet, take this shit on a jet  
Bad Boy never fake or switch on the set  
Haters kiss the baguettes in the ring  
I'm the king, king of talking shit  
Maybe piss through a check  
Got that cash bag when you see him  
Money Mitch, hashtag, three M's  
Nigga, money makin' Mitch I'm just tryna  
Run through the money, run  
I'm just tryna  
Run through the money, run  
I'm tryna blow a check  
I'm tryna blow a check  
Tryna pull up in a foreign  
And make them niggas upset  
Run through the money, run  
Run through the money, run  
Run through the money, run Runnin' through the paper like Scott Storch  
Runnin' through the paper like I'm Allen I  
I got that dirty money, Puff got the Forbes  
That coupe 300 like Kevin Lyles  
Black rose generals when I hit the court  
My niggas ballin' like Fab Five final four  
At the last supper tryna eat a fiest  
My last two bitches 100 mill a piece  
Blow a bag, your body dissapear waist down  
I dab all them bitches; D. Brown  
You know that paper longer than chain smokin'  
I'm running through the paper like Usain Bolt  
I'm running through the paper way before the deal  
Way before puff gave me all the mills I'm just tryna  
Tun through the money, run  
I'm just tryna  
Tun through the money, run  
I'm tryna blow a check  
I'm tryna blow a check  
Tryna pull up in a foreign

And make them niggas upset  
Run through the money, run  
Run through the money, run  
Run through the money, run

Songwriters

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