

Fuck That Check Up (feat. Lil Uzi Vert)

Meek Mill

Lil' fish, yeah
If you can't swim, you gon' drown, hoe
We ain't gon' save you either
HahahahBad lil thottie, she got bodies
I'm on perkies, she on molly
Sippin' on dirty, smokin' on Cali
Big Rolls Royce, no Maseratis
I'm 'bout to pull out that V12
I'ma shit on these niggas like Ezel
Let her ride on that dick with no seatbelt
With the money, I know she don't mean well
Niggas running their mouth like they females
When you winning, they only wan' see you fail
When you winning, they only wan' see you lose
Niggas steal and I can't let 'em see my moves
Wait, ha ha, selling that cocaina (white!)
Started off selling that crack rock (crack rock)
Now we sell out arenas (lit!)
White boys say I'm genius, white girls say I'm gnarly
Did 30 bandz in Neimans, now we 20 grand at Barney's
Ever put a pop bitch on the block list, I don't pop shit
Cause I got shit, in the drop six
With a thot bitch, whole squad lit
Heard your new shit, that is not it
Whole gang with me on some mob shit
He ain't talkin' money then its nonsense
Bran got the gas, you are not lit, no way
Fuck that check up (fuck that check up)
Fuck that check up (fuck that check up)
We gettin' rich and these niggas sick
They need a check up (they need a check up)
I'm so lit
I fucked that bitch as soon as I met her (soon as I met her)
Fuck that check up (fuck it up)
Young nigga, fuck that check up (young nigga, young nigga)
Fuck that check up (fuck it up)
Light my wrist and my neck (woah, woah)
Fuck that check up (fuck it up)
Young nigga, fuck that check up (fuck that check up)

Fuck that check up (fuck that check up)
Fuck that check up (fuck it up, fuck it up)
Fuck that check up (fuck that check up)
Fuck that check up (fuck it up, fuck it up)
Ha, yeah
Back in this bitch and we litty again
I'm 'bout to land in the city again
She with the gang, he tripping again
He like, "You out with that nigga again?"
She gettin' cocky like, "Yeah I'm with him"
Five bands, Gucci coat, rockin' 1s
I'll never wear it again, no
(Huh, yeah!) Gucci swag so relaxed
Louis bag with the hat, Uzi Vert with the mac
Damn, thought I wasn't, fuck you then hit your cousin
All hunnits, don't want no twenty
Stop hatin', fuck nigga get money
Fuck your bitch, hit it once
Ain't my type, give her back, uh
My Rarri, no keys like vroom
My car don't got room
Yeah, I put all of them guap in the front
Yeah, my engine in the back
Little nigga we don't talk about nothing
If that shit not 'bout the racks
Don't call my phone, don't leave no message
But that girl was swerving me, diamonds emergency
Better hit 911
Up all night, don't rest much
Spent two hunnid put the rest up
Young nigga fuck that check up
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Uh, my old bitch, yo' new bitch
She wanna vibe like Q-Tip, she get tagged like you it
Nigga said he wanna fade me, we ran into him
He ain't wan' do shit
I don't care what he sayin', we ain't playin'
We just came to shoot shit
Yeah, run up them racks (run it up, run it up)
I'm gettin' back (run it up, run it up)
Niggas be tweetin' (niggas be tweetin')
They gettin' smacked
Bitches be screenshottin', tell 'em to hit me on Snap
She hit me back, oh Lord, she gettin' clapped
Ever fuck a bad bitch in the bando, air mattress
Going HAM-o, poppin' cash shit, Bape camo with the masses
Dirty young bull living lavish
Gets yo' mans up, go to Paris
20 grand up when the teller hit
You can tell we ain't never had shit, no way
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