Big Dusty

Joey Bada$$

[Intro]
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Check my style, check, check, check it out
(Check it out y'all, check, check, check, check it out y'all)
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Check my style, check, check, check it out
(Check it out y'all, check, check, check, check it out y'all)
Check my style, check, check, check it out

[Verse 1]
Fuck jumping the broom, honey moons, I, I hit the pot
Soak me up like a mop, know I'm up, know there's levels
Staring down at the devil, hello, guess I got the memo
Pulling strings like Geppetto, you just a puppet, fellow
I came up out of the tomb, don?t drop a L, uh
You don't want to see the evils, which I dwell in hell
To excel, this shit never fails, always excels
They been swallowing sons before the double XL
Sex cell, ex ask why it never work out
I guess I exercise too much, when I work out
Shows too turnt out, return home burnt out
Now I got to hear all the shit, that you heard 'bout
Can I live? What, these niggas want me off a bridge?
If I say it's turnt down, do I burn that shit?
Truth is, if it ain't real, I don't feel it
If it don't hit my spirit, I don't get near it
And that's point blank period, know some niggas that fear it
Same niggas who know that we the illest
Lines so deep a great shark is what I reel up
Hit the flow and it can't go realer, my whole camp gorillas, nigga

[Hook]
(Check, check, check it out)
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Don't jack my style
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Check my style, check, check, check it out

Don't jack my style
Jack, jack, jack it out
(Check, check, it out)

[Verse 2]
I stand juxtaposed to all my Pro's, realest illest niggas I know
See these foes biting the flows, they even jooks the pose
I guess my CD really shaking the coast
Cause this really be the year that I feast, capisce?
Nothing defeats the beast, I speak my piece
Know niggas in the streets that heat seek for me
Release and squeeze
Might put a Halloween between your spleen
Retreat or trickle down to your last pound of green
Know what I mean?
This shit is like taking candy from the babies
Under these rappers is just a bunch of Now and Laters
They too sweet, plus they lease their Mercedes
Can't be second greatest, I'm the best and def your favorite
My flow in-depth nigga, I got my wave up
It's either get your tidal waved, or you could be my neighbor
Cause if I can't eat, then you can't either
I need to know, need the pizza dough, fuck I'm spitting ether for?

[Bridge]
Yeah nigga
Reigning rap supreme in this bitch
Cause bitches lie niggas lie numbers, too
Cause bitches lie niggas lie numbers, too
Bitches lie niggas lie numbers, too
Bitches lie niggas lie numbers, too
What the fuck you gon' do when the Era come for you?

[Hook] (x2)
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Don't jock my style

[Verse 3]
And I'm from the blocks where they sell
Cell blocks rock my mental
See them fake thugs that you see before can't even spell

My flow spill with words you can?t pronounce, stories you can?t tell

[Outro]
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Check my style, check, check, check it out
(Check it out y'all, check, check, check, check it out y'all)
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Check my style, check, check, check it out
(Check it out y'all, check, check, check, check it out y'all)
Check my style, check, check, check it out

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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