

Blow A Check

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

Sean Jean Combs, Zoey Dollaz, Karim KHARBOUCH, David JimenezPublished by
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