

# Check Me Out (feat. Diddy & Meek Mill)

## Trey Songz

Throw some motherfuckin' money in the air  
Throw some motherfuckin' money in the air  
    Trigga, let's go  
    Let's go, let's go  
    Let's go, let's go  
Throw some motherfuckin' money in the air  
Throw some motherfuckin' money in the air  
    Trigga, let's go Stop. Pose. What's that?  
    Bend it over quick, throw your butt back  
    Tuned in for the mill, where the bucks at?  
She see me spend a couple mill like fuck that  
    She wanna ride on it like a bus pass  
    Give me smart brain and a dumb pack  
    Go on poke out, thumb tack  
    Back that ass up I'mma front that  
Knock it out the park. Let these other niggas bunt that  
    Turn the music up, where the club at?  
    Throw a couple stacks, where the 1's at?  
Shout to all the women that know they got that come back  
    Girl, you got that I can see it from the front back  
    She said "Damn, they be hatin', where the love at?"  
    I said "Damn that, you looking like you does that."  
Hair up, damn, she done brought the fuckin' bun back  
    Niggas shady, damn, bring the sun back  
    Beat crazy, damn, bring the drums back  
    This yo' city, nigga. Damn, how I run that?  
Forgot I was a singer, damn, bring the run back  
    Woo! Aye, Check me out doe  
    I'mma keep it real with you  
    Aye Check me out doe  
    I'm just tryin' to chill with you  
    Aye Check me out doe  
    I'mma keep it real with you  
    Che-Check me out  
    Aye Check me out doe  
    I'm just tryin' to chill with you  
    Aye Check me out doe  
    I'mma keep it real with you  
Che-check me out You say you work hard, where you work at?

Girl I go hard, let me work that  
Say you got drive, well reverse that  
I'mma beat it up. I'ma, I'mma hurt thatSingle momma, yeah yeah I support that  
I don't judge baby, I ain't tryin to court thatI don't play baby, I ain't tryin to sport that  
Talking 'bout its real when I know somebody bought thatMy time money and you niggas can't afford that  
Bad bitches in the studio where I record that  
Right now and I'm finna pipe down  
Once I'm done this verse shit  
I'mma kill this pussy I'mma hearse it  
I'mma fool with it, super cool with it  
Why you snoozin', I got a booze in it  
I took her panties and I put a pool in it  
The flow stupid, its so stupidAye, Check me out doe  
I'mma keep it real with you  
Aye Check me out doe  
I'm just tryin' to chill with you  
Aye Check me out doe  
I'mma keep it real with you  
Che-Check me out  
Aye Check me out doe  
I'm just tryin' to chill with you  
Aye Check me out doe  
I'mma keep it real with you  
Che-check me outUh, check me out doe  
I'm in that Ralph Lo  
Red bottoms for the models, never Aldo  
Catch me ridin', Maserati with the top low  
And I get deep up in that pussy, then I outro  
Bad bitch and the miles low  
Oh, that's your main chick? That's my side ho  
She a dime and she a dime so we don't know  
When I compare 'em it's like a chevy, a tahoe  
Yo trigga' where the hoes?  
I'm in the Margielas, they like what are those?  
I got them guys jealous cause I'm getting dough  
She said she never seen a ghost 'til she was in my rolls  
Lookey here, I'mma keep it real with you  
Get it clear, I ain't tryin' to chill with you  
Give her here so I can put the steel in ya  
Now, shorty bust it open for a real niggaAye, Check me out doe  
I'mma keep it real with you  
Aye Check me out doe  
I'm just tryin' to chill with you  
Aye Check me out doe  
I'mma keep it real with you

Che-Check me out  
Aye Check me out doe  
I'm just tryin' to chill with you  
Aye Check me out doe  
I'mma keep it real with you  
Che-check me out This right here, this goes out  
To all the motherfucking  
Getting money bitches in the house  
Don't stop let's work let's rock  
Don't stop let's work let's rock  
Throw some motherfuckin' money in the air  
Throw some motherfuckin' money in the air

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