

# G Check (Ft. YG Hootie, Bo Deal And Joe Moses)

## Waka Flocka Flame

I see this nigga reppin', right side hangin',  
flamed up bangin', what set yo ass claimin'?G Check

G Check

G Check

G CheckG Check

G Check

G Check

G CheckI ran up on this nigga, who yo big homie?  
Asked him what his lingo, he said I don't need noG Check

G Check

G Check

G CheckG Check

G Check

G Check

G CheckRan up on this nigga, finna check the boy status  
Look him right up in his eyes like, nigga where you from?

Who yo big homie? What block you niggas bang?

Who you know up on that yard, talkin' real big homies.

Respect all the riders, G checkin' all the phonies

You fuckin' with no suckas, they lying, they say they know me

I'm from west side (?), west side (?)

God bless all my ridahs, death to my enemies,

I'm taking niggas flags, you better leave the spot

For all niggas on my block, it's like me snitching to the cops,

Outta line you get disciplined, better do some missions then,

I ain't give my name for free, fuck I had to get it inI see this nigga reppin', right side hangin',

flamed up bangin', what set yo ass claimin'?G Check

G Check

G Check

G CheckG Check

G Check

G Check

G CheckI ran up on this nigga, who yo big homie?  
Asked him what his lingo, he said I don't need noG Check

G Check

G Check

G CheckG Check

G Check

G Check

G CheckNigga frontin', I'm hit him up,  
Nigga what, we can get em up  
Pussy niggas aint real as us  
Just like a candle I lit em up  
Always talking that tough shit  
I ain't the nigga to fuck with  
Choppers loading up, niggas folding up,  
Superman couldn't duck this,  
(??), big boss, VL is all I know,  
Catch ya in that field hoe,  
Steamers rolling up real slow  
Niggas breaking out scared as fuck,  
Tuck and tail, you a man or what?  
I ain't think so, cock and squeeze I'm dropping everything standing upLay down and get laid down,  
40 cal and they came down  
What you claim, better say it now,  
Got a gun better spray it now  
Oh you will get your ass knocked off with the (?),  
Topped off, dumb dumbs will leave you burning like hot sauceI see this nigga reppin', right side hangin',  
flamed up bangin', what set yo ass claimin'?G Check  
G Check  
G Check  
G CheckG Check  
G Check  
G Check  
G CheckI ran up on this nigga, who yo big homie?  
Asked him what his lingo, he said I don't need noG Check  
G Check  
G Check  
G CheckG Check  
G Check  
G Check  
G CheckIt's money over everything,  
Five, four wedding rings,  
Married to the mob, all I know is mighty brim game  
B's up what it do,  
5-0-5-2,  
37-62, (?) is like a fucking zoo,  
Lions and them tigers, I be mobbing like them YG's,  
AK-a chopper nigga, silence when that chopper squeeze,  
Fuck em Waka Flocka all out it's like the new mob,  
When we say fuck em new west, this is Brick Squad,  
Down like I'm 'posed to be, niggas don't get close to me,  
I'm blood and bitch this blood's on the set, this how it supposed to be,  
We thuggin bitch, we supposed to beef,

We killin' shit, you supposed to grieve,  
Shug Gotti tell em who got the streets (ha ha)I see this nigga reppin', right side hangin',  
flamed up bangin', what set yo ass claimin'?G Check  
G Check  
G Check  
G CheckG Check  
G Check  
G Check  
G CheckI ran up on this nigga, who yo big homie?  
Asked him what his lingo, he said I don't need noG Check  
G Check  
G Check  
G CheckG Check  
G Check  
G Check  
G Check

Songwriters

LEWIS, LEXUS ARNEL/MALPHURS, JUAQUIN/JOSEPH, LAMAR/DEAL, BILLY/MOSES, JOEPublished  
by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>