

# Cut the Check (feat. Chief Keef)

Mac Miller

I'm a motherfucking fool, cut the check  
I'm a working motherfucker need a desk  
I don't got a heart I don't even need a chest  
I'm a mess, they be saying they up next that's a stretch  
Hold your breath let me bow to the crowd shit I'm blessed  
Well I must be, bitches want to fuck me bump uglies on front street  
The cards on the table gin rummy  
Have a blast have a ball have a motherfucking great time  
Beast I'm a dog got a squad full of K-9s  
I'm a motherfucking fool, cut the check  
I'mma get it 'til there ain't shit left to get  
No stress running suicides don't even break a sweat  
I'm a threat, code red when your line get pressed  
You getting fucked by your contract what the fine print says  
Told you once I told you twice, I get the Lamb it's over rice  
I whip the Lamb it's overpriced, the life is good the hoes are dikes  
The type of shit don't happen overnight (God damn)  
I'm a motherfucking fool  
This shit on 100 degrees, hard as fuck ain't in a rush  
I let the money come to me, I'm a business man  
I'm way too young to be this rich  
I don't know what to do with all this shit  
I'm out of control, Lord can you save my soul?  
How convenient, you ain't worried about shit right now  
How convenient, you just tryna keep it lit right now  
How convenient, screaming money over bitches right now  
How convenient, bet you're feeling  
like the shit right now  
How convenient, undefeated  
Walked up in Neimans spent the sac then I'm leaving  
Smoking on reefer OG reeking  
Got the cops pull me over they gon' want to take the Bimmer  
But I'mma do the dash beat it like Tina  
And I got my nina boy you better be subpoenaed  
Walked in the spot, ice on, lights on, blingin'  
Someone start a fire cause it's fucking freezing  
I'm high off life give me the blunt I'm a roll it  
I got hot rocks I'ma let you hold it  
I was posted with the hammer y'all was telling police  
Now I wrestle with racks, bitch I'm Mick Foley  
Shit made me go woo like Rick Florer  
I mean Ric Flair bitch boy I've been player  
You a bench warmer boy I've been playing  
Walked up the stairs look at my shoes like them cleaner

But I shoulda worn the other ones cause them better  
This shit on 100 degrees, hard as fuck ain't  
in a rush

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Cut the check

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