

Checc (feat. Offset)

Dave East & DJ Holiday

[Intro: Dave East]

You dig?

Uh, feel bad, go everyday
A lot of money, yeah, uh wait
A lot of jewelery, I look like a check nigga
Ay, ay, ay, ay [Verse 1: Dave East]
Whip up a 8-ball like milk
Tryna take my chain and get killed
They talk like they gangster not built
I jump out the wraith off a bill
I fuck your bitch, I don't kiss her (never)
I dont know how I failed to miss her (I don't)
I'm on some shit, like a tissue
.50 my clip for the issue
I drag the bag open a marching band
Sticks and drums, is you dumb?
Where I am from, we tat the hood on us
Get a gun a nigga run
I always knew money would come
Bring your bitch over, get all up in her guts
I'm kickin shit like I punt
I switching my bitch like every month
I be with blood and with crips
In love with the avenue, hugging the strip
Jump out the wagon, got hunnids to get
Play 21 Savage, while fuckin' your bitch
Wake up, and go take a trip
I'm drunk off Champagne, and I'm orderin' shrimp
It ain't hard to notice I'm rich, I had a dream that we all hit a lick

[Chorus: Dave East]

Diamonds all on me, I walk with a pistol
I don't want no issues, I look like a check
I'm at the bank, 'bout to make a deposit
I know that they plottin', I look like a check
I'm in Givenchy, Louis and Prada
I run up in them dollars, I look like a check
All my young niggas gon' work for check
Keep lookin' at paper, my eyes on a check
Diamonds all on me, I walk with a pistol
I don't want no issues, I look like a check
I'm at the bank, 'bout to make a deposit
I know that they plottin', I look like a check

I'm in Givenchy, Louis and Prada
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[Verse 2: Offset]

Offset!....

Bullets gon' send them a message
Got some lil' barbies sittin' all in my section
Water on my cross, on my chest like i'm a Reverend
Tie up my shoes, little bitch you a peasant
Yeah, the freakazoid piece got it custom
I get the AP, i'm quick to go bust it
Yeah, Momma told me watch the suckers
You got the check, now don't let niggas pluck you
Grandma done die now i'm cover
Still having dreams, on the swings with my brother
I want that [?] and commas
You don't see why I've been flexin all summer
On the narcotics then turn to a zombie
200k for the Jet, go to London
Do what I say, shoot the K out the Hummer
Servin' the yay out my grandmama dungeon
I got the bag lil hoe

Diamonds looking like the [?]

[?] niggas for the cash, hello

Finesse a nigga with the swag, I blow

I get the paper, smooth operator

Saw you in a booth, full of gators

Crawling in the coupes now or later

Taking off my roof now or later [Chorus: Dave East]

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I had no Audemar or no Rollie, when I swing nothin' else like my Patek

I got a chance to get all of these millions

Got no time for chillin', I wake up like next

And I had an uncle that used to get money Uptown
He used to make me get fresh
I had on Gucci, before I could tell you what it was
And I had it on in the Jecks
I'm like I know when to rest
Gucci blew, I want a jet for diamonds, we damage your neck
My feel on naked bitches combine with Gabana and Dolce, it feel like the best
I'm in Bal Harbour with back-ends, I might get head from a fat friend
If we don't know you, then we texting
I'm from New York, she love my accent
I remember I was trappin', duct tape another package
You livin' like it couldn't happen, fuck nigga, you just rappin'
I know some demons, I'm a savage
Molly and got them laughing
Don't compare, I'm not no average
Bitches staring, 'cause I'm flashing[Chorus: Dave East]
Diamonds all on me, I walk with a pistol
I don't want no issues, I look like a check
I'm at the bank, 'bout to make a deposit
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