

# Future, That's A Check (feat. Rick Ross)

Pluto!  
Tell 'em I go crazy  
808 Mafia

Bloody Goyard that's a check  
This bad Ethiopian gave me becky (I swear to God)  
You see the way I talk, that's a check  
This blonde ghetto broad gave me becky  
My crip done bought the oo-ee worth a checky  
And my Venezuelan yeah, gave me Becky  
Credit card fraud, busting checky  
Diamonds shining all on my necklace (on my neck)

I got niggas dying for this (dying for this gang shit)  
I just wanna shine for this  
Ain't gone waste no time in this (I can't waste no time)  
I done did some crimes in the streets  
I told you from the jump its one thou  
I could throw that up and make a pile  
I just made a bad bitch pout  
Hoes catch an attitude for this cash (woo!)  
Tell me what she wanna do for this bag  
Pussy so good girl you ain't gotta ask  
Make niggas spend a check on that ass  
Make a nigga spend a check on that ass

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I put the Rollie on five-thirty in the morning (woah)  
I really want it, I forgot I even bought it (woah)  
Bought a block and I'm a die to pay the mortgage (woah)  
Dead broke, you still alive it's rigamortis (woah)  
I got the choppers so don't make me catch a body (woah)  
I got the scoop, they say it shoots don't get me started  
I got the Bentley coupe, G-Wagon, and the Porsche  
A nigga rich, the bitches brag on the boss shits  
My condolences, I heard about your losses  
Killing these niggas, Ricky Ross about to floss it  
I got her pussy popping on my triple beam  
Black bottles so you know we sipping lean  
Drinking the yellow or the red, I want the green  
All leather seats, and I'm on Promethazine  
Lamborghini's back to back look like a car race  
Hundred room mansion, now I think I'm Scarface (boss)

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All glass white house, sleeping with the tuna  
Bad bitch by the pool, looking like a movie  
Five-thirty A.M. putting all the rings on  
I took your bitch, and gave her back to ya, I'm King Kong (super!)  
Chandeliers on the back, by the ceiling  
Make sure before I die my niggas got a million  
These bitches chasing me like I'm a dream

I'm married to Freebandz, that's forever  
I got Floyd pulling up at the house on a yacht  
A millionaire and I'm a have my way with these thots  
Pull a chopper, put a few Dracos in them spots  
You was coolin' off, and I was warming up, now I'm hot  
I got bitches like new shoes they cost a lot  
I got shooters gonna make the news if they pop out  
Too many diamonds on, they got me snowboarding  
Tell ya fuck the kid but ain't got nun' to show for it

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