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 nowHow convenient, bet you're feeling like the shit right nowHow 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 should aworn the other ones cause them better 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 not
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
Cut the check

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