Check

U.S.D.A.

Yeah, yo, B-Ross Dean

What's happening?

You ready, nigga? CheckHey, Slick-Pulla

You ran through that change, nigga, check

Okay, let's get it then, nigga, fo realNow see this is what the fuck I've been telling you 'bout,

homie

I don't care what hood you represent, homie

How you get it, man, you getting money, homie, this you're song, nigga

U.S.D.A., nigga, let's get itYou got that money

Check

It's in the bags

Check

You in the rental with them outta state tags

Check

You brought the choppers

Check

Them rubber bands

Check

And when you wrap it, ay, it's gotta be seran

CheckYou brought the work

Check

It's in the bags

Check

You in the rental with them outta state tags

CheckYou brought them choppers

Check

Them rubber bands

Check

And when you wrap it, ay, it's gotta be seran

28 times, 36, yeah, I'm talking birdies nests

Know some niggas tripping on a half still selling 50' Cents

Hard heart for the loaf but the soft might cost ya

Careful how I move 'cuz them niggas might cross yaThere be yams 'cross the street over there in the bushes

Holla at your boy if you really want 'em cookies

Met 'em at the Amico four way in the mena

Jumped out, grab the cash hopped back in my beemerThen I turn up my Alpine, yeah, you

know I'm feeling that

Look there go Iesha, ya, you know I'm killing that

Certified trap star, ya, you know I'm hood, bitch

Catch me in a fast car and I'm smoking good, bitchYou got that money

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And when you wrap it, ay, it's gotta be seranFor real, J's lil' slit 'cuz they know we keep the good shit

Neighborhood star bitches all up on his business that's right

2 piece in a biscuit, okay, I got your other man

Ya, I know them drill but my father put the flood rightBreak down 20's, you can call 'em

Flintstones

Or bleach in my hood so I can get my stash on

When the shift in get my sack then I'm gone

Then I'm up the next day getting back to it HolmesFor real, lil' homies better fuck with me if you won't pay

Come with a dollar fifty, you can come and get a Elway

A Elway? That's 7 shots for you niggas

Try some slick shit, I got the glock for you niggas You got that money

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And when you wrap it, ay, it's gotta be seranScales full of grams, them niggas on the block call

Just bought the block down, 'fina tear the block down

Got 'em gems full of 7 grams, 449

David Copperfield make a block outta 9Grind hard, I get it from the dirt

I fucks with that beat sand, I rather have it all tan

It's all who you know and what you wanna spin

They ain't speaking no English unless you buy a tinOn nine ten, in the rental bumpin' Lyfe

Jennings

I swear to God that my trunk got a life in it

Riding solo, I promise if I make it back

I'm breaking everything down, ya dog ain't fuckin' aroundYou got that money

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Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/