

# Fuck That Check Up (feat. Lil Uzi Vert)

## Meek Mill

Lil' fish, yeah  
If you can't swim, you gon' drown, hoe  
We ain't gon' save you either  
HahahahBad lil thottie, she got bodies  
I'm on perkies, she on molly  
Sippin' on dirty, smokin' on Cali  
Big Rolls Royce, no Maseratis  
I'm 'bout to pull out that V12  
I'ma shit on these niggas like Ezel  
Let her ride on that dick with no seatbelt  
With the money, I know she don't mean well  
Niggas running their mouth like they females  
When you winning, they only wan' see you fail  
When you winning, they only wan' see you lose  
Niggas steal and I can't let 'em see my moves  
Wait, ha ha, selling that cocaina (white!)  
Started off selling that crack rock (crack rock)  
Now we sell out arenas (lit!)  
White boys say I'm genius, white girls say I'm gnarly  
Did 30 bandz in Neimans, now we 20 grand at Barney's  
Ever put a pop bitch on the block list, I don't pop shit  
Cause I got shit, in the drop six  
With a thot bitch, whole squad lit  
Heard your new shit, that is not it  
Whole gang with me on some mob shit  
He ain't talkin' money then its nonsense  
Bran got the gas, you are not lit, no way  
Fuck that check up (fuck that check up)  
Fuck that check up (fuck that check up)  
We gettin' rich and these niggas sick  
They need a check up (they need a check up)  
I'm so lit  
I fucked that bitch as soon as I met her (soon as I met her)  
Fuck that check up (fuck it up)  
Young nigga, fuck that check up (young nigga, young nigga)  
Fuck that check up (fuck it up)  
Light my wrist and my neck (woah, woah)  
Fuck that check up (fuck it up)  
Young nigga, fuck that check up (fuck that check up)  
Fuck that check up (fuck that check up)  
Fuck that check up (fuck it up, fuck it up)  
Fuck that check up (fuck that check up)

Fuck that check up (fuck it up, fuck it up)  
Ha, yeah  
Back in this bitch and we litty again  
I'm 'bout to land in the city again  
She with the gang, he tripping again  
He like, "You out with that nigga again?"  
She gettin' cocky like, "Yeah I'm with him"  
Five bands, Gucci coat, rockin' 1s  
I'll never wear it again, no  
(Huh, yeah!) Gucci swag so relaxed  
Louis bag with the hat, Uzi Vert with the mac  
Damn, thought I wasn't, fuck you then hit your cousin  
All hunnits, don't want no twenty  
Stop hatin', fuck nigga get money  
Fuck your bitch, hit it once  
Ain't my type, give her back, uh  
My Rarri, no keys like vroom  
My car don't got room  
Yeah, I put all of them guap in the front  
Yeah, my engine in the back  
Little nigga we don't talk about nothing  
If that shit not 'bout the racks  
Don't call my phone, don't leave no message  
But that girl was swerving me, diamonds emergency  
Better hit 911  
Up all night, don't rest much  
Spent two hunnid put the rest up  
Young nigga fuck that check up  
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Fuck that check up (fuck that check up)  
Fuck that check up (fuck it up, fuck it up)  
Uh, my old bitch, yo' new bitch  
She wanna vibe like Q-Tip, she get tagged like you it  
Nigga said he wanna fade me, we ran into him  
He ain't wan' do shit

I don't care what he sayin', we ain't playin'  
We just came to shoot shit  
Yeah, run up them racks (run it up, run it up)  
I'm gettin' back (run it up, run it up)  
Niggas be tweetin' (niggas be tweetin')  
They gettin' smacked  
Bitches be screenshottin', tell 'em to hit me on Snap  
She hit me back, oh Lord, she gettin' clapped  
Ever fuck a bad bitch in the bando, air mattress  
Going HAM-o, poppin' cash shit, Bape camo with the masses  
Dirty young bull living lavish  
Gets yo' mans up, go to Paris  
20 grand up when the teller hit  
You can tell we ain't never had shit, no way  
Fuck that check up (fuck that check up)  
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