

Checkmate - Cordae & Hit-Boy lyrics

This Lyrics is downloaded from Showthelyrics.com check out for more lyrics

“Checkmate”

[Intro]

Yeah (Turn me up)

Yeah

(Hit Boy)

Ayy, check it

[Chorus]

Okay, I feel unstoppable, odds are not probable
Go against the team, that shit is not logical (Never)
Living out my dream, these islands I'm on tropical (For real)
You ain't made it 'til all the top models is toppin' you

[Verse 1]

You ain't made it 'til you got stylists go out and shop for you
TMZ pull up, spit on the camera like Pac would do
Hope you niggas caught the right angle, hypotenuse
I'm in DR on a big yacht with the prostitutes
Boy, stop, I'm just living out my real truth
Hundreds real blue, strips on 'em still new
Fucked up Dover Street, I'm drippin' like mildew
They say he don't do visit the hood, nigga, I still do
A real nigga, only difference my bills bigger
I'm still with you, I just got rich a little quicker
The same man, God handed me his game plan
I ain't perfect, far from it, what can I say, man?

[Chorus]

I feel unstoppable, odds are not probable
Go against the team, that shit is not logical
Living out my dream, these islands I'm on tropical
You ain't made it 'til all the top models is toppin' you

[Verse 2]

It felt like yesterday I was just driving my grandma's Chevrolet
From South Carolina to Maryland, I take the jet today
I'm still on the come up, I'm still building my resume
I still got a lot to prove but still I'm heavy weight
I still gotta watch my moves, they try to defamate my character
But I won't let 'em, it's always checkmate
I'm still screaming "Fuck the world," hope she impregnates
Mother Nature's my main bitch, we'll drop a sex tape
I go ballistic and I'm so terrific
Accounts is copacetic, I don't need no permission
But I'm so indebted to this game that I love
And most of all to the man above, now check me out
Now I was just at Friday's, was serving the greens
Then got off to sell weed, I was serving the fiends
Now I ain't never been a gangsta but I know a few things
And seen niggas get locked up to murder their dreams
But I done spoke too much, close curtain the scene
I am not a human being, I'm a full machine
I ain't holier than thou, I don't judge, I sing
I'm just a nigga on the come up tryna reign supreme, motherfucker

[Interlude]

Yeah, Hit Boy, we got another one, nigga, ha
Man, y'all niggas ain't ready for this, man
I'm still grinding, I'm still hungry, hungrier than ever

[Chorus]

I feel unstoppable, odds are not probable (Nah)
Go against the team, that shit is not logical

**Living out my dream, these islands I'm on tropical
You ain't made it 'til all the top models is toppin' you**
