Check 'Em

A. Skillz

(Master P)
Who dat call the police
Yo ma called the police
I got five on the lips
But I ain't payin for the ass
You just got yo hair fixed
So can you pump a nigga gas
Now when you ridin in my truck can you pick a nigga dick
I got a boonapolist so can you be my trick
C-Murder called you hoes like some fuckin crash dummies
It ain't love when the motherfucking sex cost money
I ain't dissin you hoes
I just don't love you hoes
In yo raggedy ass Girbauds
When you swangin on them poles
Now if you trippin then you know you livin trife
And if you dippin I can't put you in my life
Cause all hoes suck dick
Let me tell you dog hoes you fuckin with
See i don't play no games and i don't sweat no hoes
(But you Master P) Well bitch take off your clothes
Talk that shit now roll with it
Ya warefare check hoe go get it
(chorus)
(P) Check dem hoes
(Traci) Check dem niggas(4x)
(Traci)
Check dem hoes nigga is you crazy
You can stunt all you want but that shit don't phase me
(?) in front yo boys like you made me nigga

I hold my own ????????
Reppin like you gon shine
Nigga you is a waste of time
Gettin that ho to step to me
I gets down for mine
Me and my girls we don't play no games
Fuck you lames
When you walkin on side of me

I'm bringin you pain
You can talk that shit about suck yo dick
Get a grip
Broke bitch you ain't the shit
You know who you fuckin wit
Drop a baby for you
Nigga you must be sick
Got no time for the lies all niggas is tricks
(chorus)
(P) Who dat call the police
Yo ma called the police
(Traci) Who dat call the police
Yo pa call the police
(P) Dem hoes call the police
(Traci) Dem niggas call the police
(P) Check dem hoes
(Traci) Check dem niggas
(P) Talk that shit now roll wit it
Yo warefare check ho go get it
(911 operator, did someone dial 911?)

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