

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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