

Check Yo Self (The Message Rem

Ice Cube

You better check yo self before you wreck yo self
Cause I'm bad for your health
I come real stealth
Dropping bombs on your moms
Fuck car alarms
Doing foul crime
I'm that nigga wit'cha Alpine
Sold it for a six-o, always let tricks know
And friends know we got the indo
No I'm not a sucker sitting in a House of Pain
And no I'm not the butler, I'll cut you
Head-butt you, you say you can't touch this
And I wouldn't touch ya, punk mothafucka
Here to let you know boy oh boy
I make dough but don't call me Dough Boy
This ain't no fucking motion picture
A guy or bitch-a, I'll get wit'cha
And hit you taking that yack to the neck
So you better run a check
So come on and chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self
Chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self
Yeah, come on and check yo self before you wreck yo self
Cause shotgun bullets are bad for your health
Tricks wanna step to Cube and then they get played
Cause they bitchmade pulling out a switchblade
That's kinda trifle cause that's a knife-o
AK-47, assault rifle
Hold the fifty
I'm nifty, pow
I gotta new style, watch out now
I hate motherfuckers claiming that they folding bank
But steady talking shit in the holding tank
First you wanna step to me
Now your ass screaming for the deputy
They send you to Charlie-Baker-Denver row
Now they running up in you slow
You're gone, used to be the Don Juan
Check that shit out
Now your name is just Twan
Switch it, snap it, rolling your eyes and neck
You better run a check
So chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self

Come on and check yo self before you wrickity-wreck yo self
So chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self
Cause big dicks up yo ass is bad for yo healthIf you're foul, you better run a make on that license plate
You coulda had a V8
Instead of a tre-eight slug to the cranium
I got six and I'm aiming em
Will I shoot or keep you guessing
Cause fuck you and that shit you stressing
Bitch get off the wood, you're no good
There goes the neighbourhood hooker
Go ahead and keep your drawers
Giving up the claps and who needs applause
At a time like this, pop the coochie and you dead
The bitch is a Miami Hurricane head
Sprung, niggas call her Lips and Lungs
Nappy dugout get the fuck out
Cause women like you gets no respect
Bitch you better run a checkSo chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self
So chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self
Come on and check yo self before you wrickity-wreck yo selfCause bitches like you is bad for my health

Songwriters

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