

# Check Me Out

Joe Budden

[Check me out right here  
Na'mean old school  
Old school niggas used to be like..  
What they used to be like? "Check me out now"  
What other ad libs these old school niggas used to say?  
I don't know but fuck it]Look, now let me ask you a question  
Who are you? Where you from? What you reppin?  
Is every bar about a burner or a weapon?  
Now he all gassed up by his presence  
Some tell me that my music is depressing, but  
The best rapper in the world, I was destined  
Jumpoff! Must be the exception  
Am I the only one that's progressing in the recession?  
They tell me tricking ain't tricking if you got it  
I never heard more false words spoken  
So, if I told you I'm a leave your wrist frozen  
I was either lying to you or just joking  
You could be in a wet T-shirt soaking,  
You could, tell me how your shit get like the ocean  
You could, jack me off with a bottle of lotion while ya legs open  
And have trouble gettin a token  
I grew up a lil, see I'm much more mature,  
My repoire is one you can adore (ask around)  
That wasn't always the case so that's for starter  
I'm enjoying the hood, the one after father  
I used to invest in heroin  
With money in Maryland, not Merrill Lynch  
Morgan Stanley, Goldman Sachs,  
And now I'm holding stacks as I stroll in Saks  
Sing it!  
Uh, check me out now! [Ya na'mean?  
Nigga all grown up  
It was this shit][Verse 2:]  
Look, when I was younger I used to get ass for sport  
Now I'm less about her sex, I'm more into her thoughts  
Nah, I ain't mean to cross that yet, I regress  
I'm more into her thoughts on sex  
And the property, fuck what's across my neck  
Be clear, I'm more into her career than her hair

Her mindstate; nothing is insurmountable  
I'm worried about her account, is she accountable?  
Real man shit, I'm no longer outlandish  
The roof don't drop but it's panoramic  
And I know haters can't stand it  
So I do it on purpose, still on my Jerz shit  
We don't fall flat, and we never cave in  
I leave pressure right to my doormat  
All that adversity never worried me  
If anything it feeds me, it'll nourish me (motivate me)  
I try to keep it a hundred, non fiction  
Lane switching in my true religions with the double stitching  
No fitted, T, Kid Robot  
These rap niggas is ass and I don't dig botox  
Into entering clubs, dodging photogs  
So they can talk shit bout me for a whole blog  
Go hard, no prob, that's the plan  
(I might) laugh at jokes nigga, I'm a grown ass man! y  
Ya heard Check me out now! [Yeah!  
Joey!  
I swear to god if this roof came down..  
This shit be down right now, snowing and I'd have my mo'fucking my shades on and shit, my hand out the  
window smoking...  
A blunt!  
Be next to the cops too  
Fuck off coppers!  
Sheah]

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