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 then 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 heardCheck me out now![Yeah!
Joey!
I swear to god if this roof came down..
This shit be down right now, snowingand 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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