

# Check Yo Self

H.A.W.K.

Yeah,  
So come on and chickity check yo self before you wreck yo self  
Check  
You better check yo self before you wreck yo self  
'Cos I'm bad for your health I come real stealth  
Droppin' bombs on ya moms fuck car alarms  
Doin' 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, sittin' in a house of pain  
And no I'm not the butler, I'll cut ya  
Head butt ya, you say you can't touch this  
And I wouldn't touch ya, in fact motherfuck ya  
Here to let you know boy, oh boy  
I make dough but don't call me Dough Boy  
This ain't no fuckin' motion picture  
A guy or bitch-a, I'll get wit'cha  
And hit ya, takin' 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  
Chickity-check  
Chickity-check  
Tricks wanna step to Cube and then they get played  
'Cause they bitch may pullin' 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 claimin' that they foldin' bank  
But steady talkin' shit in the holding tank  
First you wanna step to me  
Now your ass screamin' for the deputy  
They send you to Charlie-Baker-Denver row  
Now they runnin' up in ya slow  
You're gone, used to be the Don Juan  
Now your name is just Twan

Switch it, snap it, rollin' 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 health  
Chickity-check  
Chickity-check  
If 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 aimin' 'em  
Will I shoot or keep you guessin'  
And fuck you and that shit ya stressin'  
Bitch, get off the wood, you're no good  
There goes the neighborhood hooker  
Go ahead and keep your drawers  
Givin up the claps and who needs applause  
At a time like this, pop the coochie and ya dead  
The bitch is a Miami Hurricane hit  
Sprung, niggaz call her 'Lips and Lungs'  
Nappy dugout, get the fuck out  
'Cause women like you gets no respect  
Bitch, you better run a check  
So 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 self  
'Cause bitches like you is bad for my health  
Chickity check  
Chickity check  
So 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 self  
So 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 self

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