

# Time to Check My Crackhouse

## Master P

[Chorus x 4]Time To Check My Crackhouse, my crackhouse, my crackhouse[Verse 1]The P rat a tat

It's time to start checkin' shit  
I'm the wrong nigga in the projects to be fuckin' with  
Man get that Mack-11  
It's time for some drama  
Any nigga come up short with the cheese gonna see his momma  
Gone off that posit and slippin' that 4  
I'm bout ta lay it down with this muthafuckin' toy  
You bitches better break me off my money 'cause I'm crazy  
Girl you ain't got my cash  
You won't see your baby  
Put my dope in the baggies I mean the bundle up  
Dollar bills in my fuckin' pocket tightly crumbled up  
50's in my mouth got my goddamn tongue  
Remember when I walk on the set  
Bitch I'm gonna leave you dumb  
Break me off my cash  
I ain't takin' no shorts  
I'm aimin' that Tek-9 right at your heart  
Ain't no fuckin' return from the dead  
I'm ready to kill bitch  
I'm the wrong nigga in the game to be fuckin' with  
I'm kickin' doors down  
Tryna' get my money  
Leavin' fiends on the ground  
Face down like dummies  
You better have the cash  
or your ass in the body bag  
Killa murda muthafucka  
I ain't runnin' from the tads  
Rat-a-tat-tat is the sound from my gat  
I told you muthafuckas that you won't be coming back  
You came up short with the muthafuckin' grits  
That's why yo ass got caught up in some gangsta shit  
Call me the black rambo  
'cause I don't give a fuck  
And just like my boy said  
Yo ass got plucked  
You shoulda came right with my money

You started smokin'  
That's why I had to break you off some tokens  
So jump on the bus ride to hell bitch  
I'm gonna let your know who the fuck you be fuckin' with  
Tha M-A-STER to the muthafuckin' P  
And I ain't takin' no shorts with ya'll niggas with my D[Chorus x 4][Verse 2]Went Into the crackhouse and  
opened up the safe  
One nigga at the door lookin' at me hellah fake  
I played it all like it was fuckin good G  
That's when I told my man  
Hit 'em with the oozi!  
That's it  
1-2-times rat a tatta  
One nigga on the ground lookin' like a eggo plater  
But I ain't even trippin'  
Gotta show them I ain't fakin'  
'cause if these other niggas get me for some bacon  
I started counting my dope  
Everything was cool black  
Headed to the front  
Got them fiends walkin' in the back  
I ain't even trippin'  
Ain't no time to serve these fiends  
I got 40 g's and two fuckin' keys  
headed to the bienz to put the fuckin' cash up  
Jumped on the freeway nigga fuckin' dashed bro  
Think I see the rollers behind me through the rear-view  
But I ain't even trippin' 'cause I ran through clear view  
Stopped at Egg-Zone tried to get some gas  
That's when I see two robbers on my ass  
Played it all cold  
Told B to get that pistol  
Jumped back in the bienz shoulda seen they head whistle  
I wen't back to the house and my homie want some flour  
I ain't Scarface but got the money and the power  
They call me Nino Brown  
Or fuckin' Frank Nitty  
But if you come up short  
There's gonna be some shit up in my city[chorus x 4]Am I My Brothers Keep (x 6)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>