

Chin Check (Aidan Dao & Anthony Taratsas Remix)

N.W.A

911, forty reporting
Hello 911, help me, help me
What is your emergency
There's someone in my house, there's someone in my house
Can you please run by your address for me
151 Shenedoah, Shenendoah
Ma'am where inside the house are you
(Oh my god)
Ma'am where inside the house are you
In my room, their in my room
Ma'am calm down, deputies are on the way
is the door locked Ma'am? N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a
N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a (N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a) What the fuck's up Dre You tell me,
you talk to Ren I'm right here nigga
(N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a) Release the hound Bow wow wow
Wha wha wha what what what, what I'm a Nigga Wit an Attitude thanks to y'all
And I don't give a fuck I keep it gangsta y'all
I'ma ride for my side in the C.P.T.
God bless the memory of Eazy-E
If it wadn't for me where the fuck you'd be?
Rappin like the Treacherous Three, fuckin cowards
I'd have seen Dre rockin parties for hours
And I'd have seen Ren fuckin bitches from Howard
And I'd have seen Snoop give away Eddie Bauer's
So fuck Jerry Heller and the white superpowers This the shit niggaz kill for
They hear the villain niggaz spittin' with them nigga flows
Fuck you hoes, fuck you bitch ass niggaz too
Got something for you broke
These niggaz wearin' skirts like the pope
Who them niggaz that you love to get (us)
Who them niggaz that you fuckin' wit' (us)
Love the girl that weed and shit (what)
The saga continues, with the worlds most dangerous group
Four deep in the coup
(Im a spill it) I'ma smoke where I wanna smoke (fuck that)
I'ma choke who I wanna choke (fuck that)
I'ma ride where I wanna ride (fuck that)
cause I'ma nigga 4 life, so I'ma nigga til I diz-ie
(N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a)

I'ma smoke where I wanna smoke (fuck that)
 I'ma choke who I wanna choke (fuck that)
 (N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a)
 I'ma ride where I wanna ride (fuck that)
 cause I'ma nigga 4 life, so I'ma motherfuckin nigga til I diz-ieA pencil, a pen, or a glock
 Im the original, subliminal, subterranean
 Titianium, criminal minded, swift
 D-R-E with that fuck a bitch shit (fuck a biatch)
 A couple o' notes and get you hog-tied in rope
 Dope like tons of coke, cutthroat
 You don't want the pistols to whistle
 Candy paint impala
 I make hoes pop collarsGod damn hoes, here we go again
 Fuckin with Ren, playin' to win
 (he got the) coke in hand, (I got the) juice and gin
 Same shit you was fuckin wit way back then
 We keep it crackin' from the actin to the jackin
 G'ed up C'ed up motherfucker blaze the weed up
 We all on deck fool so put your heat up
 I stay on deck so me don't get wetLook my nigga, we can scatter like buckshots
 Let's get together, make a record, why the fuck not?
 Why the fuck not?
 Why the fuck not?
 Why the fuck not?
 Cause I'm tight as the night
 I had to wipe activator off the mic, in 1985(N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a)
 Real niggaz, biatch, you know, ha hahWe cause tragedy, erratically
 Systematically, in your house without a key
 How fucked up that'd be
 Gat'll be near your anatomy, my form of flatteryAssault and battery, cus we coming with that street mentality
 Straight west coast rider academy
 Concrete nigga, that's my reality
 We tend to bus' on niggaz that get mad at me
 Was it a bitch in the mix
 Well it had to beLying tricks told them dicks I had a key
 Hoes make the world harder than it have to be
 (Yea thats right)I'ma smoke where I wanna smoke (fuck that)
 I'ma choke who I wanna choke (fuck that)
 I'ma ride where I wanna ride (fuck that)
 cause I'ma nigga 4 life, so I'ma nigga til I diz-ieI'ma smoke where I wanna smoke (fuck that)
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Songwriters

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