Check Out Time

2Pac ft. Big Syke & Kurupt

Ay what time is it nigga? Oh shit, 12 o'clock
We got to get the fuck up outta here
Nigga, it's check out time nigga, hey call Kurupt, call Daz room
Call Suge, call all the niggaz tell 'em to meet me downstairs
Tell the valet, bring the Benz aroundHey Kurupt, y'all niggaz drivin or y'all flyin back, whassup?
Man, I'm rollin' man, fuck that shit
Hey Syke nigga, come on man, get up out the bathroom fool
Fuck that, I lost some money nigga
Aw, nigga, damnNow I'm up early in the mornin' breath stinkin' as I'm yawnin'
Just another sunny day in California
I got my mind focused on some papers while I'm into sexy capers
Give a holla to them hoochies last night that tried to rape usWill these rap lyrics take us, plus room all up in Vegas
I'm a boss playa death before I let these bitches break us
Last night was like a fantasy, Alize and Hennessee
A hoochie and her homie dirty dancin' with my man and meTold her I was interested, picture all the shit we did
I got her hot and horny, all up on me, what a freaky bitch
First you argued, then I fight it, 'til you lick me where I like it
Got a nigga all excited, it don't matter just don't bite itI never got to check out the scene
Too busy tryin' to dig a hole in your jeans
Now it seems, it's check out timeWe gotta go, we gotta go
We gotta go, we gotta go
We gotta go, we gotta goThey label me an outlaw, so it's time for the panty raid
My fantasies came true, with Janet on, I'm in a Escapade
But did it all end too soon
All the homies runnin' through the halls room to roomSo I assume since I'm a playa like my nigga Syke
Then it's only right for me to disappear into the night
My game's Trump tight, so I find time to recline
Sneak into your room, instant Messiah, shit wines of all kindsI ain't got that much time
So hurry up and pop the Dom and let me hit it from behind
Since I'm only here for one night, I got to get you hot and heated
Play like Michael Jackson and Beat ItOne more thing I like to mention, I'm done and I'm out
'Cause there's someone else who deserves my atttention
So all the homies round up in the lobby
'Cause bustin' bitches is a hobby, nigga it's check out timeWe gotta go, we gotta go
We gotta go, we gotta go
We gotta go, we gotta go
We gotta go, we gotta goHey I'm livin' the life of a boss playa
The front desk callin' but I'm checkin' out later

My behaviour is crazy from what you did to me baby
If walls could talk, they'd say, you tried to fade meI'm puttin' in work, but didn't hurt from the jacuzzi to the bed
Carressin' your thoughts, 'cause I'm livin' Fed
Heard what I said? Passion is crashin' the room
From the liquor we consumed I heard a boomI'm blackin' out, you're yellin' out 'Big Syke Daddy'
We did it in the caddy on the highway, my way
I'm lost in a dream, and so it seemed, to be the night
Five bottles of Cristal and I'm still tightOut of sight, for 'Pac and Kurupt
As I get it up, once the doors close you stuck
In a heaty, sticky situation
Get up baby, you ain't on vacation, it's check out timeWe gotta go, we gotta go
We gotta go, we gotta go
We gotta go, we gotta go
We gotta go, we gotta goWe gotta go, we gotta go
We gotta go, we gotta go
We gotta go, we gotta go
We gotta go, we gotta goWe gotta go, we gotta go
We, hey
We, we gotta go, hey
We gotta go

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