

Ch-check It Out

Beastie Boys

All you Trekkies and TV addicts
Don't mean to diss, don't mean to bring static
All you Klingons in the fuckin' house
Grab your backstreet friend and get loud Blowin' doors off hinges
I'll grab you with the pinchers
And no, I didn't retire, I'll snatch you up
With the needle nose pliers Like mutual Omaha
Got the ill boat, you've never seen before
Gliding in the glades and like Lorne Greene
You know I get paid Like caprese and with the basil
Not goofy like Darren or Hazel
I'm a mother fucking nick at night
With classics rerunning that you know all right Now remain calm, no alarm
'Cause my farm ain't fat, so what's up with that
I've got friends and family that I respect
When I think I'm too good, they put me in check So believe when I say I'm no better than you
Except when I rap, so I guess it ain't true
Like that y'all and you just don't stop
Guaranteed to make your body rock Check-ch-check-check-check-ch-check it out
What-wha-what-what-what's it all about?
Work-wa-work-work-work-wa-work it out
Let's turn this motherfuckin' party out Said, "Doc, what's the condition?
I'm a man that's on a mission
Said, "Son, you'd better listen
Stuck in your ass is an electrician Like a scientist
Mmm when I'm applying this
Method of controlling my mind
Like Einstein and the rappin' Duke combined Now, hey baby bubba, now what the deal
I didn't know you go for that mass appeal
Some call it salugi, some hot potato
I stole your mic and you won't see it later 'Cause I work magic like a magician
I add up like a mathematician
I'm a bank cashier, engineer
I wear cotton and I don't wear sheer Shazam and abracadabra
In the whip I'm gonna cruise past ya
Yo money, don't chump yourself
Put that shit back on the shelf Light rays blazin'
You're out of phase and my crew's amazin'
We're working on the record yo

So just stay patient Check-ch-check-check-check-ch-check it out
What-wha-what-what-what's it all about?
Work-wa-work-work-work-wa-work it out
Let's turn this motherfuckin' party out Check-ch-check-check-check-ch-check it out
Check-ch-check-check-check-check-ch-check it out
Check-ch-check-check-check-check-ch-check it out
Check-ch-check-check-check-check-ch-check it out Now, I go by the name of the King Adrock
I don't wear a cup nor a jock
I bring the shit that's beyond bizarre
Like Miss Piggy, who moi I am the one with the clientele
You say, "Adrock, you rock so well"
I've got class like Pink Champagne
MCA grab the mic before the mic goes stale Don't test me, they can't arrest me
I'll fake right cross-over and shoot lefty
You look upset, yo calm down
You look cable guy dunked off of your crown I flow like smoke out a chimney
You never been me
You wanna rap
But what you're making ain't hip hop B Get your clothes right out the dryer
Put armor all up on your tire
Sport that fresh attire
Tonight we goin' out to set the town on fire Set the town ablaze
Gonna stun and amaze
Ready to throw a craze
Make your granny shake her head and say, "Those were the days" Now, Check-ch-check-check-check-ch-check
it out
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Work-wa-work-work-work-wa-work it out
Let's turn this motherfuckin' party out

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