

# Check Yo Self (Remix)

## Ice Cube

So come on and chicky check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self  
Check, check You betta check yo self  
For you wreck yo self  
'Cause I'm bad for your health  
I come real stealth Droppin' bombs on ya moms  
Fuck car alarms  
Do without one mother nigga wit yo alpine  
Sold it for six-o, always let tricks know  
And friends know, we got that indoe Yo, I'm not a sucka 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, punk motherfucker 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, my nigga get wit ya  
And hit ya, makin' they yack to the neck  
So you better run a check So come on and chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self  
Chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self Yo, common, chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self  
'Cause shotgun bullets  
Are bad for your health 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' nifty now  
Gotta a new style, watch out now  
I hate motherfuckers  
Claimin' that they foldin'  
Bank but steady talkin shit in the holdin' Tank first you wanna step to me  
Now your ass screamin' for the deputy  
They send you to Charlie-Baker-Denver row  
Now the runnin' up in ya slow You're God, 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 chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self  
Come on an' chick-ity-check yo self

Before you wreck yo self So chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self  
Big dicks in ya ass is bad for your health  
Come, yeah If you're foul  
You better run a make on that license plate  
You coulda had a V8  
Instead of a trey-eight slug to ya cranium  
I got six and I'm aimin' em Will I bust or keep you guessin'  
'Cause fuck you and that shit ya stressin'  
Bitch, get off the wood, you 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 ya coochie and ya dead  
Bitch is a Miami hurricane head Sprung, niggas 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 chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self  
So chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self Come on an' chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self  
'Cause bitches like you  
Is bad for my health So chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self  
So chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self  
Come on an' chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self So chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self  
So chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self Come on an' chick-ity-check yo self  
Before you wreck yo self  
'Cause the lench mob  
Is bad for ya health Nine-trey, remix  
Old school tip, yeah  
It's like a jungle  
Sometimes it makes me wonder  
How I keep from goin' under?

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