

Check the Clock (feat. J. Sands & Grap Luva)

J. Rawls

Yo I refuse to lose even though I'm battered and bruised
They tried to black my third eye but I still come through
Crushin' the lactose rapper, shoot with accuracy
Conscious cat that's dapper, yo it has to be me
But enough about myself 'cause situations are real
Too many young cats be doing raw deals, you feel?
Getting caught with the tools of the trade
The plan is laid plus the trap
Been set, we ain't figured this yet
Still paper chasing ignoring the fight that we facing
No love for the ignorant, it's called playahating
Playas stay hated when they oughta be educated
Ego deflated, leave them lies unstated yo
We descendants of kings and queens
Instead of fodder for the cop scenes, know what I mean?
Can't form teams if we ain't thinkin alike
That's why you can feel my thoughts when I'm gripping this mic
Born to get right, born to be a part of the fight
Crushing negative auras with my positive light
Standing strong like David with his sling and his stone
It's official, the Prodigal Son has come home Ayo I claim throne like Persian kings
My urban theme is to keep my culture pure
And untampered like virgin queens
Never splurging cream
When I stack I'm merging dreams
Into one plan, rappers getting this green's an urgent thing
Number one on the list, no need to front on this shit
It's a blessing I don't have to vic with the gun on the hip
Got enough ice in the freezer, don't need none on the wrist
Just trees and more Henny, that's how I come in this bitch
Just like y'all man, I just wanted to flip
And hear myself on the air gettin spun in the mix
See you runnin the risk
Tryin to challenge J-S-A, N-D-S
Yo Grap, these nigga envious?
I'm like the friendliest
Love and peace to any with
The same back to me, that beef shit is wack to me
Because actually I find out the facts to be

That if you have beef, it's to the death naturally
And don't nobody wanna die over dumb shit
So don't front on me because of who I run with
We gotta teach these kids to say no to beef to live
Not by words, but by actions we can repeat the shit
Our brothas killing brothas
Because it only leads to one dead, one in jail
And another story to tell It goes hip hop, shoo bop doo wop
Put a hook on your mind and check the clock
And just do it, and just do it
And you know you got to just do it It goes hip hop, shoo bop doo wop
Put a hook on your mind and check the clock
And just do it, and just do it
And you know you got to just do it Free your mind and define what is true to you
Hold your plan tight, something like paper to glue
I keep it fool proof, set up a base for my youth
When it's all done, she's flying helly's off of roof
Big plans now, working my product against demand now
Takin breath before I take my steps
Now that I'm ready, I execute with great precision
On mission with Sands makin proper decisions That are critical, Razor Sharp like Bobby Digital
Political, in all angles we stay pivotal
Original, MC smooth individual
I'm down for Rawls, never wanna see my nigga pitiful
Ridicule, I do not, that's just my physical
The one who stared and played the judge and life is the fool
The plan is lyrical, we all just need to get along
And that's the formula of the song
Grap L-U-V in, Sands I'm MCing
While J. Rawls got the funky drums beating, check it out It goes hip hop, shoo bop doo wop
Put a hook on your mind and check the clock
And just do it, and just do it
And you know you got to just do it It goes hip hop, shoo bop doo wop
Put a hook on your mind and check the clock
And just do it, and just do it
And you know you got to just do it

Songwriters

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