

Check It Out (feat. E-40 & Kurupt)

B-Legit

From a nickel and dime ass nigga
To a top top top, big rigga
Check it, check it out, check it out
Check it out, check it
Check it out, check it out, check it out
Check it out, check it
It ain't cell in this town that can hold
And fuck the task force 'cuz them suckas tried to fold me, scold me
Told me if I move that they was blazin'
Got me to the station, hella questions they be askin'
Who's the big balla, who supply your crew?
Who got the big birdies in the box is it you?
I never said a word 'cuz nigga I don't do so
You fools, got some question better ask the lawyer Rousseau
I'm so international, all about my cashional
18 million rational, speak mice?
What you want fool dogg tell me what you need
'Bout a couple pints of Hennisse an eighth of weed
Seems time gettin' shorter
Time to elevate from nickels, dimes up to quarters
Kurupt, B-legit, and 40 Water
Niggaz oughta, get to swervin'
Take a hit, hit the strip and then get to pervin'
Squa, squab music, Mobb music
Right on a muthfucka and draw down on his ass music
The 213 the 41510
Pull a ho without a muthafuckin' tug of war
40 water your playa patna
Ever since the womb, I been a tycoone
Actin up
(Actin' up)
Actin' tough
(Actin' tough)
Actin' bad with all kinds of guns and stuff
From a nickel and dime ass nigga
To a top hat ballin' big rigga
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I got a half a ounce and a 'four to bounce
Half a brick to flip, large amount accounts

Life as a young nigga with loot don't count
Life as a young nigga with loot turned out
You know it ain't nothin' to it but to do it
Flow like fluid, you's included
Pursue it, subdue it and run through it
Doin' what I do is hard to maintain my composure
Ah man they came through with no doujaThe muthfuckin' county ain't no place for the savage
A cock hound dank smokin' nigga 'bout his cabbage
But if I'm ever caught I'm a ride my shit
Divorce my broad but nigga keep my bitch
Bury my mail in my momma backyard
Steady poppin' chyme to correctional guards
They fucks wit my crew 'cuz they claim that we be trouble
Them niggaz from the V to the H-I doubleI'm tryin' to get this party tonight at this motel
A gang a bitches there, some more on my voice mail
Bathtub full of the ice and the fifths
My homey K-1 rollin' blunts at the crib
First I take a hit, strolls like a pimp
The muthafuckin' savage with the million dollar limp
Another big day for this timin' ass balla
Hit the block stock in my ninety fin ImpalaLet them pipes holla
I know I'm lookin' saucy
19 shots sittin' next to my 40
Snatch my knot
Shake the spot and gets far
Bitch, I'm a muthafuckin' rap starFrom a nickel and dime ass nigga
To a top hat ballin' big rigga
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To a top hat ballin' big rigga
From a nickel and dime ass nigga
To a top hat ballin' big riggaMe open shop with sixteenth of powder to a whole zip
To a half ham now I'm sittin' kilograms
Niggaz 'spect me to the upmost 'cuz I'm highly spoken 'bout
Niggaz love me because I'm all about my paper route
I keep my lawyers and my bail bondsmen paid shit
For all I know they might decide to raid shit
Back in the day po-po was easily out-smarted
But now they got some new and improved state of the artNow it's goin' down am I living in the past
This modern day slavery takin' toll on my ass
You either take me in or let's this timer go
Or if you got some charges nigga let this timer know
I told you I'm a rapper, love to entertain
Catch me on the stage with a mic spittin' game

Legit's my name and you can even ask your daughter
About Kurupt, B-legit and 40 waterFrom a nickel and dime ass nigga
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Songwriters

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