

# Check Out Time

Lalo Schifrin and John E. Davis

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 around Hey 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, damn Now 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 us Will 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 me Told 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 it I never got to check out the scene  
Too busy tryin' to dig a hole in your jeans  
Now it seems, it's check out time We gotta go, we gotta go  
We gotta go, we gotta go  
We gotta go, we gotta go They 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 room So 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 kinds I 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 It One more thing I like to mention, I'm done and I'm out  
'Cause there's someone else who deserves my attention  
So all the homies round up in the lobby  
'Cause bustin' bitches is a hobby, nigga it's check out time We gotta go, we gotta go  
We gotta go, we gotta go  
We gotta go, we gotta go  
We gotta go, we gotta go Hey 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 me I'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 boom I'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 tight Out 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 time We gotta go, we gotta go  
We gotta go, we gotta go  
We gotta go, we gotta go  
We gotta go, we gotta go We gotta go, we gotta go  
We gotta go, we gotta go  
We gotta go, we gotta go  
We gotta go, we gotta go We gotta go, we gotta go  
We, hey  
We, we gotta go, hey  
We gotta go

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