Check It Out (feat. Mary J. Blige)

Grand Puba

Flippin' the script, page one
We got the real McCoy's in the house
The big kids callin' all the shots
So here's the resume for the day, check it
It's time to turn the pageSo check it out y'all, check it, check it out
Check it out y'all, check it, check it out
Check it out y'all, check it, check it out
Check it out y'all, check it, check it outWell here's some reel type shit, Grand Puba with the singer
Give thumbs up 'cause I'm glad I could bring her
Honey clear your throat, yeah, yeah the shit sound dopeWell, here goes the skit, it's the kick a rhyme zing
To the beat shit that you wanna get wit
Brothers try to copy but they just can't get it down right
This is how we move it tonightSo honey is you ready? Yes I'm ready
So, kick the flavor, get the loot, and let's be jetti
Aiyyo, check itWell, I'll be damned if I do, damned if I don't
It's time to kick the flavor on the reel you think I won't?
And you know I come to kick the flavor too
Well, that's true, now how we do?I gets busy, aiyyo, hon me too and that's nothin'
'Cause that's the way we do, so get ready
Because you know the deal and what's the real thing, yeah, yeah, yeah
So let's get down, get down with honey from uptownWhen I'm done with this I'll be around like James Brown
Ain't no thing, honey just sing, you know I and you
Yeah, we got it goin' on, we got it goin' on
We got it goin on, we got it goin' onSo check it out y'all, check it, check it out
Check it out y'all, check it, check it out
Check it out y'all, check it, check it out
Check it out y'all, check it, check it outYou know, you know, I know, Puba knows how to flow
So bear witness to the Grand Puba slickness
Better get your medication 'cause it spreads on the quickness
Take notes to what's goin' onAiyyo, Grand Puba and Mary won't steer you wrong
Hon it's just that shit, let's get it on and on and on, and on and on
Aiyyo, some try to flow but they just can't do it
But you know how that go, ain't nothin' to itBut to do it, run right through it
Those who know the time, already knew it
I drink a snapple and I wet my Adam's apple
And head straight for the center, the dope style inventorQuick to make a buck 'cause it's not beginner's luck
Type of shit that hits when you pump it in your truck
Not Ashford and Simpson, Ike and Tina Turner
Sonny or Cher, it's somethin' dope on your earSo whether Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, it don't make a matter
This is the type of shit to make the pockets fatter
It's simply splendid, the way that we bend it
But it's time for me to jet, so I'm a let Mary end itYou know, you know, I know
Puba knows how to flow got it goin' on
You know, you know I know you got it goin' on
You, yeah, yeah, baby, baby, baby, baby baby

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