

Check Yo Temperature (Feat. Sundae & T-Nutty)

Tech N9ne

I keep my temperature on 74 when I'm at the crib
And 79 in the winter time that's just how I live
But when the homies call and say let's hit the town
When we do them haters frown, nigga turn the heat down
I know we skip the line and bitches think we fine
I know you feelin' drunk and tough, but you best recline
You don't wanna get stained it's pain in this lane
I'mma check they temperature, they all up in my mix, mayne
Whattup, suckers, ain't no lookin' back
I just wanna know, what you niggas lookin' at?
I just come to kick it with the bitches, I ain't come for you
If you really want it, yeah my homies got a gun or two
I take on every one of you, what you wanna do?
Don't forget I got this whole club on my side trippin' is dumb'a you
Stop, everybody what's that sound?
It sound like a hater 'bout to get the beat down
With the quick and why they wanna go and get me pissed
When they know I'm with me clique and a real nigga like Mitchy Slick
On this Hennessy, Sprite and lemon, fuck these niggas, invite the women
Busters wanna insight the grimin', now you gotta invite the crimin-nals
Don't gimme that bullshit, nigga don't gimme no looks
You better get over the shit, a veteran knowin' that you pathetic
And let 'em fuck up and hit me on kush
So you better snap your fingers and then rock with it
Cause if you chops spit it, I'mma let somethin' hot hit it
'Bout a hundred somethin' he looked like he wanted somethin'
RÃ©my had him beefy now he look like a honey bun or somethin'[Chorus]
AYE! Why they always gotta trip with you
I'm minding my business now I gotta check yo temperature
AYE! Player hater man you fixin' to
Make me lose it if you heated when I check yo temperature
AYE! Now I ain't come to play games
So why you gotta make me check yo temperature, mayne?
AYE! And I guess we all gon' bang
If you heated when I check yo temperature, mayneAh, kick it, stay, fresh, step out, in my, sunday's best
Bitches, trippin', you'll get slapped, hold up wait, what you bitches lookin' at?
I'm callin' askin' why you askin' 'bout me, if for that liquor
She said cause she spittin' vixen in a mix of Tech N9ne and Twista
Lip singing and quick sand, flippin' bricks and gettin' chips man

Hundred grand they spick-and-span, let Louie V and my women's wet
Who is she? Cause I been there, who is he? He ain't a threat
Who am I? KC Boss bitch, what you doin'? Tryin' to snap back
A hundred degrees, I'm heated, eat it, like it was your dinner roll
You've never been a friend to me, bitch better check yo temperature
I'll block you like rocky on cocky, catch a lot of bodies
Try to knock me from my hierarchy, straight down on Kawasakis
These poppies like that seed that hung from over seas
We G's livin' in that clipse so hard, that stunday, yes I'm stootin' star
What the fuck you hoes stand for? Knowin' you all are some scared hoes
Make me start a girl fight, better check this bitches' fahrenheit
Blowin' niggas I'm BeBe, see broke niggas I Skeske
I'll choke your head, beacause see they gon' drop you like my CD[Chorus]To gave you the truth we havin' a
ball, there's bitches all over the place
To gave you the truth we havin' a ball, there's bitches all over the place
There's bitches all over the place, why is you niggas all up in my face?
I'm finna flip the script and start trippin' on them like what you niggas lookin' at?
I think these niggas might need some glasses what they lookin' at?
A poodle tuckin' its tail I ain't ever been mistookin that
Plus I can read your game plan like my book of raps
Last nigga that tried it caught a right and then he took a nap
Nigga sleep go night-night, for fuckin' with niggas that fight-fight
And some of you suckers be hatin' cause we shinin' like some bright lights
T-Nutty your street buddy, Tech N9ne and the clique
They better act like they got system, lookin' at me and go get in a bitch
That nigga ??, flipped a script and my nigga bow down
Straight from Cali with a .50 cal wow, ask around and they tell you blaow-blaow
Ain't nobody trippin' off of you, I just wanna kick it and be cool
Half of these niggas are up in this motherfucker wanna be part of the crew
Cause they know we do the fool, go dumb and act retarded
Don't ever like to start it, but you can be our target
If I lose it open your mouth, for this thermometer
I'm checkin' niggas temperature, then slidin' off
With your chick and smokin' bomb with her[Chorus]

Songwriters

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