Check It Out

Das EFX

Ah ha ha ha (Check this out!)
Woo! Check it out (Check this out)
Ah yeah (Check this out)
Ya just don't stop, kid ya just don't stop (Check this out)
Yeah ya just don't stop, word up
Ah yeah!

[Chorus: x8]
Check it out y'all (Check it check it out, dun)

Check this out, yo, yo
Well check it out it's the incredible, never edible, unforgettable
Dweller from the cellar kickin' terror 'cause I'm terrible
See I be schoolin' 'em, foolin' 'em when I'm speakin' it
Peepin' it 'cause y'all be keepin' it, look how I'm freakin' it
I got'cha tinglin', tinglin' and minglin'
Border way to go, the radio they got my single in
They rockin' this, ain't no toppin' this when I'm droppin this
Style that I can buy 'cause yo I rhyme like a rhinoceros
My skill is illy, silly when I work it
Quick to flip the lip and rip a nigga out the circuit
So step wit it, can ya get wit it when I'm flexin' it
Takin' out these quick 'cause my nigga Books is next on it

I know you're not set, check it, you're wonderin' where the heck I've been
Chillin' stupid, 'cause there ain't no dooper who got wrecker than
The Boogie Banger, it could be danger so back, tootz
'Cause we're guys but niggas want to revise they rap books
What up kid? I can sell you rugged with the hip-hoppin
Throw it, like to see me from my nuts until my dick top
What a bummer, it seem to be no MC can get dumber than
Me one other, two niggas from the
Sewer, my shit is new without the magnesia
'Cause G, I be's the man from here to Indonesia
Aah yeah, you heard me, see I'm just another dirty dick
Drastically, casually I puff the erb to get zone like the Senate, so

[Chorus: x8]

Here I come so nigga don't be hatchin' it, I'm snatchin' it, niggas o'dose

When I catch this
Niggas in the dark, I spark at them like I was matches
I set up quicker, kick a verse with no distortion
I suggest emcees proceed with some caution
I hip, tip, grippin' tit because there ain't no
Way I'm gonna lift when I erupt like a volcano
I'm acid, my crew is massive, you're soft like jello
I'm gettin' props, a habit like Abbott and Costello
When I flaunt this, niggas want this, they'll be usin'
A squeegee when I'm bitchin' 'cause bitch I'm comin' to get your ass

Comin' to get'cha it's the D-Bats so nigga think back to the way I bring this
Or brung that, I swung that, now look at the way I'm swingin' this
Just like my name was Joe DiMaggio
And hell Dray! My twelve gauge spit shells like pizaggio
We can get it on and my word is bond and fuck who you be G
Your crew is easy just like Sunday mornin' when I'm yawnin' so
It's no sense in you losin' what you got kid
'Cause G I be doin' the mic like Mr. T be doin' the chopsticks
Ya gets done like no matter where ya from, jack
For fun, I'm nailin' rappers like a thumb tack
I'm sort of spliffed so I don't think niggas order it
Plus I'm the type you might not like to leave your daughter with

[Chorus: x8]

[Repeat: x9]
(Check this out)

[Chorus: x8]

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