

# Check Yo Self ("The Message" Remix)

## Ice Cube

You better check yo self before you wreck yo self  
Cause I'm bad for your health  
I come real stealth  
Dropping bombs on your moms  
Fuck car alarms  
Doing foul crime  
I'm that nigga wit'cha Alpine  
Sold it for a six-o, always let tricks know  
And friends know we got the indo  
No I'm not a sucker sitting in a House of Pain  
And no I'm not the butler, I'll cut you  
Head-butt you, you say you can't touch this  
And I wouldn't touch ya, punk mothafucka  
Here to let you know boy oh boy  
I make dough but don't call me Dough Boy  
This ain't no fucking motion picture  
A guy or bitch-a, I'll get wit'cha  
And hit you taking that yack to the neck  
So you better run a check  
So come on and chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self  
Chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self  
Yeah, come on and check yo self before you wreck yo self  
Cause shotgun bullets are bad for your health  
Tricks wanna step to Cube and then they get played  
Cause they bitchmade pulling out a switchblade  
That's kinda trifle cause that's a knife-o  
AK-47, assault rifle  
Hold the fifty  
I'm nifty, pow  
I gotta new style, watch out now  
I hate motherfuckers claiming that they folding bank  
But steady talking shit in the holding tank  
First you wanna step to me  
Now your ass screaming for the deputy  
They send you to Charlie-Baker-Denver row  
Now they running up in you slow  
You're gone, used to be the Don Juan  
Check that shit out  
Now your name is just Twan  
Switch it, snap it, rolling your eyes and neck  
You better run a check  
So chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self

Come on and check yo self before you wrickity-wreck yo self  
So chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self  
Cause big dicks up yo ass is bad for yo healthIf you're foul, you better run a make on that license plate  
You coulda had a V8  
Instead of a tre-eight slug to the cranium  
I got six and I'm aiming em  
Will I shoot or keep you guessing  
Cause fuck you and that shit you stressing  
Bitch get off the wood, you're no good  
There goes the neighbourhood hooker  
Go ahead and keep your drawers  
Giving up the claps and who needs applause  
At a time like this, pop the coochie and you dead  
The bitch is a Miami Hurricane head  
Sprung, niggas call her Lips and Lungs  
Nappy dugout get the fuck out  
Cause women like you gets no respect  
Bitch you better run a checkSo chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self  
So chickity-check yo self before you wreck yo self  
Come on and check yo self before you wrickity-wreck yo selfCause bitches like you is bad for my health

Songwriters

O'SHEA JACKSON, LARRY MUGGERUDPublished by

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