

Check Out Time (Feat. Big Syke & Kurupt)

2Pac

Ay what time is it nigga?
("I don't know.") Oh shit, 12 o'clock
Oh shit, we got to get the fuck up outta here
("Hell yeah.") Nigga, it's check out time nigga
Hey call up Kurupt, call Daz room ("Hey there, bitch, where Suge at, nigga?")
Call Suge, call all the niggas tell 'em to meet me downstairs ("Where K and them niggas at man?")
Tell the valet, bring the Benz around ("Ay, y'all seen my shoes?")
Hey Kurupt, y'all niggas 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
DamnNow 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 fantansy, AlizÃ© and Hennessy
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 scence
Too busy tryin' to dig a hole in your jeans
Now it seems, it's check out timeWe gotta go (gotta go, gotta go)
We gotta go (yeah baby) (it's check it out time)
We gotta go (let's go nigga, gotta go)
We gotta go (Y'all know what time it is!) (Ay, c'mon man get y'all bags man)
We gotta go (call that valet motherfucker, tell him to get a nigga shoe)
We gotta go ('cause we out this, motherfucker)They label me an outlaw, so it's time for the panty raid
My fantansies came true with Janet on, I'm in a escape
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 in 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 Micheal 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 (ayo man Pac ay)
We gotta go (where the where the fuck is Daz at man?)
We gotta go (This nigga locked up or somethin'?)
We gotta go (The only one not to leave) (yo man)
We gotta go (it's check out time it's time to get out this mother)
We gotta go (You seem them bitches?)
We gotta go (We out man, fuck that shit)
We gotta go (Yo Rece!)

We gotta go (Yo nigga, whassup, whassup?) 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 from 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 (Ay, it's check out time)
We gotta go (Ay Pac, nigga where my motherfuckin')
We gotta go (where my shoes go, nigga?)
We gotta go (where my motherfuckin' drawers and shit at man?)
We gotta go (Man, y'all niggas was in here partyin' too fuckin' much)
We gotta go (What the fuck y'all doin', nigga? Kurupt!)

We gotta go (go tell Daz, man, and Bogart and the rest of them niggas, c'mon man)
Niggas is trippin' man
Front desk all callin' me, tellin' me to get the hell outta here, man
We gotta go (I ain't got no more money, somebody loan me a hundred)

We gotta go
We gotta go
We gotta go

We gotta go
We gotta go
We gotta go
We gotta go We gotta go, ooh
We gotta go
We, hey
We
We gotta go, ho
We gotta go uh
Hmm yeah yeah, hey hey

Songwriters

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