

Check Yo Temperature

Tech N9ne

I keep my temperature at 74 when I'm at the crib
And 79 in the winter time, thats just how I live
But when the homies call and say lets 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 n tough,
but you best recline
You don't wanna get stained
Its pain in this lane
I'mma check they temperature,
they all up in my mix mane
What up? Suckas!
Ain't no lookin back!
I just wanna know,
what'chu niggas lookin at?
I just come to kick it with the bitches,
I aint come for you
If you really want it,
yeah my homies got a gun or two
I take on every one of you,
what'chu wanna do
Don't forget I got this whole club on my side,
trippin is dumb and 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 n lemon,
fuck these niggas, invite the women
Bustas wanna insight the gremlin,
now ya gatta invite the crimin-als
Don't gimmie that bullshit,
nigga dont gimmie no looks
Ya better get over the shit,
a veteran knowin'll pathetic

andn let up fuckin ya hit me up cuz
So ya better snap ya fangers
And then rock with it
Cuz if ya chops spit it
I'mma let somethin hot hit it
Bout a hundred somethin,
he looked like he wanted somethin
Remy had him beefy,
now he look like a honey bun or somethin
AYE why they always gatta trip wit'cha
I'm mindin my business,
now I gotta check yo temperature
AYE, playa hater man ya fixin' ta
Make me lose it if ya heated
when I check ya temperature
AYE Now I aint come to play games,
so why ya gatta go and make me check ya temperature mane
AYE N I guess we all gonn' bang,
if ya heated when I check ya temperature maneAh!
kick it
stay fresh
step out
in my sunday's best
bitches trippin
you'll get slapped
hold up wait
watchu bitches lookin at?
I'm callin askin
why you askin bout me?
if for that liquor
she said cuz she spittin
new vics in a mix
of tech n9ne and twista
lip singing and chris at
?? at
hundred grand
they spendin spend
let louie v
and my womens wet
who is she?
cuz i been there
who is he?
he aint a threat
Who am I?
KC Boss bitch

watchu 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 betta check yo temperature
I'll block you like rocky on cocky
catch a lot of bodies
try to knock me from my Iraqi
strapped down on Kawasakis
these poppies like that seed that
come from over seas
we g's livin in that coupe so hard
that sundae is a super star
what the fuck you hoes stand for?
Knowin you all are some scared hoes
make me start a girl fight
betta check this bitches Fahrenheit,
blowin niggas I'm BeBe
See broke niggas I Skeet skeeet
I'll chirp your name for this CB
They gon drop you like my cd
(chorus)
AYE why they always gatta trip wit'cha
I'm mindin my business,
now I gotta check yo temperature
AYE, playa hater man ya fixin' ta
Make me lose it if ya heated
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AYE Now I aint come to play games,
so why ya gatta go and make me check ya temperature mane
AYE N I guess we all gonn' bang,
if ya heated when I check ya temperature maneTo tell you the truth
we havin a ball
there's bitches all over the place
To Tell 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 from the flip the script
and start drippin on them like
Whatchu niggas lookin at?

I think these niggas might need some glasses
what they lookin at?
I poodle tuckin its tail
I aint ever been mistookin that
plus I can read your game plan
like my book of raps
last nigga that tried it
caught a right n then he took a nap
nigga sleep go night night
for fucking wit niggas that fight fight
and some of you suckas be hatin
cuz we shinin like some bright lights
t-nutty your street buddy
tech n9ne and the click
they better act like they got sense
stop lookin at me n go get in a bitch
that nigga stretch the flex but won't flinch,
flip the script
and my nigga bow down
straight from cal with a .50 cal wow
ask around and they tell you blaow blaow
aint nobody trippin off of you
I jus wanna kick it and be cool
half of these niggas are up in this motha fucka
wanna be part of the crew
cuz they know we do the fool
go dumb and act retarded
dont ever like to start it
but you can be a target
if I lose it open your mouth
for this thermometer
I'm check a niggas temperature
then sliding off with your chick
smokin bomb wit her
(chorus)
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I'm mindin my business,
now I gotta check yo temperature
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