

# Check Out Time (Feat. Kurupt & Big Syke)

## 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 goWe 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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