

Ch-Check It Out

Beastie Boys

All you Trekkies and TV addicts
Don't mean to diss don't mean to bring static
All you Klingons in your grandma's house
Grab your backstreet friend and get loud
Blowin' doors off hinges
I'll grab you with the pinchers
And no, I didn't retire
I'll snatch you up with the needle-nose pliers Like Mutual of Omaha
With the ill boat you've never seen before
Glidin' in the glades
And like Lorne Greene you know I get paid
Like Caprese and with the basil
Not goofy like Darren or Hazel
I'm a motherfuckin' "Nick at night"
With classics rerunning that you know all right
Now remain calm, no alarm, 'cause my farm ain't fat
So what's up with that?
I've got friends and family that I respect
When I think I'm too good they put me in check
So believe when I say I'm no better than you
Except when I rap so I guess it ain't true
Like that y'all and you just don't stop
Guaranteed to make your body rock Check-ch-check-check-check-ch-check it out
What-wha-what-what-what's it all about?
Work-wa-work-work-work-wa-work it out
Let's turn this, turn this party out Said, Doc what's the condition?
I'm a man that's on a mission
Said, son, you'd better listen
Stuck in your (what?) is an electrician
Like a scientist
When I'm applying this
Method of controlling my mind
Like Einstein and the rappin' Duke combined Now, hey, baby bubba now what the deal?
I didn't know you go for that mass appeal
Some call it salugi, some hot potato
I stole your mic and you won't see it later
'Cause I work magic like a magician
I add up like a mathematician
I'm a bank cashier, engineer

I wear cotton but I don't wear sheer Shazam and abracadabra
In the whip I'm gonna cruise past ya
Yo, money, don't chump yourself
Put that (what?) back on the shelf
Light rays blazin'
You're out of phase, and my crew's amazin'
We're working on the record yo, so just stay patient Check-ch-check-check-check-ch-check it out
What-wha-what-what-what's it all about?
Work-wa-work-work-work-wa-work it out
Let's turn this, turn this party out Now, I go by the name of the King Adrock
I don't wear a cup nor a jock
I bring the shit that's beyond bizarre
Like Miss Piggy, who moi?
I am the one with the clientele
Who say, Adrock, you rock so well
I've got class like pink champale
MCA grab the mic before the mic goes stale Don't test me they can't arrest me
I'll fake right, cross-over and shoot lefty
You look upset, yo, calm down
You look like cable guy dunked off of your crown
I flow like smoke out a chimney
You never been me
You want to rap but what you're making ain't Hip-Hop, B Now, get your clothes right out the dryer
Put Armor-All up on your tire
Sport that fresh attire
Tonight we goin' out set the town on fire
Set the town ablaze, gonna stun and amaze
Ready to throw a craze
Make your granny shake her head and say "those were the days" Now, check-ch-check-check-check-ch-check it
out
What-wha-what-what-what's it all about?
Work-wa-work-work-work-wa-work it out
Let's turn this, turn this party out

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