

# Check Yo Temperature (feat. T-Nutty & Sundae)

## 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)

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AYE N I guess we all gonn' bang,  
if ya heated when I check ya temperature mane  
To 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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