

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 the fucking 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
Got the ill boat
You've never seen before
Gliding 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 mother fucking 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-wa-what-what-what's it all about
Work-wa-work-work-work-wa-work it out
Let's turn this motherfuckin' 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 ass
Is an electrician"
Like a scientist
Mmmm when i'm applying this
Method of controlling my mind
Like einstein and the rappin' duke combined
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 shit back on the shelf
Light rays blazin'
You're out of phase
And my crews amazin'
We're working on the record yo
So stay patient

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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.
You 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 cable guy dunked off of your crown
I flow like smoke out a chimney
You never been me
You wanna rap but what you're making ain't hip hop b

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"

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