

# Check It Out

**Bobby Womack**

To a top top top....big rigga  
Check it  
Check it Out  
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Check it  
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Check it Out  
Check it Out  
Check it Out  
Check it be

It ain't cell in this town that can hold  
And fuck the task force 'cause them suckas tried to fold me, scold me  
Told me if I move that they was blastin  
Got me to the station, hella questions they be askin  
Who's the Big Balla, Who supply your crew  
Who got the big birdies in the box is it you?  
I never said a word 'cause nigga I don't do so  
You fools got some question better ask the lawyer Rousea

I'm so international  
All about my cashional  
18 million rational (speak mice)?  
What you want fool dogg tell me what you need  
'Bout a couple pints of Hennisse an eighth of weed  
Seems time gettin shorter  
Time to elevate from nickels, dimes up to quarters  
Kurupt, be -Legit, and 40 water  
Niggaz oughta  
Get to Swervin'  
Take a hit, hit the strip and then get to pervin'

Squa, Squa, Squab music  
Mobb Music  
Right on a muthfucka and draw down on his ass music  
The 213 the 41510  
Pull a ho without a muthafuckin tug of war  
40 Water your playa patna  
Ever since the womb  
I been a tycoone  
Actin up (Actin up)  
Actin tough (Actin tough)  
Actin bad with all kinds of guns and stuff

From a nickel and dime ass nigga  
To a top hat ballin big rigga

I got a half a ounce  
And a 'four to bounce  
Half a brick to flip  
Large amount accounts  
Live as a young nigga with loot don't count  
Live as a young nigga with loot turned out  
You know it ain't nothing to it but to do it  
Flow like fluid  
You's inlcuded

Pursue it  
Subdue it  
And run through it  
Doin what I do is hard to maintain my composure  
Ah man they came through with no douja be  
The muthfuckin county ain't no place for the savage  
A Cock hound dank smokin nigga 'bout his cabbage  
But if I'm ever caught I'm a ride my shit  
Divorce my broad  
But nigga keep my bitch  
Bury my mail in my momma backyard  
Steady poppin' chyme to correctional guards  
They fucks wit my crew 'cause they claim that we be trouble  
Them niggaz from the V to the H-I Double  
I'm tryin to get this party tonight at this motel  
A gang a bitches there  
Some more on my voice mail  
Bathtub full of the ice and the fifths  
My homey K-1 rollin blunts at the crib  
First I take a hit  
Strolls like a pimp  
The muthafuckin savage with the million dollar limp  
Another big day for this timin ass balla  
Hit the block stock in my ninety fin impala  
Let them pipes holla  
I know I'm looking saucy  
19 shots sittin next to my 40  
Snatch my knot  
Shake the spot and gets far  
Bitch, I'm a muthafuckin rap star

From a nickel and dime ass nigga  
To a top hat ballin big rigga

I open shop with sixteenth of powder to a whole zip  
To a half ham now I'm sitting kilograms  
Niggaz 'spect me to the upmost 'cause I'm highly spoken bout  
Niggaz love me because I'm all about my paper route  
I keep my lawyers and my bail bondsmen paid shiiiiit  
For all I know they might decide to raid shiiiiit  
Back in the day po-po was easily out-smarted  
But now they got some new and improved state of the art  
be  
Now its going down am I living in the past  
This modern day slavery takin' toll on my ass  
You either take me in or let's this timer go  
Or if you got some charges nigga let this timer know  
I told you I'm a rapper  
Love to entertain  
Catch me on the stage with a mic spittin game  
Legit's my name and you can even ask your daughter  
About Kurupt, be -Legit and 40 Water

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To a top hat ballin big rigga