Check my style, check, check, check it out Check my style, check, check, check it out (Check it out y'all, check, check, check it out y'all) Check my style, check, check, check it out Check my style, check, check, check it out (Check it out y'all, check, check, check it out y'all) Check my style, check, check, check it out Fuck jumping the broom, honey moons, I, I hit the pot Soak me up like a mop, know I'm up, know there's levels Staring down at the devil, hello, guess I got the memo Pulling strings like Geppetto, you just a puppet, fellow I came out of the tomb, don't drop a L, uh You don't want to see the evils, which I dwell in hell To excel, this shit never fails, always excels They been swallowing sons before the double XL Sex cell, ex ask why it never work out I guess I exercise too much, when I work out Shows too turnt out, return home burnt out Now I got to hear all the shit, that you heard 'bout Can I live? What, these niggas want me off a bridge? If I say it's turnt down, do I burn that shit? Truth is, if it ain't real, I don't feel it If it don't hit my spirit, I don't get near it And that's point blank period, know some niggas that fear it Same niggas who know that we the illest Lines so deep a great shark is what I reel up Hit the flow and it can't go realer, my whole camp gorillas, nigga (Check, check, check it out) Check my style, check, check, check it out Check my style, check, check, check it out Check my style, check, check, check it out Don't jack my style Check my style, check, check, check it out Check my style, check, check, check it out Don't jack my style Jack, jack, jack it out (Check, check, it out) I stand juxtaposed to all my Pro's, realest illest niggas I know See these foes biting the flows, they even jooks the pose I guess my CD really shaking the coast Cause this really be the year that I feast, capisce? Nothing defeats the beast, I speak my piece Know niggas in the streets that heat seek for  $\ensuremath{\text{me}}$ Release and squeeze Might put a Halloween between your spleen Retreat or trickle down to your last pound of green Know what I mean? This shit is like taking candy from the babies Under these rappers is just a bunch of Now and Laters They too sweet, plus they lease their Mercedes Can't be second greatest, I'm the best and def your favorite My flow in-depth nigga, I got my wave up It's either get your tidal waved, or you could be my neighbor

Cause if I can't eat, then you can't either

## Yeah nigga Reigning rap supreme in this bitch Cause bitches lie niggas lie numbers, too Cause bitches lie niggas lie numbers, too

Bitches lie niggas lie numbers, too Bitches lie niggas lie numbers, too

Bitches lie niggas lie numbers, too

What the fuck you gon' do when the Era come for you?

Check my style, check, check, check it out Don't jock my style (2x)

And I'm from the blocks where they sell
Cell blocks rock my mental
See them fake thugs that you see before can't even spell
My flow spill with words you can't pronounce, stories you can't tell

Check my style, check, check, check it out
Check my style, check, check, check it out
(Check it out y'all, check, check, check, check it out y'all)
Check my style, check, check, check it out
Check my style, check, check, check it out
(Check it out y'all, check, check, check, check it out y'all)
Check my style, check, check, check it out