

Check Ya Self

Spice 1

Now come and take the realness
Fuckin' these funky hoes will make you feel this
Drippin' sensation stickin' your ace in the wrong place
And you'll be ass out dickless, passin' out when you get this
AIDS shit in your grave, ditch will be dug with a quickness
So this is the phase of the days when I grew up
Reminisclin' and trippin' off all them hoes I done fucked
But it's all good and plenty, I just can't count how many trampy hoes I done
did it to
Licked it, did it, split it too
But shit is cool makin' the thrilla of Manilla
Scoop up the scrilla boy that cuchi be a killa
You can feel a order up with a nut and then bounce
And have that ass comin' up shorter than a fuckin' quarter ounce

Let's get toe down off some X-O, puffin' on the cripto
Bent corner eyers up on her, super bad low down dirty shame
No need to know your age, bitch, what's your name?
Said her name was Tammy, lived with her granny
All I'm thinkin' about is gettin' in her panties
Got the digits, called her later on that night
At a two dome sex, flossin' big elex
Cocked the roof back, bitch, blaze the sack
Reached the destination, no hesitation
Out of my clothes in the guts about to nut
No protection, after two hours hopped out the shower
Dressed in Eddie Bauer, livin' like a true playas should
Six years later: test positive cause the ho was no good

If you wanna get your groove on, come and do a little somethin' with me
If you wanna get your groove on, let's wrap it up before we fuck
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A-I-D crooked letter
Mothafuckas better strap up when they come together
It's a top notch so you ain't thinkin'
Got your battlefields sinkin', caught late night full of weed, drinkin'
Got ya creepin' in the unknown
Steered you wrong even if you get your head blown, fool, you still gone
Switch up your tactics: fuck with prophylaxis
It ain't about that raw dickin' her and nuttin' on the mattress
You didn't know these hoes will put the tags on your toes
Don't knows crossin' up the game because she chose
Listen to your homie Celly, nigga, before you hit the telly, nigga
Have a box of rubbers ready, nigga

I can't lie, this whole AIDS situation got my brain drownin' in illusions
Settin' niggas up for the conclusions
I ain't sayin' that I'm gonna live forever
Gotsta fuck new, get sometime in the future
Don't got no babies, what about the day when you get married
I hope I'm layin' in bed with a virgin with a meal that's urgent
She heard that I was livin' my lifestyle lavishly
Flashbacks of fuckin' her cousin in the alley
Smokin' on the twamp sack that she bought the jimmy hats
Three O'clock in the morning, sideways I was cuttin' the Pontiac strapped

Well, here's a serious situation that we facin'
It starts off by doin' the nasty without no patience
Forgettin' about the condom, usin' and abusin' the drugs and methinfedamies
She wanted to suck my dick head so bad she was beggin' me
So I stepped to this straight bitch named Sally, Sally
Threw my slugs at a scallywag at a club in the valley
Leather trench, all hair down to her shoulders and back
Some Guess jeans all deep down and her pussy read fat
To be exact one of my niggas pulled my coat tail
And told me that the bitch was hectic: A-I to the D-S infected

Mothafuckas be runnin' up in this bitch without no prophylactics
Filthy tactics, may as well pull the strap to your head and blast it
Suicidal decisions, livin' your life on the edge slippin'
With one foot off in the grave and the other one on a banana peelin'
But I ain't trippin', red ribbons on my chest
No chemotherapy treatments needed cause I'm a make it stretch
To my climax, strapped all over my dick
And when I digs I blow they mind back and then I grab my shit

Some of you niggas can't even say condoms
Some niggas be talkin' about conderves or condos, straight raw dickin' hoes
You don't know that ho, man, that bitch can't be trusted
Better be strapped with about four condoms if you plan on keeping your life
You're gonna be feelin' kinda fucked up and faulty
When you rappin' up on that stage and your dick fall off into the audience
Silent but deadly way of murder, it's mighty sick
Gotta have a bullet proof vest for your dick
Seventeen with the fat hydraulics
See, us west coast niggas is the most psychotic
Hittin' switches in my old school with four, fuck three pumps
My homie said that bitch had more pizzazz than "P" funk
I'm peepin' in the bitch out at the ho spot
Tryin' to throw that virus to my homie
Betta watch these bitches cause they're fake and