

B-Legit, Check It Out

From a nickel and dime ass nigga
To a top top top....big rigga
Check it
Check it Out
Check it Out
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Check it
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Check it Out
Check it

B-Legit:

It ain't cell in this town that can hold
And f**k 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 Rousseau

Kurupt:

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, B-Legit, and 40 water
Niggaz oughta
Get to Swervin'
Take a hit, hit the strip and then get to pervin'

E-40:

Squa, Squa, Squab music
Mobb Music
Right on a muthf**ka and draw down on his ass music
The 213 the 41510
Pull a ho without a muthaf**kin 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

X4

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

Kurupt:

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

B-Legit:

The muthf**kin 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 f**ks 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 muthaf**kin 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 muthaf**kin rap star

X4

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

E-40:

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

B-Legit:

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, B-Legit and 40 Water

X8

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