

# Clayborne Family, Checkin' Tha Doe

(Tim Dog)

Yo, I got somethin for you rat bastards  
Woo! Uhh, yeah  
Fuck y'all niggaz know... y'all want it?  
Y'all really want it?! Let's go  
We gon' bring it to y'all motherfuckers  
We gon' bring it straight to y'all motherfuckers!  
I got my motherfuckin nigga, Marc Clayborne  
Get 'em nigga, get 'em!

(Marc Live)

Now who's down to step up? Aiyyo the plate is small  
I'm Roger Clemens see I'm strikin you all (STRIKE!)  
It's 3 and out, I'm peelin out (let's go)  
In that quarter to eighth, aiyyo don't be late  
Cause the ship ain't waitin and the clock ain't stoppin (speak on it)  
Yo, the money and chicks is hot, see the grease is poppin  
Stand clear when my heat start cockin  
I seen a lot of new crews that think they movin somethin  
I stop men, yo my groove keeps rockin  
I keep it stacked up, my cabinet's full  
Listen, aiyyo my G's keep stockin  
Yo what it look like, it's so ugly  
It sound grimy, yo the hood is behind me  
Now you remind me of a copy dude  
Listen, I'm in a sloppy mood  
With a flow so rude, and yo it's gutter too  
Surface to air missile blow off your rudders too  
And your label change they get snatched up (gimme that)  
T3 I come back extra macked up

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Checkin the dough, checkin the flow  
Checkin the dough, checkin the flow  
Checkin the dough, checkin the flow  
... is what we doin

(Tim Dog - over Chorus)

Yeah niggaz, ha - what you think about it?  
What y'all niggaz think about that?  
What y'all niggaz think about that?!  
Now I got a nigga right now  
You gotta take mushrooms and drink Clorox to fuck with this nigga!  
And you STILL can't hang with him  
Aiyyo, aiyyo, yo John  
Yo John Clayborne, what the deal?

(Kool Keith)

You order the T-bone well done  
I go left, take fine chicks we met at Saks Fifth Avenue to Pizza Hut son  
Let 'em sport the diamonds and carry they expensive luggage  
Vanilla shake with the fly weave  
Don't get mad at me I'm paying for the quarter pounder, extra cheese  
Six speeds, you didn't make it to Justin's, a model with problems  
Frontin in the rented Benz eatin Chicken McNuggets  
You're toy soldiers with Allen Iverson afros  
Movin strings attached to your buttcrack like puppets  
I laugh at the throwbacks, advance spend your ducats  
Like Donny I'm Osborne  
I'm Wizard, you "Oz"; worn  
You think you mackin, who you think they put Tosh on?  
The pit is tight, you mosh on  
Spit 'til you turn bitter, talk 'til you turn litter  
Garbage dispose, little crowd think I'm the Black Crowes

You know like cocaine I'm strong goin up your nose  
I look at chicks and I tax hoes

(Chorus) without the very first line

(Tim Dog - over Chorus)

Yeah, so what we gon' do right now  
We gon' bring the third motherfucker  
of the clique, the Clayborne Family  
He go by the name of Shawn Clayborne  
Ha, keep it dust nigga  
Let 'em know

(Jacky Jasper)

No mercy, have no mercy, I'm the worst B  
Certainly, the meek thirsty  
The fortunate meet, two brothers, that's family  
See you come know where you goin  
Cash I'm blowin cover your face hate showin  
Who I pimp and trick cash out of not your concern  
Who got clapped your paper I earn  
You slow motion I'm jet set you coastin  
Got a maitre'd voice, stop foolin  
Lips droolin, you I'm schoolin  
Think what you doin before movin  
They P plot do inequity to get me  
Fool can't stop me, fool can't test me  
5-11, street smarts since seven  
Fuck the nun, jack the reverend, still make heaven

(Chorus) w/ more Tim Dog ad libs

(Tim Dog)

Run 'em down, run 'em down  
Mark Clayborne, John Clayborne, Shawn Clayborne  
You know? Guard your hoes