

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? Aiiyyo 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, aiiyyo 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, aiiyyo 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
Aiiyyo, aiiyyo, 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 reverand, 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