

# Das EFX, Check It Out

Aaah ha ha ha (Check this out!)

Wooh! Check it out (Check this out)

Aaaah yeah (Check this out)

Ya just don't stop, kid ya just don't stop (Check this out)

Yeah ya just don't stop, word up

Aaah yeah!

Chorus (x8):

Check it out y'all (Check it check it out, dun)

Verse 1: Dray, Books

Check this out, yo, yo

Well check it out it's the incredible, never edible, unforgettable dweller from the cellar kickin terror cos I'm terrible

See I be schoolin em, foolin em when I'm speakin it

Peepin it cos y'all be keepin it, look how I'm freakin it

I got'cha tinglin, tinglin and minglin

Border way to go, the radio they got my single in

They rockin this, ain't no toppin this when I'm droppin this

style that I can buy cos yo I rhyme like a rhinoceros

My skill is illy, silly when I work it

Quick to flip the lip and rip a nigga out the circuit

So step wit it, can ya get wit it when I'm flexin it

Takin out these quick cos my nigga Books is next on it

I know you're not set, check it, you're wonderin where the heck I've been

Chillin stupid, cos there ain't no dooper who got wrecker than

the Boogie Banger, it could be danger so back, tootz

Cos we're guys but niggas wanna revise they rap books

What up kid? I can sell you rugged with the hip-hoppin

Throw it, like to see me from my nuts until my dick top

What a bummer, it seem to be no MC can get dumber than

Me one other, two niggas from the

sewer, my shit is new without the \*?bagnesia?\*

Cos G, I be's the man from here to Indonesia

Aah yeah, you heard me, see I'm just another dirty dick

Drastically, casually I puff the erb to get zone like the Senate, so

Chorus

Verse 2: Dray, Books

Here I come so nigga don't be hatchin it, I'm snatchin it, niggas

o'dose

when I catch this

Niggas in the dark, I spark at them like I was matches

I set up quicker, kick a verse with no distortion

I suggest MC's proceed with some caution

I hip, tip, grippin tit because there ain't no

way I'm gonna lift when I erupt like a volcano

I'm acid, my crew is massive, you're soft like jello

I'm gettin props, a habit like Abbott & Costello

When I flaunt this, niggas want this, they'll be usin

a squeegee when I'm bitchin cos bitch I'm comin to get your ass

Comin to get'cha it's the D-Bats so nigga think back to the way I

bring

this

or brung that, I swung that, now look at the way I'm swingin this

just like my name was Joe DiMaggio

and hell Dray! My 12 guage spit shells like pizaggio

We can get it on and my word is bond and fuck who you be G

Your crew is easy just like Sunday mornin when I'm yawnin so

It's no sense in you losin what you got kid

Cos G I be doin the mic like Mr.T be doin the chopsticks

Ya gets done like no matter where ya from, jack

for fun, I'm nailin rappers like a thumb tack

I'm sort've spliffed so I don't think niggas order it

Plus I'm the type you might not like to leave your daughter with

Chorus  
(Check this out) (x9)  
Chorus to fade