

Sir Mixalot, I Check My Bank

I'm peelin off domes with a baseball bat
Forty four Magnum choice of gat
Mercury tip fillin up my clip
I can shoot him in the dome or I can get him in the hip
but boom look at all the niggaz runnin out the room
Just another soldier causin doom
No I don't bang but I like to wound... my enemy
Who is the enemy I'm glad you asked
Any motherf**ker standin in my path
Got a Bentley Turbo now you wanna jack
but remember, Mack Daddy is strapped
And when you're platinum, niggaz start dissin
Record companies think you're missin
But I'm back *clap clap (gunfire)*
I'm back *clap clap (gunfire)*
I'm back and I got a bigger gat *click BOOM*
Now the positive rhymes is onnnn
And I'm positively hittin that dome
You might want mine but you can't get mine
Rather put a hot nine right up in your behind
I'm not the nigga that you wanna recoup
And I don't wear a Giorgio suit
but I'm down for my business so please don't step
You heard about my lawfirm's rep, I check my bank

Chorus: DJ Punisher and Sir Mix-a-Lot

"Cash money, cash-cash.. money" "Boom! Here I am, rich"
Checkin my bank
"Cash money, cash-cash.. money" "Boom! Here I am, rich"
Ahhhl checks my bank
"Cash money, cash-cash.. money" "Boom! Here I am, rich"
Straight checkin my bank
"Cash money, cash-cash-cash-cash.... cash money"

In the magazine I look like a dope man
cause I'm paid, and I'm suckin up to no man
And in the rap game I gets no respect
cause I'm checkin more bank than the Heat check
Yeah I'm a pimp and my hoe is the system
Uncle Sam might think I just dissed him
But nah I'm just pumpin straight facts
You either be a mack, or you get macked
Some of the jealous wanna roll on the boss
But this HK's keepin em tossed
Cause I duck them deuce deuce treys at point blank range
automatic gunfire Attitudes get changed
I'm about making these dividends
and every motherf**ker ain't my friend
And I check my back when I count my snaps
And niggaz that snatch get slapped
Girls wanna roll, that's cool

but I'm not to be played that fool
Some niggaz think a brother with money is slippin
but I've be down, so quit trippin
My goal, to increase the size of this bank
I hold, and bring up the brothers whose down
to roll, and keep all the shit under my control
That's how I'm livin, I check my bank

Chorus: DJ Punisher

"Cash money, cash-cash.. money"
"Clockin more dollars than Chase Manhattan"
repeat 2X

I check my bank *DJ Punisher starts scratch*
C'mon Punish! "Cash money"

A word to the cops, I can't be stopped
A word to my enemies, I don't drop props
A word to the Klan, I don't pick crops
You can run up with your whip but you'll just run up and get popped
A word to the Tipper, rap won't fall
A word to the bourgeoisie, f**k all y'all
A word to Apartheid you bouts to fall
You can kill a couple brothers but you'll never get us all
Straight laced game's what I'm poppin at the new jacks
Mack Daddy niggaz like to snatch fat sacks
I used to be nice with my rhymes, and now I drop dimes
*Beastie Boys scratch "What's the time?"*It's time to get paid in the nine-two G
Recession never stopped a nigga like me
I'm breakin no laws but I'm livin on edge
Puttin CEO's to bed
Business, straight yankin in dead presidents
It's like sellin dope, but the money ain't bent
The game is stiff, but I'ma get mine
My set is a dollar sign, I check my bank

Yup, checkin my bank, fool, ha ha
Yup, I check my bank, sheeit
Straight checkin my bank
C'mon Punish! *DJ Punisher starts scratchin*
Punish em! Punish em!
Show these DJ's what time it is Punish
Peace out y'all, and I'm checkin my bank
I checks my bank
I checks my bank, straight paid clown
Checkin my bank
I checks my bank!