

Def Squad, Check N' Me Out

[Redman]

If I gotta go out, I'm goin out "Full Metal Jacket" style
Reverse suicide to do or die
I'm broke, I lost my deal, my car, my brawl
And me and my landlord, we at war for the rent
Yo E and Keith, it's time to rob and steal
See that First National Bank? I'm showin my grill
Fuck a mask and a glove, I'm worldwide for drugs
Turn the TV on, that's me on America's
Most Wanted, for most blunted
That tricky shit you did, I done it
We rock gear for deer huntin
When we do jobs, me and my dogs ready to get it
Snatch you out the five series like I'm winnin the pennant
Even at 112 degrees, sky's the limit
Sodomized the style till you idolized the finish
Sucker emcees get stuck too, fuck you
And if you blink, Im 'a show you shit I be up to

Cause if the shit gets thick, (we stick a motherfucker)
And if you actin all that, (we stick a motherfucker)
And if we lose our jobs, (we stick a motherfucker)
Yo yo yo, yo, yo yo yo, yo, (we stick a motherfucker)
I know you niggas checkin me out, yo yo yo, yo
I know you niggas checkin me out, ha ha ha, yo
I know you niggas checkin us out, ha ha
I know you niggas checkin me out, yo yo

[E Dub]

Who want the Source, the E got 65 mics
So i guess, I got shit that motherfuckers like
Some rappers, they choose to be disobedient
Dummies, advance your skills from intermediate
I'm suave with it, my rhyme I play with it
I cut the style up, and DJ with it
Can you help me? Ask Bill Bellamy what's the jam of the week
When he speak, it be something I freak
Who gives a fuck, I show and prove, I got juice
Drop my drawers and let mt balls hang loose
The green eyed bandit, shuts it down quickly
Taking care of business, since Strictly
Cats talk behind my back, I get heated
And bust a shot from my CLK two seated
The Squad do work quick fast in a hurry
Me, Eric Serm, Funk Doctor Spot and Keith Murray

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[Keith Murray]

Now if your bitch is paging me you best check your bitch
And if your bitch is in my whip you best check your bitch
And if your bitch is on my dick, nigga check your bitch
And if my clique fucks your bitch, nigga check your bitch
Ay yo, I'm sly as a fox, smooth as Hennessy over the rocks
Knock you out your boots, Lodge you out your socks
I see you checkin me out, you felt it
When I stepped in rockin gators and eclectic blue velvet

I see you checkin me out through the corner of your eye
You deny, but yo, you ain't got to lie!
You check me out till your eyes get sore
But that's alright playboy, cause that's what I'm here for
Check how I get biz
Me and the microphone is like the Junkyard Dog and the Haiti Kid
Violated, reinstated, genuinely illated
You're belated, you'll be checkin me out till the day I'm creamated
I keep you heavily sedated
Illified, illustrated
The original juice, not from concentrated
From up north to midwest to west coast to down south
No doubt, keep checkin us out

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