

## Voices Of Theory

### "Check it Out"

Visit "[Check it Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

