

Warren G

"Check"

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[Chorus: Repeat 2x]

I got my converse check, my pistol check
my vest, plus I got VS1's around my neck
the respect come first then the money and the power
we got more cake to make let's ride

[Verse 1]

They thought I'd be another one hit wonder
until I pulled up to the VMA's in one big Hummer
you know I'm a big stunna just like Baby fool
brand new Bentley Fanna what color?-baby blue
Uh Deano hit me now I got cheddar to make
you thinking Condo I'm thinking fifty-eight to a state
you got your crib on a hill, I got my crib on a lake
What, what where I'm from we like our music screwed
up
Uh, the blades chop we use jewelry and stage props
we hate cops(why)cause everyday we get stopped
for ridin spinners plus they know I got my pistol on me
you try to jack me for my 'Lac they gon'miss you homey

[Chorus]

(talking)

Yo Will-Lean let's roll man(Let's ride)
we gotta go homey(Let's ride)
you know how we do it though(Let's ride)
(tires screech)

[Verse 2]

Uh I'm too street go pop-but I pop heat in the street
I'm not braggin, G-5 wagon when I speed in my jeep
customized, bubble eyed with DVD's in the head rest
look I hope you potty-trained cause the tech'll leave you
wet
let's make a bet I stay on top and keep a new whip off
the lot
fifty weeks on the Billboard dogg I'm too hot
but when I do drop you better move out 'cause I'm
comin
niggaz like roaches when the lights on they runnin

ten years and gunnin just like M.O.P
fuck strugglin-I get my publishin ain't shit for free
I get that big bread, I'm making big chips
you get killed at the beginnin I get them big strips

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm a diplomat like Jim Jones, Nextels and sprint phones
I'm tryna own ten homes yo rap money been gone
I'm harder then ya'll better yet I'm smarter then ya'll
I don't need yo ass nigga-regardless I ball
I got that hot shit that you bump in yo drop top shit
Bentley cocked hit the old folks like stop it
you know I drop hits every time I spitt fire
whoever told you I ain't ballin-a damn lier

[Chorus]

(talking)

Haha let's ride you know I make the music
you can ride to, get high to, get fly to
yeah like them Ruff Ryder niggaz
I make that shit you can ride-or-die to
holla at ya boy, Houston we have a problem
red spider on the B-we gettin cheddar now we on
another level now haha

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