

## **Tech N9ne f/ Sundae, T-Nutty**

### **"Check Yo Temperature"**

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(Verse 1: Tech N9ne) I keep my temperature at 74  
when I'm at the crib And 79 in the winter time thats just  
how I live But when the homies call and say lets hit the  
town when we do them haters frown nigga turn the  
heat down I know we skip the line And bitches think we  
fine I know you feelin drunk n tough But you best  
recline You don't wanna get stained Its pain in this lane  
I'mma check they temperature They all up in my mix  
mane Whuttup suckas Aint no lookin back I just wanna  
know What'chu niggas lookin at I just come to kick it  
with the bitches I aint come for you If you really want it  
yeah my homies got a gun or two I take on every one of  
you whut'chu wanna do Don't forget I got this whole  
club on my side trippin is dumb'a you Stop, everybody  
whuts that sound? It sound like a hater bout to get the  
beat down With the quick And why they wanna go n get  
me pissed when they know I'm with me clique And a  
real nigga like mitch he's slick On this Hennessy, sprite  
and lemon Fuck these niggas invite the women Bustas  
wanna insight the grimin Now ya gatta invite the crimin-  
als Don't gimmie that bullshit Nigga dont gimmie no  
looks Ya better get over the shit A veterin knowin'll  
pathetic And let up fuckin ya hit me up kush So ya  
better snap ya fangers And then rock with it Cuz if ya  
chops spit it I'mma let somethin hot hit it Bout a  
hundred somethin he looked like he wanted somethin  
Remey had him beefy now he look like a honey bun or  
somethin (Hook: Tech N9ne) AYE why they always gatta  
trip wit'cha I'm mindin my bidness Now I gatta check yo  
temperature AYE playa hater man ya fixin' ta Make me  
lose it if ya heated when I check ya temperature AYE  
Now I aint come to play games so why ya gatta go n  
make me check ya temperature mane AYE N I guess we  
all gonn' bang If ya heated when I check ya  
temperature mane (Verse 2: Sundae) Kick it, stay fresh  
Step out, in my sundays best Bitches trippin you'll get  
slapped Hold up wait, watchu bitches lookin at? I'm  
callin askin why you askin bout me if for that liquor She  
said cause she spittin' vixen in a mix of Tech N9ne and  
Twista Lip singing and quick sand Flippin' bricks and  
gettin' chips man Hundred grand they spick-and-span

Let louie v and my womens wet Who is she? Cause I  
been there Who is he? He aint a threat Who am I? KC  
Boss bitch Watchu doin? Tryin to snap back A hundred  
degrees I'm heated Eat it like it was your dinner roll  
You've never been a friend to me Bitch betta check yo  
temperature I'll block you like rocky on cocky Catch a  
lotta bombs Try to knock me from my heierarchy Straight  
down on calasackis These poppies like that seed that  
Hung from over seas We g's livin in that clipse so hard  
That stunday is a stootin star What the fuck you hoes  
stand for? Knowin you all are some scared hoes Make  
me start a girl fight Betta check this bitches fair height  
Blowin niggas I'm BeBe See broke niggas I Skeske I'll  
choke ya head Beacuse see they gon drop you like my  
CD (Hook) (Verse 3: T-Nutty) To tell you the truth we  
havin a ball There's bitches all over the place To Tell  
you the truth we havin a ball There's bitches all over the  
place There's bitches all over the place Why is you  
niggas all up in my face? I'm from the flipt a script and  
start trippin on them like Whatchu niggas lookin at? I  
think these niggas might need some glasses what they  
lookin at? I poodle tuckin its tail I aint ever been  
mistookin that Plus I can read your game plan like my  
book of raps Last nigga that tried it caught a ride n  
then he took a nap Nigga sleep go night night For  
fuckin wit niggas that fight fight And some of you  
suckas be hatin Cause we shinin like some bright lights  
T-Nutty your street buddy Tech N9ne and the click They  
betta act like they got system Lookin at me n go get in  
a bitch That nigga ?? Flipt a script And my nigga bow  
down Straight from cal with a .50 cal wow Ask around  
and they tell you blaow blaow Aint nobody trippin off of  
you I jus wanna kick it and be cool Half of these niggas  
are up in this motha fucka Wanna be part of the crew  
Cause they know we do the fool Go dumb and act  
retarded Dont ever like the started But you can be our  
target If I lose it open your mouth For this thermometer  
But check a niggas temperature Slidin' off with your  
chick and smokin bomb wit her (Hook)

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