

## 8-Bit "Pocket-Check"

Visit "[Pocket-Check](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

["Yo man, you see those fools that just walked out?"  
"Yeah, man. They're just askin' to be pocket-checked."  
"Yeah. Nice night to do it too with these birds that don't even exist in our neighborhood.  
You know what I'm sayin'?"  
"Yeeeeeeeah."  
"Let's walk over there and tell 'em what's going on, ya know.  
Yo, got any weed, man?"  
"Nn-nno, I don't have any weed on me, but uuh.. would you like to share my 32?"  
"Hey, you look like you got some fuckin' money. Come on, get up, come on."  
"Pocket-check, pocket-check, pocket-check."  
"Hey, get off of me."]

Pocket-check, pocket-check, pockect-check, pocket-check.  
Motherfucker!  
Pocket-check, pocket-check, pockect-check, pocket-check.  
Bitch!

Back in the day I used to work at Burger King,  
But that wouldn't get my ass the raise that I wanted.  
So, I started pocket-checkin'  
And now my money stacks up to the ceiling.  
'Cause I can spot a fucking mark in a minute,  
And if his wallet's fat you know I'm up in it.  
Got a wall full of wallets hanging on my wall-  
They's my trophies, y'all.

Pocket-checkin' you  
Is what I'm gonna do.  
If you don't like it,  
Fuck you!  
Any other job would fuckin' bore me,  
But now I'll tell you bitches a God damn story.  
One day in Glore I was pocket-checkin'

And this kid pulled out his gat.  
He shot.

And I shot.  
[Aaahh!]  
As you can see,  
I cold killed his bitch ass!

Pocket-check, pocket-check, pokect-check, pocket-check.  
Motherfucker!  
Pocket-check, pocket-check, pokect-check, pocket-check.  
Bitch!

What a wonderful thing having a gun can be,  
'Cause now I can rob every-fuckin'-body.  
"Give me some God damn booze,"  
That's the line I use,  
Then I kick 'em in the ass with these metal ass God damn shoes.  
I want at least a dollar seventy-five  
From every piece of shit that wanna stay alive,  
'Cause I run on double A's and my power's low.  
You know..  
Pocket-check, ho.

The second you enter my hood:  
Wrong place, wrong time,  
'Cause you know I gotta get mine.  
Work is for suckas and suckas is workin'.  
My crew robs their ass and be straight trippin' the fuck out.  
Onto the the next victim,  
Pocket-check their ass with robotic precision.  
I stalk in the night like a hawk and then I swoop down,  
Put a gun to their head and then we all shout-

Pocket-check, pocket-check, pokect-check, pocket-check.  
Motherfucker!  
Pocket-check, pocket-check, pokect-check, pocket-check.  
Bitch!

Visit [8-Bit](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.