

Chingy

"Check it Out Ch'all"

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That shit hittin..

Ah yes yes y'all
(naw naw man, naw man that ain't it, that ain't it)
(do that other shit, that other shit)

[Paris]

Check it out ch'all, here we go again another one
from the man on the run I recollect and take a stand
P-Dog, kickin over breaks that make ya wanna move
It's like that when the black cat get in tune
And now you bustin smiles when styles I rip
So many of 'em you'll discover most speakers are split
It's kinda like a little lesson in stressin the facts
And still be kickin so know where you at, black
Listen up to the groove of the cut
Feel the funk when the bass hump, tryin to get a niggly
nut
And feel it hittin when the speakers jigglin like Jello
With just enough of that good funky shit to keep it
mellow
Never fadin or stayin on course
The only sellin out I'm doin is sellin out tours
Somethin for your ear, comin loud and clear
It's the voice you FEAR, if your shit ain't REAL
Keep it comin one time for your mind on the mic
It's the panther, kickin over breaks you dance to
And doin devils dirty lickin lyrics to break beats
I'm buildin so the children always know where they at,
G

Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out

Check it out ch'all, here I come again with verse two
With the knowledge of myself I got another one from
me to you
(?) tracks movin smoother than machinery
It's plain to see I'm fin' to be another brother catchin

heat

I take a stand cause America ain't shit to me
And bringin knowledge of the way it is supposed to be
And knock you devils out the box like a mule kick
Comin up with the shit the tricky skunks can't FUCK with
Rap is rhythm and poetry I thought you knew it; but who
would have
ever thought that we would use it the way we be usin it?
Spittin facts to my peers and your fear is showin
Cause now the black is knowin things you thought we
shouldn't know and
gettin ready for a power move
Yes yes y'all, ready for the motherfuckin show and
prove
So pack a lunch when the bunch roll, cause we're goin
for the gold but I never sold my soul for it

Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out ch'all
Check it out ch'all, check it out

Now - whose freedom of speech if I can't reach each
There's no support when you're black and you're goin
for yours
Yeah, that's alright
As long as niggaz killin niggaz makin money is NUTTIN
for whites
That's the way they wanna play and now I know they
fear it
Where the hell was little Ollie all them other years?
Blacks was dyin in the movies and in other records
I see the racist motherfucker never said nuttin
But that's the way it is when I run it
I make the funky tracks to keep my people up on it
Well known and prone to break a bone let's get it on
I'm showin you the facts on wax 'til your mind has
grown;
huh, and still sayin what I wanna say
I won't slip still sayin what I wanna say
I won't slip still sayin what I wanna say
I'm P-Dog and I'm always gonna make it plain

Huh, so check it out ch'all, check it out
Check it out ch'all, check check check it out
Check it out ch'all, check check check it out
Check it out ch'all, check check check it out

(Motherfuckin RIGHT!)

