

## **Bg Knocc Out & Dresta "Micc Check"**

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

Yeah, somethin' fo' you trick ass niggaz in 95.  
Ha, b.g. knocc out and gangsta dre'sta  
Compton fo' life, fools.

Chorus:

Micc check - 1,2 - what a nigga - gon do  
When the 165 crew run upon you?  
Yeah, you know you gon bow down like a bitch  
'cause you niggaz can't fuck witta 5 or the 6.

[ b.g.]

Rollin' the cpt inside my g wit my mask on  
Ready to catch these bustas slippin' so the ? doc? can  
blast on  
They ass for shootin' my homie just the other fuckin'  
day, g.  
They fucked up but fuck dat, them niggaz now gots to  
pay, g.  
I'm headin' up to the spot where they be chillin', so now  
I'm dippin'  
Oh, wouldn't ya know, these niggaz standin' on the  
corner slippin'.  
I ? bumped? around the block and I ? hopped? out my ?  
g? so  
I crept and crawled, I crawled and crept on my knees  
until I got close  
They probably would have seen me if they wasn't so  
faded.  
? , run upon the crowd, pulled out my gat and then I  
sprayed it.  
Niggaz are runnin' and bailin' until I watched a few ?  
Broke around the corner, took off my mask and then I  
hopped back  
Into my g, which stand on the scene before I heard the  
sirens.  
Slapped on my bitch all from the way so I can collect all  
my ends.  
Took the g and dumped it but I had to dump the strap,  
too.  
It was my only chance so I did what I had to.

Chorus [2x]

[dre'sta]

Huh, I'm sick and goin' asleep, wake up to sweaty ?  
sheets?

Stressin' from the mess and all the pressures on the  
streets

I wanna pack my heat everywhere a nigga step  
From the thoughts dat have crept about death as I  
slept.

? sheltering? my madness, dreamin' about mo' killin'  
And never seem to wake until I see some blood spillin'.  
Dealin' witta stuff's kinda ruff on a young mind  
Everybody die from criminals to one-times  
If we believin' everything dat the ? buddy? say  
Shit, we be partyin' everyday.  
But I don't feel right, I feel angry and depressed  
'cause I'm dreamin' about flesh bein' ripped from my  
chest.

Down goes another nigga, down goes another  
Respect to my brotha, rest in piece, bam, I love ya.  
Man, it's a trip to see you gone and I'm alone  
You would whoop me to carry on so I gots to be strong.  
If only I had knew or had a clue who really did dat  
I swear I'll take dat ? and split dat nigga'z ? back  
I hate to see some niggaz do some dirt to some kin of  
me  
Fuckin' loc is ? fin? to be backtrackin' on my enemy.  
Niggaz know what's happenin', I rollin' through yo hood  
wit my strap in my lap and  
About to start blastin', you trick ass niggaz.

Chorus: [2x]

Micc check - 1,2 - whatchu marks gon do?  
Micc check - 1,2 - whatchu bustaz gon do?  
Micc check - 1,2 - whatchu bitches gon do?  
Micc check - 1,2 - whatchu niggaz gon do?  
Micc check - 1,2 - whatchu fools gon do?  
Micc check - 1,2 - what ad pound gon do?  
Micc check - 1,2 - whatchu hoochies gon do?  
Micc check - 1,2 - whatchu niggaz wanna do?

Visit [Bg Knocc Out & Dresta](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.