

## Ghost Town Djs "Check Out Time"

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Intro: 2Pac

Ay what time is it nigga? (I don't know)  
Oh shit, 12 o'clock  
Oh shit, we got to get the fuck up outta here (hell yeah)  
Nigga, it's check out time nigga  
Hey call up Kurupt, call Daz room (hey there bitch,  
where Suge at nigga?)  
Call Suge, call all the niggaz tell em to meet me  
downstairs  
(Where K and them niggaz at man?)  
Tell the valet, bring the Benz around  
(Ay y'all seen my shoes?)  
Hey Kurupt, y'all niggaz drivin or y'all flyin back,  
whassup?  
(Kurupt: Man, I'm rollin man, fuck that shit)  
Hey Syke nigga, come on man, get up out the  
bathroom fool  
(Fuck that, I lost some money nigga)  
Aw nigga, damn

Verse One: 2Pac

Now I'm up early in the mornin breath stinkin as I'm  
yawnin  
Just another sunny day in California  
I got my mind focused on some papers while I'm into  
sexy capers  
Give a holla to them hoochies last night that tried to  
rape us  
Will these rap lyrics take us, plus room all up in Vegas  
I'm a boss playa, death before I let these bitches break  
us  
Last night was like a fantasy, Alize and Hennessee  
A hoochie and her homie dirty dancin with my man and  
me  
Told her I was interested, picture all the shit we did  
I got her hot and horny, all up on me, what a freaky  
bitch  
First you argued, then I fight it, til you lick me where I  
like it

Got a nigga all excited, it don't matter just don't bite it  
I never got to check out the scence  
Too busy trying to dig a hole in your jeans  
Now it seems, it's check out time

Chorus: 2Pac

We gotta go (2X)  
Gotta go, gotta go  
Yeah baby, hahaha, it's check it out time  
We gotta go (4X)  
Gotta go nigga, gotta go (y'all know what time it is)  
Ay, c'mon man get y'all bags man call that valet  
motherfucker  
Tell him to get a nigga shoe, cause we out this  
motherfucker

Verse Two: Kurupt

They label me an outlaw, so it's time for the panty raid  
My fantasies came true, with Janet on, I'm in a  
Escapade  
But did it all end too soon  
All the homies runnin through the halls room to room,  
so I assume  
Since I'm a playa like my nigga Syke  
Then it's only right for me to disappear into the night  
My game's Trump tight, so I find time to recline  
Sneak into your room, instant Messiah, shit wines of all  
kinds  
I ain't got that much time  
So hurry up and pop the Dom and let me hit it from  
behind  
Since I'm only here for one night, I got to get you hot  
and heated  
Play like Micheal Jackson, and Beat It  
One more thing I like to mention, I'm done and I'm out  
cause there's someone else who deserves my  
attention  
So all the homies round up in the lobby  
Cause busting bitches is a hobby, nigga  
It's check out time

Chorus: Kurupt

We gotta go (8X)  
Ayyo man 'Pac ay where the where the fuck is Daz at  
man?  
This nigga locked up or somethin  
The only one not to leave  
Yo man it's check out time, it's time to get out this

mother  
You seem them bitches?  
We out man, fuck that shit  
Yo Rece! Yo nigga whassup?

Verse Three: Syke

Hey I'm livin the life of a boss playa  
The front desk callin but I'm checkin out later  
My behaviour is crazy, from what you did to me baby  
If walls could talk, they'd say, you tried to fade me  
I'm puttin in work, but didn't hurt from the jacuzzi to the  
bed  
Carressin your thoughts, cause I'm livin Fed  
Heard what I said? Passion is crashin the room  
From the liquor we consumed I heard a boom  
I'm blackin out, you're yellin out 'Big Syke Daddy'  
We did it in the caddy on the highway, my way  
I'm lost in a dream, and so it seemed, to be the night  
Five bottles of Cristal and I'm still tight  
Out of sight, for 'Pac and Kurupt  
As I get it up, once the doors close you stuck  
In a heaty, sticky situation  
Get up baby, you ain't on vacation  
It's check out time

Chorus: Syke

We gotta go (8X)  
Ay, it's check out time  
Ay 'Pac, nigga where my motherfuckin, where my  
shoes go nigga?  
Where my motherfuckin drawers and shit at man?  
Man y'all niggaz was in here partyin too fuckin much  
What the fuck y'all doin nigga?  
Kurupt, go tell Daz man and Bogart and the rest of  
them niggaz  
c'mon man, niggaz is trippin man  
Front desk all callin me tellin me to get the hell outta  
here man  
We gotta go (8X)  
I ain't got no more money, somebody loan me a  
hundred

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