

Jay Rock

"Checkmate"

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They say a nigga can't rhyme no more, about crime no more
About crack in my draws, and bucking that .44
Because I was with Tech on a 44 city tour
Came home for two weeks and then went back out for more
(look) ain't shit changed, same grimey ass lame
Same blood thirsty bitches seeking teeth through veins
Started off small time, penny picture for jordans
Spending them was a life, trying to make me a fortune
Crap captions crack addicts black-matics
So tragic, Sunday service four caskets
Put black, red, or blue? which one are you?
Set them in a box with Glocks, which one will shot?
Its a war out here my nigga, lace up your boots
Put your emotions in check, put your feelings on mute
Because these bitches pussy will have you cum faster
then speeding bullets
Now your nutty for that slutty busting heads over
pudding (don't do it)

[Hook:]

I'm just trying kick game to you
I been there and done it, I know just what this game do
ya
Pushing up daises or 21 on the wake up
So keep your mind on your money and get your cake
up
Pistol on my side, eyes on the prize
Life is like chess one move at a time (survive my
niggas)
One move at a time (slow it down my niggas)
One move at a time (no lie one move)

[Verse 2:]

Life behind bars where a dumb broad will get ya
Now shes throwing her pussy a party, hardly send you
pictures (damn)
I pray for my friends and my enemies
A nigga who envy you really love you but his energy
Surrounded by negativity, vividly hes lost

If you got some lose ends in your circle them but them
off quick
I guess them skeletons coming out closet
Seen too many murders got a nigga feeling nauseous
Phones tap like leaking faucets, so faulty
A speech can be so costly, tread softly brother
I know its so hard to shake them handcuffs
You crawl before you walk, then you man up
You don't stand for nothing, I guess you fall for
anything that your eyes touch (my God)
Realest nigga in it, naw, its no fausaud
I do this in my sleep, no sleep, shit this my job (wake
up!)

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

Look I'm play 'em left, got something to live for
My daughters future secure, don't get your wig split
boy
(look) I be trying to rise above the evils of my past
These streets pulling at my jeans, how long its going to
last?
Before I spaze on one of these rap niggas I hear yall
now
We expected it from that nigga, look!
I think different now from a year ago
A year ago, I was stocking these niggas videos, yall
don't hear me though
I thank Top Protect for getting that deal done
They say true niggas just call it a miracle
Aviator shades, boy I'm fresher then Morris Day
T.D.E. the movement, concert packed like parades
Play your cards right, I'm the jack of all trades
Went from catching fades to catches broads on stage
Life is what you make it, you're engineering, you are
what you are
And thats the man in the mirror, don't get no clearer

[Hook]

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