

Candlebox

"Check it Out"

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[Intro]

From a nickel and dime ass nigga
to a top, top, top - (big rigga)

Check it

Check it out, check it out, check it out, check it
Check it out

Check it out, check it out, check it out, check it

[B-Legit]

It ain't a cell in this town that can hold me
And fuck the task force 'cause them suckas tried to
fold me, scold me
Told me if I move that they was blastin'
Got me to the station, hella questions they be askin'
Who's a big baller? Who supply your crew?
Who got them big birdies in the box, is it you?
I never said a word, 'cause nigga I don't do so
You fools got some questions, better ask the lawyer-
ooso

[Kurupt]

I'm so international, and all about my cashional
18 milly irrational, speak mice
What you want fool, dogg tell me what you need
Bought a couple pints of Hennessey, an eighth of weed
It seems time's gettin' shorter
Time to elevate from nickels, dimes, dubs, to quarters
Kurupt, B-Legit, and 40 Water
Niggaz oughta - get to swervin'
Take a hit, hit the strip, then get to pervin'

[E-40]

Uh squa uh, squab music, mob music
Ride on a motherfucker and draw down on his ass in
music
The 213, the 41510
Pull a hoe without a motherfuckin' tug of war
40 Water, your playa partner
Ever since the womb, I've been a tycoon
Actin' up (actin' up)

Actin' tough (actin' tough)
Actin' bad with all kinds of guns and stuff

[Chorus] - X 2
From a nickel and dime ass nigga
To a top hat ballin' big rigga
From a nickel and dime ass nigga
To a top hat ballin' big rigga

[Kurupt]
I got a half a ounce, and a 'four to bounce
A half a brick to flip, large amount accounts
Life as a young nigga with loot don't count
Life as a young nigga with loot turned out
You know it ain't nothin' to it but to do it
Flow like fluid, you's included
Pursue it, subdue it, and run through it
Doin' what I do, it's hard to maintain my composure
Ah man, they came through with the doja, it's on

[B-Legit]
The motherfuckin' County ain't the place for the savage
A cock hound dank, smoke a nigga 'bout his cabbage
But if I'm ever caught I'ma ride my shit
Divorce my broad, but nigga keep my bitch
Bury my mail in my momma backyard
Steady poppin' cons to correctional guards
They fucks with my crew 'cause they claim that we be
trouble
Them niggaz from the V to the H-I double
I'm tryin' to get this party, tonight at this motel
A gang of bitches there, some more on my voice mail
Bathtub full of the ice and the fifths
My homie K-1 rollin' blunts at the crib
First I take a hit, strolls like a pimp
The motherfuckin' savage with the million dollar limp
Another big day for this timin' ass baller
Hit the block, stock in my ninety fin Impala
Let them pipes holla, I know I'm lookin' saucy
Nineteen shots, sittin' next to my faulty
Stash my notch, shake the spot and gets far
Bitch, I'm a motherfuckin' rap star

[Chorus] - X 2
From a nickel and dime ass nigga
To a top hat ballin' big rigga
From a nickel and dime ass nigga
To a top hat ballin' big rigga

[E-40]
Open shop with a sixteenth of powder to a whole zip

To a half ham, now I'm sittin' kilogram
Niggaz 'spect me to the upmost 'cause I'm highly
spoken 'bout
Niggaz love me 'cause they know I'ms 'bout my paper
route
I keeps my lawyers and my bail bondsmen paid
Shit, for all I know they might decide to raid shit
Back in the day po-po was easily out-smarted
But now they got some new and improved state of the
art shit

[B-Legit]

Man, it's goin' down, am I livin' in the past?
This modern day slavery takin' toll on my ass
You either take me in, or let this timer go
Or if you got some charges nigga let this timer know
I told you I'm a rapper, love to entertain
Catch me on the stage with a mic spittin' game
Legit's my name and you can even ask your daughter
About Kurupt, B-Legit, and 40 Water

[Chorus] - X 4

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