

## Daleka Obala

### "Check Your Game"

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Chorus:

It's 99 players check your game  
Make sure them young boys respect your name  
Keep your heaters at close reach cocked and ready  
Cause the streets will catch you slipping, rock ya  
steady  
Watch your back with your homies that you feel is real  
Your homeboys from your crew, yeah them the ones  
that do you  
The suckas that got the player hater venom  
I wanna take 'em outside and lay some slugs up in em

[King T]

When they need work  
They call the cali drug expert  
Smashing in a six hundred dollar bill burnt  
Looking flossy living costly  
Off the edge, out of state  
They gots to break bread, for sho  
I needs mo' ice drops for the lexo  
Briggetts sets blow when I'm sipping the mo'  
Freelancing, trying to build a mansion  
And stay faded  
Have hoes walk around my crib butt naked...

[Ice-T]

True, pop the remy kick back and let the players  
represent  
High floss true boss game and take aim  
These sucka wannabe's  
Nigga please - you're green  
I'll bend hoes on the downlow - banks obscene  
Wanna chill with these niggas, bet you wish you could  
And suck game out my ass like sponges  
I run this  
You can't fuck with the steelo  
You niggas wanna be low  
When I'm on the east I play ceelo  
Cash flow  
One track mind serial hustler  
Quick to break a buster ya snitch bitch?

I'll dust ya  
Bentley ballin' bastard  
No hustler faster  
Game maker  
I knock a white bitch and break her

[King T]

But Ice, Chronic got me bruising my brain  
But soothing my pain, I'm true to the game  
I got my mind made I gotta be that rich motherfucker  
Set it up so my grandkids don't suffer  
The phat hummer  
The phat drummer - what's your choice?  
Trying to find a sister with a voice  
Make her moist  
I'm throwing up the W  
Bringing trouble to  
Those in sight  
King T and Big Ice

Chorus:

[Ice-T]

But T that's trippin' and that ain't my sport  
I'd rather lamp in my crib and flip the Robb report  
And set my v-dozen on the streets  
Bump my beats  
Cause when I'm twisting my dubs  
Can't nobody compete  
Imagine this:  
A hundred G 'lex on your wrist  
Imagine this:  
About ten karrots on your fist  
Imagine this:  
All dime hoes on your list  
Ha - that shit would be nice  
But your name ain't "Ice" - kid...  
I'll screw the silencer on - rock you softly  
How you gonna step to me kid? You grew up off me  
TV, Movies, and Records and Tours  
So many busters wearing Versace I don't wear it no  
more...

[King T]

But this will be a classic  
Many facets to get that ass kicked  
The alcoholic Don, call me King Tragic  
Watch me speak the magic  
Watch me teach that old habit - full of havoc  
And Ice'll tweak the mix when it statics  
People pay

Just to have me stay  
And say a verse  
I'll freak a couple words unrehearsed  
Then I burst  
I mean I bust  
From all angles  
Guaranteed platinum on your single

[Ice-T]  
Yo T, I really must admit I'm blessed  
Master V does some other shit TV's in the head rests  
Never wear no vests because I got mad love  
I catch respect when other niggas catch slugs  
1, 2 I bust shit to load guns to  
Beats for the hoodlums  
Somebody's gotta do'em  
Fed's screw 'em  
Faggot's got my whole crib bugged  
Mad taps on the phone cause I deal with the thugs  
Drugs? never  
No, the Ice is too clever  
I'm overseas  
Checkin G's  
Nigga please  
Ballin' since the 70's - yeah baby  
Blew up in the 80's  
Now you niggas hate me  
You can't see me motherfucker your focus is off  
You can't be me motherfucker, you're broke and you're  
soft  
Too many niggas try to pert my lifestyle - romancing  
I was kickin game while them kids was breakdancing  
Overlord - so why the wack niggas ain't dead?  
Probably because my aim is over nigga's heads/  
East coast - west coast, I play the whole map and  
bounce/  
They got a benz but live in their mom's house...

Chorus

[King T]  
To all my G's rock on  
get your ride on - when you hear it  
The forbidden Gangland lyric  
Player Haters fear it  
Get you right up close near it  
Possessed by the Eazy-E spirit  
Ice-T set the limit  
And niggas won't cross this line  
suicide - and niggas won't cross this nine  
in your mouth

puffin' with my niggas down south  
what the fuck this really all about? man..  
I'm coming out  
front and back, 98 brougham  
All you fake G's stay home  
Leave that shit alone  
King Tee's back on the throne  
And that nigga on the mic - straight gone  
Cra-zy, y'all niggas wanna know the real deal?  
I'll freestyle and smack you in your grill  
Bomb lyrics, no special effects or gimmicks  
The Syndicate will put you in the mix - biatch...

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