

T Ice

"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

Guarunteed platium 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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