

Altered Images

"Micc Check"

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Yeah, somethin' fo' you trick ass niggaz in 95.
Ha, B.G. Knocc Out and Gangsta Dre'sta
Compton fo' life, fools.

Chorus:

Micc Check - 1,2 - What a nigga - gon do
When the 165 Crew run upon you?
Yeah, you know you gon bow down like a bitch
cuz you niggaz can't fuck witta 5 or the 6.

[B.G.]

Rollin' the CPT inside my g wit my mask on
Ready to catch these bustas slippin' so the ?doc? can
blast on
They ass for shootin' my homie just the other fuckin'
day, G.
They fucked up but fuck dat, them niggaz now gots to
pay, G.
I'm headin' up to the spot where they be chillin', so now
I'm dippin'
Oh, wouldn't ya know, these niggaz standin' on the
corner slippin'.
I ?bumped? around the block and I ?hopped? out my ?
g? so
I crept and crawled, I crawled and crept on my knees
until I got close
They probably would have seen me if they wasn't so
faded.
?, run upon the crowd, pulled out my gat and then I
sprayed it.
Niggaz are runnin' and bailin' until I watched a few ?
Broke around the corner, took off my mask and then I
hopped back
Into my g, which stand on the scene before I heard the
sirens.
Slapped on my bitch all from the way so I can collect all
my ends.
Took the g and dumped it but I had to dump the strap,
too.
It was my only chance so I did what I had to.

Chorus [2x]

[Dre'sta]

Huh, I'm sick and goin' asleep, wake up to sweaty ?
sheets?

Stressin' from the mess and all the pressures on the
streets

I wanna pack my heat everywhere a nigga step
From the thoughts dat have crept about death as I
slept.

?Sheltering? my madness, dreamin' about mo' killin'
And never seem to wake until I see some blood spillin'.
Dealin' witta stuff's kinda ruff on a young mind
Everybody die from criminals to one-times
If we believin' everything dat the ? buddy? Say
Shit, we be partyin' everyday.

But I don't feel right, I feel angry and depressed
Cuz I'm dreamin' about flesh bein' ripped from my
chest.

Down goes another nigga, down goes another
Respect to my brotha, Rest In Piece, Bam, I love ya.
Man, it's a trip to see you gone and I'm alone
You would whoop me to carry on so I gots to be strong.
If only I had knew or had a clue who really did dat
I swear I'll take dat ? And split dat nigga'z ? Back
I hate to see some niggaz do some dirt to some kin of
me

Fuckin' loc is ?fin? To be backtrackin' on my enemy.
Niggaz know what's happenin', I rollin' through yo hood
wit my strap in my lap and
About to start blastin', you trick ass niggaz.

Chorus: [2x]

Micc Check - 1,2 - whatchu marks gon do?
Micc Check - 1,2 - whatchu bustaz gon do?
Micc Check - 1,2 - whatchu bitches gon do?
Micc Check - 1,2 - whatchu niggaz gon do?
Micc Check - 1,2 - whatchu fools gon do?
Micc Check - 1,2 - what Ad Pound gon do?
Micc Check - 1,2 - whatchu hoochies gon do?
Micc Check - 1,2 - whatchu niggaz wanna do?

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