Tupac Shakur
"Check Out Time"

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(feat. Kurupt, Syke)

[Intro: 2Pac]

Ay what time is it nigga? (I don't know)
Oh shit, 12 o'clock
Oh shit, we got to get the fuck up outta here (hell yeah)
Nigga, it's check out time nigga
Hey call up Kurupt, call Daz room (hey there bitch,
where Suge at nigga?)
Call Suge, call all the niggaz tell em to meet me
downstairs
(Where K and them niggaz at man?)
Tell the valet, bring the Benz around
(Ay y'all seen my shoes?)
Hey Kurupt, y'all niggaz drivin or y'all flyin back,
whassup?
(Kurupt: Man, I'm rollin man, fuck that shit)
Hey Syke nigga, come on man, get up out the
bathroom fool
(Fuck that, I lost some money nigga)
Aw nigga, damn

[Verse One: 2Pac]

Now I'm up early in the mornin breath stinkin as I'm
yawnin
Just another sunny day in California
I got my mind focused on some papers while I'm into
sexy capers
Give a holla to them hoochies last night that tried to
rape us
Will these rap lyrics take us, plus room all up in Vegas
I'm a boss playa, death before I let these bitches break
us
Last night was like a fantansy, Alize and Hennessee
A hoochie and her homie dirty dancin with my man and
me
Told her I was interested, picture all the shit we did
I got her hot and horny, all up on me, what a freaky
bitch
First you argued, then I fight it, til you lick me where I

like it
Got a nigga all excited, it don't matter just don't bite it
I never got to check out the scence
Too busy trying to dig a hole in your jeans
Now it seems, it's check out time

[Chorus: 2Pac]

We gotta go [2X]
Gotta go, gotta go
Yeah baby, hahaha, it's check it out time
We gotta go [4X]
Gotta go nigga, gotta go (y'all know what time it is)
Ay, c'mon man get y'all bags man call that valet motherfucker
Tell him to get a nigga shoe, cause we out this motherfucker

[Verse Two: Kurupt]

They label me an outlaw, so it's time for the panty raid
My fantansies came true, with Janet on, I'm in a Escapade
But did it all end too soon
All the homies runnin through the halls room to room, so I assume
Since I'm a playa like my nigga Syke
Then it's only right for me to disappear into the night
My game's Trump tight, so I find time to recline
Sneak into your room, instant Messiah, shit wines of all kinds
I ain't got that much time
So hurry up and pop the Dom and let me hit it from behind
Since I'm only here for one night, I got to get you hot and heated
Play like Micheal Jackson, and Beat It
One more thing I like to mention, I'm done and I'm out cause there's someone else who deserves my atttention
So all the homies round up in the lobby
Cause busting bitches is a hobby, nigga
It's check out time

[Chorus: Kurupt]

We gotta go [8X]
Aiyyo man 'Pac ay where the where the fuck is Daz at man?
This nigga locked up or somethin
The only one not to leave

Yo man it's check out time, it's time to get out this
mother
You seem them bitches?
We out man, fuck that shit
Yo Rece! Yo nigga whassup?

[Verse Three: Syke]

Hey I'm livin the life of a boss playa
The front desk callin but I'm checkin out later
My behaviour is crazy, from what you did to me baby
If walls could talk, they'd say, you tried to fade me
I'm puttin in work, but didn't hurt from the jacuzzi to the
bed
Carressin your thoughts, cause I'm livin Fed
Heard what I said? Passion is crashin the room
From the liquor we consumed I heard a boom
I'm blackin out, you're yellin out 'Big Syke Daddy'
We did it in the caddy on the highway, my way
I'm lost in a dream, and so it seemed, to be the night
Five bottles of Cristal and I'm still tight
Out of sight, for 'Pac and Kurupt
As I get it up, once the doors close you stuck
In a heaty, sticky situation
Get up baby, you ain't on vacation
It's check out time

[Chorus: Syke]

We gotta go [8X]
Ay, it's check out time
Ay 'Pac, nigga where my motherfuckin, where my
shoes go nigga?
Where my motherfuckin drawers and shit at man?
Man y'all niggaz was in here partyin too fuckin much
What the fuck y'all doin nigga?
Kurupt, go tell Daz man and Bogart and the rest of
them niggaz
c'mon man, niggaz is trippin man
Front desk all callin me tellin me to get the hell outta
here man
We gotta go [8X]
I ain't got no more money, somebody loan me a
hundred