

Various Artists

"Ch-Ch-Check It Out - Beastie Boys"

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All you trekkies and TV addicts
Don't mean to diss
Don't mean to bring static
All you klingons in your grandma's house
Grab your backstreet friend and get loud
Blowin' doors off hinges
Grab you with the pinchers
And no I didn't retire
I'll snatch you up
With the needle nose pliers

Like mutual of Omaha
Got the ill boat
You've never seen before
Gliding in the glades
And like Lorne Greene
You know I get paid
Like caprice and with the basil
Not goofy like darren or hazel
I'm a hip hop nick at night with
Classics rerunning that you know all right
Now remain calm no alarm
Cause my farm ain't fat
So what's up with that
I've got friends and family that I respect
When I think I'm too good
They put me in check
So believe when I say I'm no better than you
Except when I rap
So I guess it ain't true
Like that y'all and you just don't stop
Guaranteed to make your body rock

Ch-ch-ch-ch-check it out
What-wha-what-what-what's it all about
Work-wa-work-work-work-we'll work it out
Let's turn this turn this party out

Said, "doctor what's the condition
I'm a man that's on a mission"
Said, "son, you'd better listen
Stuck in your WHA

Is an electrician"
Like a scientist
Mmmm when I'm applying this
Method of controlling my mind
Like Einstein and the rappin' duke combined
Now Hey nigga bubba now what's the deal
I didn't know you go for that mass appeal
Some call it salugi
Some hot potato
I stole your mic and you won't see it later
Cause I work magic like a magician
I add up like a mathematician
I'm a bank cashier
Engineer
I wear cotton but I don't wear sheer

Shazam and abracadabra
In the whip I'm gonna cruise past ya
Yo money, don't chump yourself
Put that WHA back on the shelf
Light rays blazin'
You're out of phase
And my crews amazin'
We're working on the record yo
So just stay patient

Ch-ch-ch-ch-check it out
What-wa-what-what-what's it all about
Work-wa-work-work-work-wa-work it out
Let's turn this turn this party out

Ch-ch-ch-ch-check it out
Ch-ch-ch-ch-check it out

Now, I go by the name of the king adrock
I don't wear a cup nor a jock
I bring the WHA that's beyond bizarre
Like miss piggy
Who moi
I am the one with the clientele.
You say, "adrock, you rock so well"
I've got class like pink champale
If you ain't got the mic grab the mic before the mic
goes stale

Don't test me
They can't arrest me
I'll fake right cross-over and shoot lefty
You look upset, yo calm down
You look cable guy dunked off of your crown
I flow like smoke out a chimney

You never been me
You wanna rap but what you're making ain't hip hop b

Get your clothes right out the dryer
Put armor all up on your tire
Sport that fresh attire
Tonight we goin' out set the town on fire
Set the town ablaze
Gonna stun and amaze
Ready to throw a craze
Make your granny shake her head
And say, "those were the days"

Check-ch-check-check-check-ch-check it out
What-wa-what-what-what's it all about
Work-wa-work-work-work-wa-work it out
Let's turn this turn this party out

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