

## Check It Out

### Grand Puba

Flippin' the script, page one  
We got the real McCoy's in the house  
The big kids callin' all the shots  
So here's the resume for the day, check it  
It's time to turn the page

So check it out y'all, check it, check it out  
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Check it out y'all, check it, check it out

Well here's some reel type shit, Grand Puba with the singer  
Give thumbs up 'cause I'm glad I could bring her  
Honey clear your throat, yeah, yeah the shit sound dope

Well, here goes the skit, it's the kick a rhyme zing  
To the beat shit that you wanna get wit  
Brothers try to copy but they just can't get it down right  
This is how we move it tonight

So honey is you ready? Yes I'm ready  
So, kick the flavor, get the loot, and let's be jetti  
Aiiyyo, check it

Well, I'll be damned if I do, damned if I don't  
It's time to kick the flavor on the reel you think I won't?  
And you know I come to kick the flavor too  
Well, that's true, now how we do?

I gets busy, aiiyyo, hon me too and that's nothin'  
'Cause that's the way we do, so get ready  
Because you know the deal and what's the real thing, yeah, yeah, yeah  
So let's get down, get down with honey from uptown

When I'm done with this I'll be around like James Brown  
Ain't no thing, honey just sing, you know I and you  
Yeah, we got it goin' on, we got it goin' on  
We got it goin on, we got it goin' on

So check it out y'all, check it, check it out  
Check it out y'all, check it, check it out  
Check it out y'all, check it, check it out  
Check it out y'all, check it, check it out

You know, you know, I know, Puba knows how to flow  
So bear witness to the Grand Puba slickness  
Better get your medication 'cause it spreads on the quickness  
Take notes to what's goin' on

Aiiyyo, Grand Puba and Mary won't steer you wrong  
Hon it's just that shit, let's get it on and on and on, and on and on  
Aiiyyo, some try to flow but they just can't do it  
But you know how that go, ain't nothin' to it

But to do it, run right through it  
Those who know the time, already knew it  
I drink a snapple and I wet my Adam's apple

And head straight for the center, the dope style inventor

Quick to make a buck 'cause it's not beginner's luck  
Type of shit that hits when you pump it in your truck  
Not Ashford and Simpson, Ike and Tina Turner  
Sonny or Cher, it's somethin' dope on your ear

So whether Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday  
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, it don't make a matter  
This is the type of shit to make the pockets fatter  
It's simply splendid, the way that we bend it  
But it's time for me to jet, so I'm a let Mary end it

You know, you know, I know  
Puba knows how to flow got it goin' on  
You know, you know I know you got it goin' on  
You, yeah, yeah, baby, baby, baby, baby baby