

# I Check My Bank

Sir Mix-A-Lot

I'm peelin off domes with a baseball bat  
Forty-four Magnum, choice of gat  
Mercury tip fillin up my clip  
I can shoot him in the dome or I can get him in the hip  
but boom, look at all the niggaz runnin out the room  
Just another soldier, causin doom  
No I don't bang but I like to wound... my enemy  
Who is the enemy, I'm glad you asked  
Any motherfucker standin in my path  
Got a Bentley Turbo, now you wanna jack  
but remember, Mack Daddy is strapped  
And when you're platinum, niggaz start dissin  
Record companies think you're missin  
But I'm back I'm back I'm back and I got a bigger gat Now the positive rhyme  
s is onnnn  
And I'm positively hittin that dome  
You might want mine but you can't get mine  
Rather put a hot nine right up in your behind  
I'm not the nigga that you wanna recoup  
And I don't wear a Giorgio suit  
but I'm down for my business so please don't step  
You heard about my lawfirm's rep, I check my bank

"Cash money, cash-cash.. money" "Boom! Here I am, rich"  
Checkin my bank  
"Cash money, cash-cash.. money" "Boom! Here I am, rich"  
AhhhI checks my bank  
"Cash money, cash-cash.. money" "Boom! Here I am, rich"  
Straight checkin my bank  
"Cash money, cash-cash-cash-cash.... cash money"

In the magazine I look like a dope man  
cause I'm paid, and I'm suckin up to no man  
And in the rap game I gets no respect  
cause I'm checkin more bank than the Heat check  
Yeah I'm a pimp and my hoe is the system  
Uncle Sam might think I just dissed him  
But nah I'm just pumpin straight facts  
You either be a mack, or you get macked  
Some of the jealous wanna roll on the boss  
But this HK's keepin em tossed  
Cause I duck them deuce deuce treys at point blank range  
Attitudes get changed  
I'm about making these dividends  
and every motherfucker ain't my friend  
And I check my back when I count my snaps  
And niggaz that snatch get slapped  
Girls wanna roll, that's cool  
but I'm not to be played that fool  
Some niggaz think a brother with money is slippin  
but I've be down, so quit trippin  
My goal, to increase the size of this bank  
I hold, and bring up the brothers whose down  
to roll, and keep all the shit under my control  
That's how I'm livin, I check my bank

"Cash money, cash-cash.. money"

"Clockin more dollars than Chase Manhattan"

I check my bank C'mon Punish! "Cash money"

A word to the cops, I can't be stopped  
A word to my enemies, I don't drop props  
A word to the Klan, I don't pick crops  
You can run up with your whip but you'll just run up and get popped  
A word to the Tipper, rap won't fall  
A word to the bourgeoisie, fuck all y'all  
A word to Apartheid you bouts to fall  
You can kill a couple brothers but you'll never get us all  
Straight laced game's what I'm poppin at the new jacks  
Mack Daddy niggaz like to snatch fat sacks  
I used to be nice with my rhymes, and now I drop dimes  
\*Beastie Boys scratch "What's the time?"\*  
It's time to get paid in the nine-two G  
Recession never stopped a nigga like me  
I'm breakin no laws but I'm livin on edge  
Puttin CEO's to bed  
Business, straight yankin in dead presidents  
It's like sellin dope, but the money ain't bent  
The game is stiff, but I'ma get mine  
My set is a dollar sign, I check my bank

Yup, checkin my bank, fool, ha ha  
Yup, I check my bank, sheeit  
Straight checkin my bank  
C'mon Punish! Punish em! Punish em!  
Show these DJ's what time it is Punish  
Peace out y'all, and I'm checkin my bank  
I checks my bank  
I checks my bank, straight paid clown  
Checkin my bank  
I checks my bank!