

Ch-Check It Out

Beastie Boys

All you Trekkies and TV addicts
Don't mean to diss, don't mean to bring static
All you Klingons in the fuckin' house
Grab your backstreet friend and get loudBlowin' doors off hinges
I'll grab you with the pinchers
And no, I didn't retire, I'll snatch you up
With the needle nose pliersLike mutual Omaha
Got the ill boat, you've never seen before
Gliding in the glades and like Lorne Greene
You know I get paidLike caprese and with the basil
Not goofy like Darren or Hazel
I'm a mother fucking 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 checkSo 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 rockCheck-ch-check-check-check-ch-check it out
What-wha-what-what-what's it all about?
Work-wa-work-work-work-wa-work it out
Let's turn this motherfuckin' party outSaid,"Doc, what's the condition?
I'm a man that's on a mission
Said,"Son, you'd better listen
Stuck in your ass is an electrician
Like a scientist
Mmm when I'm applying this
Method of controlling my mind
Like Einstein and the rappin' Duke combinedNow, hey baby bubba, now what 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 and I don't wear sheerShazam and abracadabra
In the whip I'm gonna cruise past ya
Yo money, don't chump yourself
Put that shit back on the shelfLight rays blazin'
You're out of phase and my crew's amazin'
We're working on the record yo
So just stay patientCheck-ch-check-check-check-ch-check it out

What-wha-what-what-what's it all about?
 Work-wa-work-work-work-wa-work it out
 Let's turn this motherfuckin' party out Check-ch-check-check-check-ch-check it out
 Check-ch-check-check-check-check-ch-check it out
 Check-ch-check-check-check-check-ch-check it out
 Check-ch-check-check-check-check-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 shit 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
 MCA 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 to 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" Now, Check-ch-check-
 check-check-ch-check it out
 What-wha-what-what-what's it all about?
 Work-wa-work-work-work-wa-work it out
 Let's turn this motherfuckin' party out

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>