

# Check It Out, Y'all

2 Live Crew

Check it out y'all  
Ch-ch-check it out y'all  
Two, two Live Crew  
Two Li, two Li, two Li, two Live Crew  
Fresh, fresh, fresh Kid Ice  
Tre-treach Dee Jay  
Bro-brother Marquis  
Bus-bust a rhyme

Extra extra, hear all the bad news  
About the whacky-whack emcees and the ones like you  
Because I've done everything that you have tried  
And I've been accepted where you've been denied  
I'm the M-A-R, the Q-U-I-S  
Here to run down a rhyme at your request  
I'm the New York born, who's sharp as a thorn  
I came here tonight just to get it on  
So listen up close and listen up well  
'Cause the Brother Marquis has a story to tell  
This is a story about an MC  
Who got real brave and challenged me  
He thought that he was bad, he thought he was tough  
Until I, what, until I called his bluff  
And as the battle began, his rhymes got weaker  
You couldn't even hear his voice come out the speaker  
And as he started to get ignored  
The party people turned and walked off the floor  
They did not applaud and they did not cheer  
And homeboys just said "Get the fuck outta here"  
So as I cracked a smile and started to laugh  
I could see the sucka duck muthafucka gettin' mad  
He had a frown on his face, he was hotter than fire  
He wasn't competition but just a little biter  
So, as he turned and walked away  
With his head to the ground and nothing to say  
'Cause he was busted, disgusted, and couldn't be trusted  
He tried to battle me and found self-destruction

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Two Li - two Li - two Li - two Live Crew  
Bus-bust a rhyme  
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Bus-bust a rhyme  
Fresh, fresh Kid Ice

I've been rhymin' and designin', and always tryin'  
Our beats are always strong, and never dyin'  
The lyrics I recite, I say with power  
So step aside or get devoured  
I won't say I'm sorry cause I don't want glory  
Gonna stimulate this party, so don't you worry  
Bustin' all fresh rhymes, don't need to diss  
'Cause I'm known at parties as a catalyst  
Gonna make you all dance, keep ya body in motion  
'Cause anything I do, I get an ovation  
The compliments I get never cease to end  
'Cause I say what I want and I never bend

To any silly shit that you got to say  
But to hear me rap, ya gotta pay  
'Cause you heard it before and it ain't no lie  
That two Live music will never die!

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Bus-bust a rhyme  
Bro-brother Marquis  
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Bust a rhyme  
Bus-bust a rhyme

I met this girl named Kisha, the daughter of a preacher  
I met her in school and we did it on the bleachers  
The kids were in gym as I went for a swim  
I rocked her so good until she wanted it again  
That was jet-set, so soft and wet  
Now Kisha's on my tip, and that you can bet  
Until one day I got caught in the act  
With my girl named Melissa from a few days back  
Kisha done called me up and asked me to explain  
She said I played with her heart like it was a game  
She said "Why?" I couldn't deny  
She said "Don't lie" then she started to cry  
But Kisha was yearnin' to be de-virgined  
She told her father, and he preached her a sermon

Ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-check-check it out y'all  
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Check it - check it out  
Check it - check it - check it out y'all  
Bus - Bust a rhyme  
Fre - Fresh Kid Ice  
Bus - Bust a rhyme

My name is Kid Ice, Gemini is my sign  
From the time I started rappin', your title was mine  
I started in the West, brought back to the East  
Got about my man Luke who unleashed the beast  
In me, for oh so long, I was put down  
Forced by others to listen to their sound  
Til the time has come as I proclaim to you  
All you sucka duck rappers, your era is through  
You call yourselves kings, that is only a dream  
You need style and ability to make a team  
So ya better come hard, and come correct  
Cause every weak rhyme ya bring, I will reject  
So go back home and learn to write  
But don't come back til ya say it right  
So while you're still there lookin' stupid in the face  
Ya better get lost with ya pat-pat bass

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Aw yeah, aw yeah, aw yeah  
Aw yeah, aw yeah, aw yeah  
Aw yeah