

## Check the Lock

clipping.

Hood used to check for him when he'd pull up flexing  
Now he check under the hood before he start the engine  
Came out the stash house, something didn't smell right  
He on the ground trying to look up in the tail pipe  
Mighty fall for a mighty man  
Had a manicure, now it's dirt and oil on his hands  
Staying low as he scrambles towards the car door  
Glance, just a short trip to the condo  
No signal, head on a swivel  
Hand on the center console with the pistol  
Tinted black, got the window right  
Always shoot the gap at the yellow light  
Bag of little yellow pills for the nerves  
But it makes it even worse when the Xanny's don't work  
And he panic, ears ringing, when you call he can't hear you  
Every seven seconds, eyes back up in the rearview

Something in this room didn't used to be  
Gin bottle to the face, can't fool the G  
Laughing at him, he ain't ever scared though  
But he check the lock every time he walks by the door  
Check the lock every time he walks by the door  
Check the lock every time he walks by the door  
He run the motherfucking city  
Yeah, they know  
But he check the lock every time he walks by the door

Never park right outside where he live  
He don't want his ride outside his crib  
'Cause they might roll by, recognize it  
And then come inside at night ready to fire with  
Guns like he ain't got none  
Joke's on them when his uzi weighs a ton  
Get out the car slow, always walk, never run  
Find a busy block, keep his hand locked on the trigger in case they figure  
It's a fun day some day, no he don't play  
No they one day know he gon' pay  
But they best hope they no make no mistake  
He ain't goin' soft just 'cause he got olay  
On his hands now, bbs gleaming  
Staying off the phone, no one chasing where he bein  
Never trust another man walking by cheesin'  
Never catch him sleep  
He won't let the bad dreams win

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Lights out, can't nobody see in  
But he see the lights outside, they be creepin'

He behind the blinds but the 45 peekin'  
Thought he heard the sirens but maybe he was tweakin'  
Now he got the seagrams bottle to the face, can't fool the G  
Told his brother to be ready with the eulogy  
They laughed about it but he hopes he really did it  
Wall clock clickin, getting louder by the minute  
That second hand shit got to go  
He be on that new-new, everybody know  
Gucci to they fubu, they fucking with a pro  
Money to the ceiling, so it's persian on the floor  
Used to be shoes off, but it's never that  
Since he found the metal shavings waiting by the welcome mat  
Everyday stuck, keep the heater tucked  
They got him sleeping in his chucks

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