

Check That Bitch

E-40

Folding this paper, getting my grip
Nigga, I'm a player, nigga, I'm a pimp
Don't holla at me, these hoes is a trip
Don't try to check me, you better check that bitch
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Nigga

It's never too late to learn the game
Don't call me trying to earn the name
If you don't want shit
Trying to take up for that punk bitch
You hella square... I don't fuck with it
All you gotta do is tell her how you feel
Just be honest, it ain't hard being real
If she fucking with the next man, you gon' be her ex man
And don't let me catch you stressin'

Stressin', let me give they ass a lesson, \$hort
Some of these so-called players being acting like a dork
They get behind closed doors, they poodle up
Let they bitch treat 'em like a mutt
There's rules and regulations in the Book of Mackin'
If she ain't your main broad you can't be a captain
And even if she is, she better show you 'speck
Just in case, always have another bitch on deck
BIATCH!

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I came in the game already laced and equipped
Got the game from the G's, the hustlers and the pimps
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense (UH!)
I ain't never been a square even though I drive a box
Had a couple warrants so I cut my dreadlocks
Tweeters, horns, woofers, 40 and them is what I knock
Slide down the block, life savings in my socks

The homie got killed
The other nigga went to jail
All behind a female
He about to do life, he about to have a funeral
And nobody wins
Ain't no game like a low budget pimp
Shoulda put a checkmark on her forehead
Stop simpin' and tell her what \$hort said

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I don't know what you drinking
Must be drunk, what the fuck you thinking?
A real player, that's all I wanna be
You mad 'cause you heard she was all up under me?
Now you wanna text my phone like a bitch
You need to quit, with that little girl shit
You better check her, so you can live your life, mayne
Is that your real bitch or your side thang?

Todd, I seen this main one in the club last night
Her and a couple of friends dressed in all white
Like some virgins, acting hella proper
Like they've never been touched, drinking hella vodka
Pants hella tight, grown
Coochie bite, camel toe, on
Wrecked, ready to get gone
You know why? 'Cause he ain't never home
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