

# Chin Check

N.W.A

911, forty reporting  
hello 911, help me, help me  
what is your emergency  
there's someone in my house, there's someone in my house  
can you please run by your address for me  
151 Shenedoah, Shenendoah  
ma'am where inside the house are you  
(oh my god)  
ma'am where inside the house are you  
in my room, their in my room  
ma'am calm down, deputies are on the way  
is the door locked  
(shriek)  
ma'am?

N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a (2x)

(N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a) What the fuck's up Dre

You tell me, you talk to Ren

Im right here nigga  
(N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a) Release the hound

Bow wow wow  
Wha wha wha what what what, what

I'm a Nigga Wit an Attitude thanks to y'all  
And I don't give a fuck I keep it gangsta y'all  
I'ma ride for my side in the C.P.T.  
God bless the memory of Eazy-E  
If it wadn't for me where the fuck you'd be?  
Rappin like the Treacherous Three, fuckin cowards  
I'd have seen Dre rockin parties for hours  
And I'd have seen Ren fuckin bitches from Howard  
And I'd have seen Snoop give away Eddie Bauer's  
So fuck Jerry Heller and the white superpowers

This the shit niggaz kill for  
They hear the villain niggaz spittin' with them nigga flows  
Fuck you hoes, fuck you bitch ass niggaz too  
Got something for you broke  
These niggaz wearin' skirts like the pope  
Who them niggaz that you love to get (us)  
Who them niggaz that you fuckin' wit' (us)  
Love the girl that weed and shit (what)  
The saga continues, with the worlds most dangerous group  
Four deep in the coup  
(Im a spill it)

I'ma smoke where I wanna smoke (fuck that)  
I'ma choke who I wanna choke (fuck that)  
I'ma ride where I wanna ride (fuck that)  
cause I'ma nigga 4 life, so I'ma nigga til I diz-ie  
(N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a)  
I'ma smoke where I wanna smoke (fuck that)  
I'ma choke who I wanna choke (fuck that)

(N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a)  
I'ma ride where I wanna ride (fuck that)  
cause I'ma nigga 4 life, so I'ma motherfuckin nigga til I diz-ie

A pencil, a pen, or a glock  
Im the original, subliminal, subterranean  
Titanium, criminal minded, swift  
D-R-E with that fuck a bitch shit (fuck a biatch)  
A couple o' notes and get you hog-tied in rope  
Dope like tons of coke, cutthroat  
You don't want the pistols to whistle  
Candy paint impala  
I make hoes pop collars

God damn hoes, here we go again  
Fuckin with Ren, playin' to win  
(he got the) coke in hand, (I got the) juice and gin  
Same shit you was fuckin wit way back then  
We keep it crackin' from the actin to the jackin  
G'ed up C'ed up motherfucker blaze the weed up  
We all on deck fool so put your heat up  
I stay on deck so me don't get wet

Look my nigga, we can scatter like buckshots  
Let's get together, make a record, why the fuck not?  
Why the fuck not?  
Why the fuck not?  
Why the fuck not?  
Cause I'm tight as the night  
I had to wipe activator off the mic, in 1985

(N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a)  
Real niggaz, biatch, you know, ha hah

We cause tragedy, erratically  
Systematically, in your house without a key  
How fucked up that'd be  
Gat'll be near your anatomy, my form of flattery

Assault and battery, cus we coming with that street mentality  
Straight west coast rider academy  
Concrete nigga, that's my reality  
We tend to bus' on niggaz that get mad at me  
Was it a bitch in the mix  
Well it had to be

Lying tricks told them dicks I had a key  
Hoes make the world harder than it have to be  
(Yea thats right)

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N N, dup dup, dup double u, a a, a a (6x)