

# 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 loud  
Blowin' 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 pliers  
Like mutual Omaha  
Got the ill boat, you've never seen before  
Gliding in the glades and like Lorne Greene  
You know I get paid  
Like 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 check  
So 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 rock  
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  
Said, "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 combined  
Now, 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 sheer  
Shazam and abracadabra  
In the whip I'm gonna cruise past ya  
Yo money, don't chump yourself  
Put that shit back on the shelf  
Light rays blazin'  
You're out of phase and my crew's amazin'  
We're working on the record yo  
So just stay patient  
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  
Check-ch-check-check-check-ch-check it out  
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Check-ch-check-check-check-ch-check it out  
Check-ch-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 Champagne  
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 <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>