

# 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 loudBlowin' 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 pliersLike mutual Omaha  
Got the ill boat, you've never seen before  
Gliding in the glades and like Lorne Greene  
You know I get paidLike 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 checkSo 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 rockCheck-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 outSaid,"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 combinedNow, 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 sheerShazam and abracadabra  
In the whip I'm gonna cruise past ya  
Yo money, don't chump yourself  
Put that shit back on the shelfLight rays blazin'  
You're out of phase and my crew's amazin'  
We're working on the record yo  
So just stay patientCheck-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  
 Check-ch-check-check-check-check-ch-check it out  
 Check-ch-check-check-check-check-ch-check it out  
 Check-ch-check-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 Champale  
 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 <https://www.songarea.com/>