

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Check Yo Self

Par Ice Cube

Album : Hit Machine - Volume 3

Yeah, word is bond

Das EFX in this, you know what I'm sayin'?

Straight from the sewer, word is bond

Yeah, yeah, ah, yeah

We doing this with my nigga

Where my nigga, Ice Cube in the motherfucker?

Word is bond, yeah

You better check yo' self before you wreck yo' self

'Cause I'm bad for your health

I come real stealth

Dropping bombs on your moms

Fuck car alarms

Doing foul crime, I'm that nigga wit' yo' Alpine

Sold it for a six-o, always let tricks know

And friends know, we got the indo

No, I'm not a sucker sitting in a House of Pain

And no, I'm not the butler, I'll cut ya

Headbutt ya, you say you can't touch this

And I wouldn't touch ya, in fact, motherfucker

Here to let you know boy, oh boy

I make dough, but don't call me Doughboy

This ain't no fucking motion picture

A guy or bitch-a, my nigga get wit'cha, and hit you

Taking that yak to the neck, so you better run a check

So come on and chickity-check yo' self before you wreck yo' self

Chickity-check yo' self before you wreck yo' self

Yeah, come on and check yo' self before you wreck yo' self

'Cause shotgun bullets are bad for your health

Mic-mic-microphone check (one, two! Check it!)

Mic-mic-microphone check (one, two! Check it!)

Tricks wanna step to Cube and then they get played

'Cause they bitchmade, pulling out a switchblade

That's kinda trifle 'cause that's a knife, ho

AK-47, Assault Rifle

Hold the 50, I'm nifty, pow

I got a new style (watch out now!)

I hate motherfuckers claiming that they folding bank

But steady talking shit in the holding tank

First, you wanna step to me?

Now your ass screaming for the deputy

They send you to Charlie-Baker-Denver row

Now they runnin' up in you slow

You're gone, used to be the Don Juan (check that shit out)

Now your name is just Twan

Switchin', snappin', rollin' your eyes and neck

You better run a check

So chickity-check yo' self before you wreck yo' self

Come on and check yo' self before you wrickity-wreck yo' self

So chickity-check yo' self before you wreck yo' self

'Cause big dicks up yo' ass is bad for ya health

Mic-mic-microphone check (one, two! Check it!)

Mic-mic-microphone check (one, two! Check it!)

If you're foul, you better run a make on that license plate

You coulda had a V8

Instead of a tre-eight slug to the cranium (pow!)

I got six and I'm aimin' 'em

Will I shoot or keep you guessing?

'Cause fuck you and that shit you're stressing

Bitch, get off the wood, you're no good

There goes the neighborhood hooker (slut)

Go ahead and keep your drawers

Giving up the claps and who needs applause

At a time like this, pop the coochie and you dead

The bitch is a Miami Hurricane head

Sprung, niggas call her 'Lips & Lungs'

Nappy dugout, get the fuck out

'Cause women like you gets no respect

Bitch, you better run a check

So chickity-check yo' self before you wreck yo' self

So chickity-check yo' self before you wreck yo' self (yeah)

Come on and check yo' self before you wrickity-wreck yo' self

'Cause bitches like you is bad for my health

Mic-mic-microphone check (one, two! Check it!), come again, check it!

Mic-mic-microphone check (one, two! Check it!), come again, check it!

Chickity-check yo' self before you wreck yo' self

You better chickity-check yo' self before you wreck yo' self

I said check yo' self before you wrickity-wreck yo' self (check, check)

Mic-microphone check

Mic-microphone check (check it, one, two!)

Mic-microphone check (one, two!)

Mic-microphone check (check it, one, two, one, two!)

Mic-microphone check (one, two!)

Mic-microphone check (check it, one, two!, one, two!)

Mic-microphone check (one, two)

Mic-microphone (check yo' self Cube) (yeah)

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