

# Lirik Lagu Lagu

<http://liriklagulagu.com>

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## 2Pac - Check Out Time

Featuring Kurupt, Syke]

Intro: 2Pac

Ay what time is it nigga? (I don't know)

Oh shit, 12 o'clock

Oh shit, we got to get the fuck up outta here (hell yeah)

Nigga, it's check out time nigga

Hey call up Kurupt, call Daz room (hey there bitch, where Suge at nigga?)

Call Suge, call all the niggaz tell em to meet me downstairs

(Where K and them niggaz at man?)

Tell the valet, bring the Benz around

(Ay y'all seen my shoes?)

Hey Kurupt, y'all niggaz drivin or y'all flyin back, whassup?

(Kurupt: Man, I'm rollin man, fuck that shit)

Hey Syke nigga, come on man, get up out the bathroom fool

(Fuck that, I lost some money nigga)

Aw nigga, damn

Verse One: 2Pac

Now I'm up early in the mornin breath stinkin as I'm yawnin

Just another sunny day in California

I got my mind focused on some papers while I'm into sexy capers

Give a holla to them hoochies last night that tried to rape us

Will these rap lyrics take us, plus room all up in Vegas

I'm a boss playa, death before I let these bitches break us

Last night was like a fantansy, Alize and Hennessee

A hoochie and her homie dirty dancin with my man and me

Told her I was interested, picture all the shit we did

I got her hot and horny, all up on me, what a freaky bitch

First you argued, then I fight it, til you lick me where I like it

Got a nigga all excited, it don't matter just don't bite it

I never got to check out the scence

Too busy trying to dig a hole in your jeans

Now it seems, it's check out time

Chorus: 2Pac

We gotta go (2X)

Gotta go, gotta go

Yeah baby, hahaha, it's check it out time

We gotta go (4X)

Gotta go nigga, gotta go (y'all know what time it is)

Ay, c'mon man get y'all bags man call that valet motherfucker

Tell him to get a nigga shoe, cause we out this motherfucker

Verse Two: Kurupt

They label me an outlaw, so it's time for the panty raid

My fantansies came true, with Janet on, I'm in a Escapade

But did it all end too soon

All the homies runnin through the halls room to room, so I assume

Since I'm a playa like my nigga Syke

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Then it's only right for me to disappear into the night  
My game's Trump tight, so I find time to recline  
Sneak into your room, instant Messiah, shit wines of all kinds  
I ain't got that much time  
So hurry up and pop the Dom and let me hit it from behind  
Since I'm only here for one night, I got to get you hot and heated  
Play like Micheal Jackson, and Beat It  
One more thing I like to mention, I'm done and I'm out  
cause there's someone else who deserves my attention  
So all the homies round up in the lobby  
Cause busting bitches is a hobby, nigga  
It's check out time

Chorus: Kurupt

We gotta go (8X)

Aiyyo man 'Pac ay where the where the fuck is Daz at man?

This nigga locked up or somethin

The only one not to leave

Yo man it's check out time, it's time to get out this mother

You seem them bitches?

We out man, fuck that shit

Yo Rece! Yo nigga whassup?

Verse Three: Syke

Hey I'm livin the life of a boss playa

The front desk callin but I'm checkin out later

My behaviour is crazy, from what you did to me baby

If walls could talk, they'd say, you tried to fade me

I'm puttin in work, but didn't hurt from the jacuzzi to the bed

Carressin your thoughts, cause I'm livin Fed

Heard what I said? Passion is crashin the room

From the liquor we consumed I heard a boom

I'm blackin out, you're yellin out 'Big Syke Daddy'

We did it in the caddy on the highway, my way

I'm lost in a dream, and so it seemed, to be the night

Five bottles of Cristal and I'm still tight

Out of sight, for 'Pac and Kurupt

As I get it up, once the doors close you stuck

In a heaty, sticky situation

Get up baby, you ain't on vacation

It's check out time

Chorus: Syke

We gotta go (8X)

Ay, it's check out time

Ay 'Pac, nigga where my motherfuckin, where my shoes go nigga?

Where my motherfuckin drawers and shit at man?

Man y'all niggaz was in here partyin too fuckin much

What the fuck y'all doin nigga?

Kurupt, go tell Daz man and Bogart and the rest of them niggaz

c'mon man, niggaz is trippin man

Front desk all callin me tellin me to get the hell outta here man

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We gotta go (8X)

I ain't got no more money, somebody loan me a hundred