

## Check Out Time - 1/3

**Interprété par 2 PAC.**

Intro: 2Pac

Hey, what time is it nigga ?

(I don't know)

Oh shit, 12 o' clock

Oh shit, we got ta get tha fuck outta here

(hell yeah)

Nigga, it's check out time nigga

Hey call Kurupt, call Daz, call [??]

call all those niggas up from downstairs

tell tha valay, bring tha benz around

Hey Kurupt, y'all niggas drivin' or are y'all flyin' back

wussup ?

(Man, i'm rollin' man, fuck that shit)

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

let's go!

(I lost some money nigga)

aw nigga

damn

Verse One: 2Pac

Now I'm up early in the mornin'

breathe stinkin' as I'm yawning

Just another sunny day in California

I got my mind focused on some papers

While I'm into sexy capers

Give a hollar to them hoochies last night who tried to rape us

Will these rap chansons 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 fantasy

Alazhay and Heneesee

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

hot and horny

what a freaky bitch

First you argued, then I fight it, till 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 scene

too busy trying to dig a hole in your jeans

Now it seems, it's check out time

## Check Out Time - 2/3

Chorus: 2Pac

We got to go (2X)  
Its check out time  
We got to go (4X)

Verse Two: Kurupt

They label me an outlaw  
So its time for the panty raid  
My fantansies came true  
with Janet on, I'm in an Escapade  
Did it all, in too soon  
All the homies runnin' through the halls room to room  
So I assume  
Since I'm a playa like my nigga Syke  
Then its only right for me to disappear into the night  
My games trump tight  
So I find time to recline  
Sneak into your room  
instant Messiah  
shit, wines of all kinds  
I ain't got much time  
so hurry up and pop the dime  
And let me hit it from behind  
Since I'm only here for one night  
I gots 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  
cuz there's someone else who deserves my atttention  
So all the homies round up in the lobby  
Cuz busting bitches is a hobby, nigga  
It's check out time

Chorus: 2Pac

We got to go (8X)

Verse Three: Syke

Now I'm living the life of a Boss Playa  
The front desk callin'  
but I'm checking 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 putting in work, but didn't hurt from the jacuzzi to the bed  
Carressing your thoughts  
cuz I'm living fed

## Check Out Time - 3/3

heard what I said ?  
Passion is clashing the room  
from the liquor we consumed  
I heard a boom  
I'm blacking out  
you're yelling out 'Big Syke Daddy'  
We did it in the caddy on the highway  
my way  
I'm lost in a dream  
so it seems to be the night  
five bottles of chrystl and I'm still tight  
Out of site, for Pac and Kurupt  
As I get it up  
once the doors close  
you're stuck  
In a heated sticky situation  
Get up baby  
you ain't on vacation  
It's check out time

(Chorus)

We got to go (repeated till end...)