

# “Check It Out” (Parody of Nicki Minaj and will.i.am’s song of the same name)

Stepped up to the picket, time to read the sign, bitch  
All these haters mad because we so established  
Bunch of wild beasts, ya try to stop the message  
Better off to kill yourself  
We don't do subtle, throwin' flags on the ground  
Bust a stereo, our signs are layin' it down  
You look like a fool, ya think you runnin' this town  
But you runnin' out of time  
I can't believe it; it's so amazing  
These streets is heated; you rebels ragin'  
I can't believe it; media hatin'  
I can't believe it; I can't believe it  
(Hey) Check It Out (x10)  
You must be feeling it now)  
Check It Out (x3)  
Pity all you fools like my name is Mr. T.  
Hatin on the servants of the King of Glory  
Now our Jealous God has opened His armory  
Kicks your ass for messing with the WBC  
Soldiers blowing up, their pieces fly, fly, fly  
Dummies God can come up with a zillion ways to die  
Gonna bring the thunder ain't no words to describe  
You just gotta see with your eyes  
I can't believe it; it's so amazing  
These streets is heated; you rebels ragin'  
I can't believe it; media hatin'  
I can't believe it; I can't believe it  
(Hey) Check It Out (x10)  
You must be feeling it now  
Check It Out (x3)  
Check these faithful brothers OUT!  
We showin' you the love, you the love, just rockin' like this...O-bey  
Ya done, hun  
Ya undone  
Yep, ya undone  
Man up, cuz ya time almost up, son  
Ya done, hun  
Yep, ya outdone  
Demolition, why, yes, I would love some  
How the hell they get mad cause they run done  
Mad cause they gettin' smacked in abundance  
Man, can't make us shut up to help your conscience

You can try every time I put the signs up  
Attacking us, but fakin' dis-in-trust  
I mean interest  
God's your nemesis  
Exclamation ...just for emphasis  
He gave you blinded eyes, made you a simple bitch  
We call to mind -- all your sin -- He will not acquit  
And put the mirror to your face you old skanky bitch  
Meet yo' grave-digga'  
Ultra traumatic  
Oh, we just had to spill it  
We on the radio hotter than a skillet  
We on the streets making e'r b'dy holla  
You can't shut us down though your payin' top dollar  
Spiritual squalor  
Not a Bible scholar  
If you got some power, just grow a foot taller  
Shut up yo' squalla  
God's the shot caller  
You a Chihuahua  
We yo' shock collar  
I can't believe it; it's so amazing  
These streets is heated; you rebels ragin'  
I can't believe it; media hatin'  
I can't believe it; I can't believe it  
(Hey) Check It Out (x10)  
Check It Out (x3)