

Naughty By Nature, 123

Intro/Chorus: (x6)

1 motherf**kin 2 motherf**kin 3
1 and here comes the 2 to the 3 and

Verse 1: Lakim Shabazz

???? rappers are full of this since I'm a Don I'm pullin out a hit
cos I'm fired up I'm tired of all the bullshit
Flavor Unit it's time to attack the prey
So make way for hip hop's green beret
Bring on the refills you see we feel
the name of the brain game is kill or be killed
I'm an expert, who will be the next jerk to try?
Let me explain you got 8 million ways to die
We torch and scorch ya, make ya feel real sore
Have that ass lookin just like *?this boo-boo?* slipped the door
Known to kill, dunk skills, e-rupt
You ask why? My reply is 'I don't give a f**k!'
I'm a Panther, I love fresh meat
After I kill ya, I'ma leave ya body across 110th Street
My tactics are drastic and real fast
I tie one to a truck and go drag ya ass
I'm more than a threat, I'm a problem
To hell with cotton, watch out when I come to Harlem
So don't whisper or make a sound or croak
Shit ya prop, go straight back down ya throat
Everyday all day this be the hard way
Puttin rappers outta commission even on an off-day
Flavor Unit rules G, we're takin rappers out
1 motherf**kin 2 motherf**kin 3

Chorus (x3)

Verse 2: Apache

Here comes trouble and it's all that, in fact contact
You're next of kin, friend, follow the flow format
While you slip, I grips so expect to get bruised
Ask me if I give a f**k cos I ain't got shit to lose
F**k around, lay around and get stuck up
You beatnit, wait a minute, hold the f**k up
If I was deaf, dumb, blind, stupid, lame
handicapped, crippled or "pussy" was my middle name
you couldn't beat me slick, snap that neck like a Chico stick
I know who beat'cha quick (who?), my grip
tell me is this some type of tournament

I cut ya f**kin head off and use it as a Christmas tree ornament
Come and give me a test whoever claims to be the best
He's with the 40-below footprint on his chest
F**ked up, got stuck, go press your luck
Both of his legs were found in back of a garbage truck
Head found in the bar of a limosune
The rest of his body at a dove site in Queens
Damn man, Mr. Handman, you like braggin
Ya f**ked up, made a wrong turn and entered the dragon
I told you I'm out to stalk,
Last nigga tried me, died G, felt my tomahawk
Apache, that's me, I'm gettin rappers' ass
1 motherf**kin 2 motherf**kin 3

Chorus (x4)

Verse 3: Treach

You coulda been my main shit but you scrap and will wack, black
The only thing I smoke witta pipe is an ass crack
You challenge Treach, I'll seal you quick, you can't touch that
I thought you did a triple cos you said "Aw, f**k that!"
Diamond Hill how ya feel, *?hey Ben Hef?*
Give me a hearin aid or two then I'm thru cos I'm that def
That's how we all be, tighter than small leaves
Club rappin all be, I'm wreckin on all 3
This drill means chill, Guard Ya Grill, trouble
Is that your head or is your neck blowin a f**kin bubble?
A-B-C, skip to the S-T
U-V-W-X, f**k the Y-Z
Brand new, Brand Nubian, Grand Puba-in
Tape dem and cruise me then, if I'm wrong, sue me then
Wait let me hear another tune, tune me in
so I'm straight, if I hear "drop the bomb" I have to go
Break this nig' for anytime or any day, as many rhymes are played
Erase, forgive me not cos shit I'm hot, if I can get then you'll get got
Au contraire mon frere this is all my hair
I wouldn't cut it for the biggest butt-ocks out there
Put on a tip or hittin hips, I'm more than quick
I Grease my Lightnin', it's frightening how I get, a slick
schooled, dark, cool Sagittarian
Two types of marryin: very thick or very thin
Naughty By Nature and the Flavor U-N-I-T
1 motherf**kin 2 motherf**kin 3

Chorus (x4)