

Naughty By Nature, Guard Your Grill

[Intro: Kay Gee]

[phone dialling]

(Hello?)

Hello, it's '91. Buckle up, guard your grill! Hee hee

(Har what the fuck?)

Has this ever happened to you?

Can you name this tune?

These victims knew how to guard they grill, this would've never happened!

[Verse 1: Treach]

I put two and two together and I came up with four

You are forever, forgot, forbid, shouldn't have to say much more

I been thru more crews than a flute, yeah I'll show ya

This is so damned scrap I betcha bro don't know ya

You tried to get cool and say peace, save that peace for a jigsaw

Stay back and watch a real MC get raw

I never know, never know when another will come to diss this

But if and whenever they come I'm runnin this merry fist miss

I shooker the crook and shaker the fake to get like a quick stick

It's just another one dud and is dismissed

Kitty guard your grill, well be for real, you ain't built

I'm silly-ho smackin MC's on a ninety degree tilt

The reason that it's tilted cos you're guilty, too hard to guard

It's not you're tryin too gay, you're tryin too hard

How hard can your guard be, I say wuz up?

Guard your grill, knuckle up, put em up, yup!

[Chorus:]

Guard your grill, knuckle up

I ain't the type to give up

Guard your grill, knuckle up

I smoke first, so what's up

Guard your grill, knuckle up

Put em up, you ain't tough

Guard your grill, knuckle up!

[Verse 2: Treach]

I give em much business, an Aspirin

Damn, I love a glass chin

What are ya askin for mercy, I'm laughin

Huh, you know the game, you know the name and you know the rep

You know the Kay, you know the Vin and you know the Treach

There's no sleepin, no nottin, no rest and hey

No snoozin, no dozin, no f'in way

Heapin things up like a Coke cup

Wind me up but y'all I gets the low wits tha rough stuff

And after enough to cut ya off a piece, still have nuff

Then go around to them and him because ??? ???

I I got posse full a fighters all fly like a chopper

Use to couldn't take em out cos they was rowdy hip-hoppers

There's so much gold for roast, the ??? don't knock us

My nuts are my only homies that can hang proper

At school I had a lot, I filled with VCR's and Vodka

I had two girls, one a runner, one a trotter

Back then I wore briefs, tella starter, gettin hotter

Then I grew yea long so I had to switch to boxers

How hard can your guard be, I say what's up?

Guard your grill, knuckle up, put em up, duck

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Treach]

I don't lay, I lie, who knows like Pinnochio
Never been to Tokyo or *?Keeper's Day Bolochio?*
Guard your grill, here's a feel, I rush hard
I got the fliest ride out here, the '91 bus card
So callin me for a ride ain't the answer
Huh, you want a lift ya better pick up a transfer
Sayin we will go for one cut, now we're dead
Oh yaeh, that's bout as funny as Barbara Bush in a bobsled
Now how wrong can you be to think we play
Even a broken clock is right at least twice a day
So now ya feelin real low, ya no flow-crow
You slow hobo, stiffer than Robo
Oh, here's another side of bein real quick
You might speak it fulla cracks, but you still ain't shhh...
So don't try at those same style battle cry
I rock the U-train, the routes that I battle by
I listen to sister shit, it til they quite slow
No matter that white rap, shoot a pharoah with a psycho
Put down ya handgun, up which'cha hands son
Look cops they come, I ain't the damned one
I was only three steps from a peace prize
Pieces laid, piece of his eyes and his left thigh
Knuckle up, put em up, yeah guard your grill
And that's comin from Illtown, down the hill

[Chorus]

[Outro:]

[Vin Rock]

This goes out to the 118th Street Posse
My man J Scratch in the house, y'knowhutl'msayin?
And oh yaeh, pss pss pss pss
[Kay Gee] Don't forget, guard your grill, knuckle up!
[Treach] A strong what up to my man Kid Capri
[KG] This goes out to my man Jack Don
I gotta say what's up to my man Pop Dezza Dezza
[T] What's up to Clark Kent and my man Face!
[KG] This goes out to my man Fitz and the whole Down The Hill
Cos they know how to definitely guard they grill
[Vinny] I gotta say what's up to my man Dre and Easy in the house
[T] This goes out to my man Tamere
He's definitely in here
What's up to my homey Kool G Rap and my Brand Nubian brothers
Special shoutout to my man Grand Puba, one of the fiercest MC's out there
Peace goes out!
[Vinny] Peace to my man Frank Ben, we outta here
PEACE!