

Naughty By Nature, Holiday

(feat. Phiness)

[Chorus: Phiness]

We came here to party, join together everybody
Let's celebrate (it's a party goin on)
It's a holiday (it's a party goin on)
We came here to party, throw your hands up everybody
Let's celebrate (it's a party goin on)
It's a holiday (it's a party goin on)

[Vinnie]

Once again, it's on, it's been awhile since you heard the style
Yes it took a little time but now we worth your while
To all of you from my crew who been waitin so long, this
track caps off at that official Naughty bomb shit
The Ill-town party rhyme sayer
Depletin MC's like the ozone layer
May acquire my desires and like vintage wine
we shall sell no rhyme, before it's time
I'm, the Nineteen Naughty Nine MC
Microphone controller, master of ceremonies
So remember why you hate me
I'm Naughty By Nature you're Severed By Association
Which meanin that you FAKE ASS NIGGAZ who connected to them
SNAKE ASS NIGGAZ, don't come up in my FACE, ASS NIGGAZ
You try to keep on rhymin like you didn't know
Naughty By Nature came to save ya from them BULLSHIT shows

[Chorus]

[Treach]

The Feds pick up the balance, watchin everything that we touch
But yeah I see the D stuck in the V-S-E-and-G truck
They watchin us, plan on knockin us, threw binoculars
My nigga I connect the bottom LOCK to the top of us
You take the topic, ain't no profit
But give me a picture, and a compass, and I'll do a Nostradamus
Find that ass on a quick spot, catch you slippin
like ice and silk solks, the cover of your album
be the back of milkbox
See I'm an iffer hit a shitter like an old timer
Momma, I dig a vagina like a gold miner
I'ma, rebel rhyma time trauma minus your momma
equal a lot less drama, let me talk to you mami
Maybe you could come to Dirty Jerz, New Jeru, witcha crew
You bring that ass, I'll bring the brew
And hit some Thug Passion, and roast some D
From incense to hash'n, niggaz HOT, talkin bout crashin

[Chorus]

[Phiness]

Do we (uh-huh, uh-huh)
Do we
Do we, dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-dum

[Vinnie]

So yo the moral of the story in this game called rap
Either we all gon' clap, or somebody gon' get clapped
And I'm not down with that, sure as my name's Vin Rock
In '99 I will officially re-open up the block
And dedicate my life to preservation of hip-hop
I'm tired of seein the people of my culture gettin shot

And now I must step up because I know that's all we got
I must do it, pursue it, before all the maggots make it rot
Hip-Hop, it ain't gon' die, it's gon' diversify
And as long as I'm alive, I'm gon' promote the I
And no matter how many people try to use or difuse it
It ain't nuttin like hip-hop music!!

[Chorus x2]

[Phiness]

Do we .. doo-wee

Do we .. doo-wee-yeah..

Do we, dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-dum