

# Naughty By Nature, Wicked Bounce

[Chorus 1 x4]

Don't fuck with us  
Watch these niggas get wicked now  
Check it out

[Chorus 2 x3]

Put em up  
What What  
Put em up what what

[Chorus 1]

[Vinnie]

Well here's a shot out to all those who think that we slipped  
Doing this ever since 165, North 15th breakdancin with slick  
Nigga what, I'll beat your butt  
You niggas on a beef or what  
And if I gotta go deep I'll cut  
And if you try to face this  
The Naughty by the Nature gonna lace this  
Track, we be the cream of the pack  
Don't come up in my face with bullshit cuz you're bound to get slapped  
And then we'll take it to a level where you're gonna get clapped  
And then we'll all be up in court, I don't got time for that  
Cuz I'm, one third, naughty  
Look into my eyes yeah you know me  
Ain't nobody pimpin like us three  
Call us masters, o.p.p  
And when I draw the line don't get in the way, I'm paper chasin  
Or I'll be cuttin you off like Friday the 13th and I'm Jason  
Single don't mingle with ladies hearts I'm a thief  
I'm not a virgin but Virgo birthday September 17th  
And don't ask me for favors cuz it'll be just like pullin teeth  
I'm on some new shit with niggas cuz you continually sleep  
Don't creep

[Chorus 1 x4]

[Chorus 2 x3]

[Chorus 1]

[Treach]

Dun dun dun dun dun dirty the motherfucker with them jewels on  
Did the dirt, turn the news on  
Nigga left layin with his shoes on  
With every clue gone  
You actin nervous, what'd you do wrong?  
Nigga lookin shady, all fakey all quiet  
Ah forget about it when the feud's on  
Now wha-what what put em up that's what the party get  
I bartend on some naughty shit  
And don't play that shorty shit  
We hittin and kickin like (?)  
Shakin like (?) chicken like pick pick pick pickin the town  
Dickin em down, pickin a hoe, give em a show, the rigamarole  
So, if you ever gone report you seen my tribe  
I best to pray you got nine lives because your goddamn eyes lied  
(...?...?) that's 25 lines motherfucker you on my side  
What you gonna do wanna do talkin all the drunk talk  
At least you'll die high

[Chorus 1 x4]

[Chorus 2 x3]

[Chorus 1]

[Vinnie]

Just look don't touch, just tip my bitch  
Cuz things get crazy now  
Punk motherfucker gonna pay me now  
Got busy got forty got fam got (?) got jet got slash  
Diesel do, take apart that ass  
Got another motherfucker get cash fast  
Did dash smash, who you fought last, him or me?  
Them or we? Get Hennessy, you memory  
Treachery, and to the right of me, it's that nigga uncle Vinnie  
What with K Boogie on the break release  
The beat don't cease til we double fuckin platinum apiece  
Hands touched

[Chorus 1 x4]

[Chorus 2 x3]

[Chorus 1]