

# Kelly Willis, Batter Up

1-2-3 I&#039;m up to bat (it&#039;s trigger treach)

1-2-3 I&#039;m up to bat (the punani don)

1-2-3 I&#039;m up to bat (down with the naughty by nature)

1-2-3 I&#039;m up to bat

Feel the force of the thump funk

Freak the streets, I figure

Picture, payback ain&#039;t a bitch

It&#039;s nasty nigga named trigger

A tisket, a tasket

Packs the ghetto bastard

All that shit sellin&#039; like hot cakes and caskets

I&#039;m slick, quick, flick like a photo, I&#039;m mobile

I&#039;ll blast it, you get your ass bent like the bogle

I won&#039;t cross the street but I might

Me lay like half the way

And if the groove is far for me

I catch a cab to calloway

The wind blew, my buddha went to blast

But teddy was ready with his chair

So we rolled, and he pendergrass

That was some 19-naughty-7 shit, right

The rottin raskalz&#039; throwin jam was gonna come leavin&#039; dolomite