

Naughty By Nature, Nothin' To Lose (Naughty Liv

[Intro/Chorus:]

Jump (jump), jump (jump), jump (jump), jump (jump), jump (jump)

Not yet.....

Jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get up)

How many niggas gettin lye tonight?

How many niggas gettin high tonight?

Jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get up)

[Verse 1: Treach]

Na-na, na-na

I say fight, you holler a quarter day late

A dollar short, poppin more corks and niggas don't get

ya collared court, trife ass Whitney will you motherfuckin mouth, aight

And change your life, we'll sell your life, and tape your fat ass tight

Must be just the master monk

The underhood, the underworld's under man

Motherfuck bein understood, long as we understand

You can't twist the Treach ????? and mix his friends

Niggas over here don't switch and bitch and bend

All eyes on a prize, pimpin it, and battle a million dollar chance

I glance and just take your tip

It's that last nine hundred and ninety nine thou'

and bowed and thanked the crowd bein in style

And gimme all these boys a while, truth will tell, I ain't have skunk

Get em tough and guts, smoke from *?stoge?* and hand Treach

Get em out of grants that they owe, the top notch

Makin blocks flock, don't have to bust shots

I got props, I'm warning you like closing doors when cop knocks

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Vin Rock]

Ha

Now let me line this nigga up

How you soundin talkin plain wit my name, man what the fuck?

Oh, you don't know, BOOM BAP SMACK AND THERE IT IS

How we dealin wit these frustrated niggas in the biz?

(What the fuck was he freakin?)

I bring some drink in, just for fun

They be guzzlin on gallons of that red ass rum

You might as well-a put a motherfuckin bounty on your head

Cos the drama's for your momma, till your bitch ass dead

(Let those) chickens, I see your mental picture clickin

I, know I only make it for the one-night stickin

Phat, I take that back because I was not thinkin

After one piece of my dick, your brain starts shrinkin

How many niggas gettin lye tonight?

How many niggas gettin high tonight?

Jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get up), jump (get up)

[Verse 3: Treach, Vin Rock]

What? Check it, when the man ain't the man no more

We'll see which one of his men will withstand and be the man in the war

All that RAH RAH, I send that ass BYE BYE

After that I FLY, I put that on the tatt on my neck, capital I-I

Serve those wit the nerve to test this

Step and get'cha records clipped

Original is what you kick but I know you better quit

You analyse my click then go duplicate my shit
Discredit's what you get, cos you bit

Niggas get the hit-low, and shit loads, I flip shows
If it goes to Glocks, we didn't have the blocks in your zip code
Keep hittin knockers wit the showstopper in this industry
For they hit us with the Hoffa or Kennedy remedy

That's when Vinnie will be
lightin shit up brighter than a bicentennial, see we
sick of talkin shit, niggas knowin how we do
So if you don't fuck with us, we won't have to fuck with you
(We won't have to fuck wit you)

[Chorus]