

# Naughty By Nature, Rock & Roll

(feat. Method Man, Redman)

[Intro: Treach (Method Man)]

And y'all thought it was over  
(Nah nah it ain't over 'til the fat bitch sings my nigga)  
We ready to Rock & Roll God damn it?  
(Fuck Yeah)  
Dirty Jers'/New Jerusaluem  
(Shaolin)  
Naughty by Nature motherfuckers  
(Wu-Tang my niggaz)  
Grab your hat bitch  
(C'mon!)

[Hook: Method Man]

Dum-dum-dum there they go [x4]

[Treach]

Gettin the realism, statin' the great prism  
Journalism, the Moses writin', graffitti on the state prison  
Hard to steal, last year, slash a pop hit  
Hate related, he's the closest that I lost since Pac (Tupac)  
Got the glock blown, ready to Rock & Roll  
Give me a shot that go up the most  
Cop the blow, nock us no  
Finger fuck the fair place, that's in the stairway  
Gut a motherfucker, gotta die to get airplay  
If I can't spray the airwaves, like a great AK  
You stay where you lay babe, "fuck you" is what I dare say  
Hatin' niggaz cuz it ain't passion for rappin' or axin'  
So sell extortion and jackin', what's happenin'?  
What's that? The clappin', they'rekidnappin' Sergeants and Captains  
I'll be mackin' and actin' like a nigga scratchin' for super passion  
(Blap! Blap! Blap! Blap! Blap! C'mon!)

[Chorus: Treach (Method Man)]

Rotten and dazed cuz I may not be here tomorrow (eye-ee-eye, eye-ee-eye)  
World feel the sorrow, click clack, blah blah blah bloaw yo  
Bullets in, barrels off, urban apparel  
Like I told you before, click clack, blah blah blah bloaw yo  
Ready to Rock & Roll (bum bum bum bum bum) {Ready to Rock & Roll}  
Ready to Rock & Roll (bum bum bum bum bum) {Ready to Rock & Roll}  
Ready to Rock & Roll (bum bum bum bum bum) {Ready to Rock & Roll}

[Method Man]

M.C.'s have the right to remain silent  
Everything you say can and will be held against y'all punk muh'fuckers  
And Mef can only trust ya as far as I can see ya  
Me need ya? That'll be the.. day, ya bustas  
Son suffer, the consequences, for askin'  
Competition get an ass kickin' so tremendous  
I throw my draws in it  
Who representin' for The Projects tennants since Day One?  
Shit is gettin' deep out here, run your garments son  
Like niggaz when the police department come  
Yes y'all, Mef y'all, stank ass an' all  
I'm too off the hook it don't make no sense to call  
1-900-Eat-shit, I get get my cobra cock  
Might death blow, close your eye

[Chorus]

[Redman]

Ready to Rock & Roll, I lock your load

I blow the block some mo'  
Undercover like sellin' cops some blow  
Bring a pain killer, my name ring a bell  
Orangutang, I throw it up like gang members  
Crunk as fuck, walkin' in with the pump tucked  
Punks get it nigga, we even jump sluts  
How 'bout a dump truck sellin' 2 for 5  
I ride with tools I made out of school supplies  
I show you it's not serious for y'all  
Trouble, I got a phone on my wrist to call (bubble)  
You niggaz know when you pissed 'em off  
I turn gorilla with football equipment on  
Cla-cloaw-cla-cloaw, I'm 'bout to tap ya foul  
Danger, when the last Rotten Rascal out  
Hang up, phone calls ain't gon' happen now  
An' I'm straight facin', you niggaz can't ask around

[Chorus x2]