

Slick Rick, Don't Touch Us

rick: yo, turn up that instrumental

shay: like that?

rick: hell yeeeeeaaahhh...

shay: White Boy...

now its shay rappinrite now

shay rappin rite now

yes i am

rick: yes he is.

shay: im still rappin rite now

even though we talkin bout crap

talkin bout White Boy has tracks...

Both: stop that

rick: theres no guy slicka

than this slick rick nicka

shay: man, i wish that

i had some more snicksz

rick: talkin bout food

its makin me sicka

shay: well im sorry

im hungry like a nigga

...Everybody wanna have cash in their stash

rick: poor little shay

hes got a schlong rash

shay: anything thats White Boy

is crap dap

rick: we aint got no profits

'cause we jus talk smack

shay: i wish i had a girl

so i could call her

rick: 'just want you one bad chick

so u can spoil her

shay wanna get some...respect..

got as much respect

as my nutsac gets

shay: ricky walks around the house sayin

"lick my nuts, slick my nuts"

mom says, "Stop talkin bout nuts."

Ricky closes the door

'cause he's tired of rules

rick: at home, in the stores, even in the schools

Chorus:

don't touch us

'cause we're red

like the hot

we're tryin to

jine niggas a lot

uh ha ha ha ha

we get the feelin sometimes

that makes us wonder

will we always be hungry?

(will we always be hungry?)

we get the feelin sometimes

that makes us wonder

will we always be hungry?

(will we always be hungry?)

shay: broken glass

everywhere

rick: when shay pushed stephanie

rowdy sure did care

and they woke me up

and gave me a scare

shay: and we just stayed outside...

...and stared at the stairs

don't touch us
'cause we're red
like the hot
we're tryin to
jine niggas (niggas niggas niggas niggas...)
a lot
<fading...>