Naughty By Nature F/ Queen Latifah ''Wickedest Man Alive''

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Intro: Queen Latifah

Mercifully mercifully mercifully massacre Naughty By Nature Thru it ever time comin at a dance My man Treacherous MC go on let the saxophone man play a little Make it lovely

Verse 1: Treach

You got beef well what we do talk to the bunny sunny He's the man Bugs the thug wit the money Funny that you should mention as my family they covered

Wassup to my cousins and my sisters and my Warner Brothers

Birds of a feather, flap and fold and be together No matter what your whatever, endeavour, find us better

You mean he, she, them, him, those and others Let's kill two ducks in one, pluck, initiate the trouble For those who disagree, I maybe feel the need to front it

Show me your whole entire crew, two shoes and I'ma run it

Do you want it? Maybe so, but just know, we're rollin spreads

You claim you want it but you need it just about as much as a hole in ya

head

This is a flow-er show, a product float a while ago Witta new swing, I think so, bring it, sing it, act like you know

And if ya don't, you won't by the time this track is done Queen Latifah the sire, give em some, come

Chorus: Queen Latifah

Everytime they comin at the dance, what you know It's time for rum, man, yeah man

Everytime they comin at the dance, what you know It's for jammin, g'yeah know? Everytime they come, you know they come without the flow Soon we have a single, they're the quickest out the door The wickedest mna, the wickedest man in dancehall, well y'know

I'm out for rum, COME!!!!

Verse 2: Treach

118th Street keeps production, conjunction junction nothin

Huh, what's your function?

I don't mean to be blunt or front, true or rude How can he diss? Your honeydip looks like a honey dude

So keep it to yourself, greedy when you're in good health

So before you come and try the Treach, try yourself Cos I ain't havin it, remember act like you know And if ya can't act jack, you best find the door I hate to think a trade, I slot another, see ya gator A stam yada, PEACE!, sasalama, lick em later Yeah, you don't have a chance, but I see ya next This track is KayGee's baby and he named it "Def" I'm smokin in em, it's like chimneys, I ain't friendly Fuck your fendy, I'm swingin for your diet kidney Pimples are simple to pop, I want temple's op Then slop your rock wit more floppin than a waffle spot The wickedest man alive, I am what I am and I'm damn good to be a no good, hooded by the wiggle in the middle, simple to party thumps They call me the wickedest man alive, make em jump

Chorus

Verse 3: Treach

Gettin it and hittin wit it a old fashion weapon when you're slippin, I got time

Try to stand and get rammed like a Stop sign The bad just got worse within one verse Put the shitty verse and reverse and this fella's first Wreckin is second, so back wit'cha wacked disc For candle after candle and still couldn't wax this I be the wickedest while you're still the wackest I need wallpaper to list what your track miss This is a double decker from the head wrecker, neck

and head checker Check the check and who's def? Who's left ya? Standin back cannin ya, plan ta stay back I'm down wit Kay's tracks, black, this is the payback, lay back, jack I have you every which way but loose, blowin your sound proof That's happenin to me, your thanks for givin a neck noose This comes naturally, all day and night I make a party of all lefty's leave screamin out "Alright!" Talkin bout needin a lot more work than you had Twelve years, twelve hundred, twelve inches and sold one Who's gettin done? Who's swifter? Who's badder? You be able to get down wit some help in a step ladder This is another song, we check out the style that I've picked and rip, I be the wickedest man alive

Outro: Queen Latifah

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