

## Glass Moon

### "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

No rude bwoy, come test the sound of Treacherous MC  
Massacre Naughty By Nature, crew come flec, man,  
eaze up

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