

Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine

"Radio"

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[Treach] You know it's Naughty on the RADIO (Turn it up!)

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}

[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}

Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

Verse One: Treach

I'm the King of Hip-Hop, there is none NIGHER
Sucker motherfuckers better call me SIRE
To burn my Kingdom, there ain't enough FIRE
I won't stop rockin cause I won't re-TIRE
Under the sheet, boricua heat, a street fleet, with
missile seekers
Cause G.I. Joe's a John Doe, ass beat with some street
sweepers
Hold the heaters, want a war? Bless the butcher
Glad to meet you MOTHERFUCK THAT, nice to mush ya
The twenty and twenty the bottles the bottles
of beer of beer on the wall on the wall
The twenty and twenty the bottles the bottles of, beer!
Now if the one of the one bottles of bottles of
happened to happened to fall
we'll bring the rock with hip-hop, and YES YES Y'ALL
So I asked some-motherfuckin-body who breed's the
bangest?
Car jackers with clappers or star rappers with street
flamers!
Here's a smoker yeah the Newport that you bought
Wanna hear this bump from New City, New Guinea to
New York!
(Niggy what?!)

Chorus: Rustic Overtones and Treach

{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}
{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}
[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!
{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

Verse Two: Vinnie

My radio believe me, I like it loud
I don't care if you don't like it cause it draws a crowd
And if you wanna find me one-eighteen is the block
My first name Vinnie, the last name ROCK (ROCK)
But don't you come around unless you got a boombox
to add on to the sounds that we already got
We don't be trippin or flippin we concentratin on
rhymes
Never snitchin or bitchin or perpetratin no crime
Kay-Gee and Treachery's both down with me
The illest on the mic since Run-D.M.C.
Whether urban or top 40, Naughty, thought we'd
resurrect the
where-we-from amensia, blackin out so much I suffer
epileptic seizures (AHH!) Takin our time just to
guarantee we'll please ya -- the wait is over
so call up with your request it's been a good long while
Naughty By Nature's on your favorite dial

Chorus: Rustic Overtones and Treach

[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!
{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

Verse Three: Treach

When undercovers don't know who to cop, spots gotta
move the rock
Now Poppa the Cop's got out with two blocks sport a
newer glock
Niggaz be in tuned to watch, some like to move in mob
Dressin wildin up my niggaz ? slice my tuner top
The streets are boilin brewin hot since 1-2 to Watts
But later we go and party with more mami's than when
Menudo dropped
Take a ride through the buddha block, 360 through the

block

Lock it up, then stop, cause there's two of the cop
Find a crew to knock I'm in the mood to rock, fuelin hot
Actin like you knew the block when you the cops, two to drop

My motto here you see is no way slick
Givin you news to get you off my nigga O.J.'s dick
Haters don't walk shit, they talk shit, new tactics
like the six million dollar man they see six, after them taxes
(no shit) My niggaz rap shit like they classic, but ask this
I'll BLOW any show, and if you diss you'll get yo' ASS KICKED

Chorus: Rustic Overtones and Treach *repeat 3X to fade*

[Treach] Turn up your motherfuckin RADIO (Turn it up!)
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!
{ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da, ladi-dadi-da}
Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!

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