

Hurt Mississippi John

"It's Nasty"

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* organized by Rhino comp. for convenience
regardless of original

Ladies and gentlemen
It's now the time
For the Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five MC's!!

[said at first in almost a whisper, getting gradually
louder]
We're coming, we're coming, we're coming (repeat 3X)
WE'RE HERE!

Ooooh! Haha, woohhh!

Aiiyy mami I wanna get nasty wit you baby, ahahahaha
Aiiyy, tu eta por llamaseta mi amor, Linda, ahahahaha!

We wanna rock, YOU!
We're the kings of swing
And we're chosen to rule
The deans of clean inside the cool school
We're the chiefs of relief
Contained by wild beasts
The finesse of the West, the masterpiece of the East
Hah, the boss of course
As the lord of our fort
The ones with the platinum vocal chords
We're the science of desire
With a magical mic
The monarch of the dark in the night alright
We advertise
And specialize
In the exercise and we'll energize
The young ladies thighs
Cause all the fly guys
Nature's to rise right before their eyes
We're the Earl of the world
And the Air of flair
The Duke of dare, the Mayor of debonaire
Got fine, drink wine
Can dance and dine

Got a first class female oh so fine

[Chorus]

Hey baby, whatever you doin right girl
I just want you to always be easy, and keep on shakin
that thing
and I want you -- swingin it swingin it swingin
Tell me how now
Like dy-na-mite before it blows
Who needs a band when the beat just goes -- boom!

He's Grandmaster, he cuts faster
We're the Furious, serious, and ever so mysterious
Five that's rockin the house

And everybody say PLAY (PLAY)
Say PLAY (PLAY) well OK!

Ho! Everybody c'mon!
Woo! Now now! Uhh!

People call me crazy, people call me sneak
Just because I'm nasty, they call me a freak, hehe
I am coming over, to your house tonight
I promise to you baby, that I'll do you right, I'm nasty!

I wantcha, I wantcha, I wantcha, I wantcha (shake your
booty)
I wantcha, I wantcha, I wantcha, I wantcha (we want to
rock you)
Just let us rock, you!

Watch your girl and watch your wife
I got the kiss of death, to touch your life
Cause I am the man they call Scorpio
I like fly girls that don't say no

Hey girl, grab my hand, hold on tight
Don't you worry bout a thing Raheem'll do you right
I'm a mint that's fresh huh, a woman's pet
There ain't a thing in the world that I can't get

In the history books or the picture show
It's the golden voice on your radio
I'm the rapper never printed voice is solid gold
I'm playin the role, they call me Kid Creole

And I'm the, the Romeo, of the nasty show
All the ladies in the place, to my house we go
Freakin in the den just to make you move
Cause I'm Cowboy, and I got the groove

As DJ Flash, cuts so mean
That he wanna know your favorite jean
Is it Jordache? (NO!) Gloria Vanderbilt? (NO!)
Maybe it's Sassoon? (NO!) How about Sergio? (I DON'T
CARE!)
Could it be Calvin Klein? (NO!) Then what is it? (?????)

Back to the bridge y'all

[Chorus]

Everybody, shake your body
Keep movin and groovin and screamin and shoutin
and helpin us turn it out

Is everybody sayin play? (PLAY!)
Say play! (PLAY!) Well OK!

Alright, woo!
Everybody get up!
Oooooeee, yeah!

People say it's dirty, people say it's wrong
They talk about our music, like it's a nasty song
It's nasty!

I wantcha, I wantcha, I wantcha, I wantcha!
Just let us rock, you!

Got waterbed sets in my limousine
And everytime I'm seen I got to be clean
I tour around the world, to make the people dance
And here's a little message for the ladies in France
?Huh huh, zmapel, Melle Mel? [I have no idea what
Melle Mel says]
?Ah dome mal lamate mademoiselle?
?Done wa sing, done marseis?
?Done wa rik no dees!?

I'm seein this girl that I just adore
I'm seein this girl that what I never saw before
The way she was swaying and doing the swing
I had to let her know just about my thing
I'm the M, R, N E-Double S
Come on, ah fly girl, and put me to a test
and I'll rock you, until you give me the rest
I keep on it, until you start to fess

Raheem, in your life, what more can you ask
I bet you can't think of a greater task

I make my light shine on your cloudy days
You can surf if you want to, on my waves
I caress your soft body on those mellow nights
A continuous thing, to the morning light
It's reality, it's not a dream
It's nothing less than the best when it's from Raheem

Now it's my turn so understand
That I'm the Kid Creole, and I'm a ladies man
I don't, have a lot of women hangin on my steez
Only one fine lady that you better believe
I say Annette's her name, and that's the truth
I give a lot of things up, before I turn her loose
It's just her, and that's simple and plain
And that's the only way I run my game

Well I'ma, Cowboy and I'm the real McCoy
I'm chocolate all over like an Almond Joy
Bowlegged cool brother and you will agree
On top of the world for the ladies to see
Gonna hip gonna hop gonna rock the spot
Gonna make everybody wanna rock rock rock
Gonna do it to the East, wanna do it to the West
Gonna make you relax right upon your chest

Grandmaster Flash, is willing and able
He's the king of the cuts on two turntables
He's the GRAND, GRAND, the master man
He's so nice with his hands he don't need no band
Rocks 45's, and 33's
Rocks boys men women and young ladies
He can slice so precise it's almost fun
And he makes better love than a mick makes money

Slick Rick, Slick Rick, Slick Rick, Slick Rick
Slick Rick, Slick Rick (ha ha hah hah hah), hooooooooo-
ho!!
Oooooooooooooooooooooo!

(lots of varied conversation to the end, at least one
mention of Bob Marley)

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